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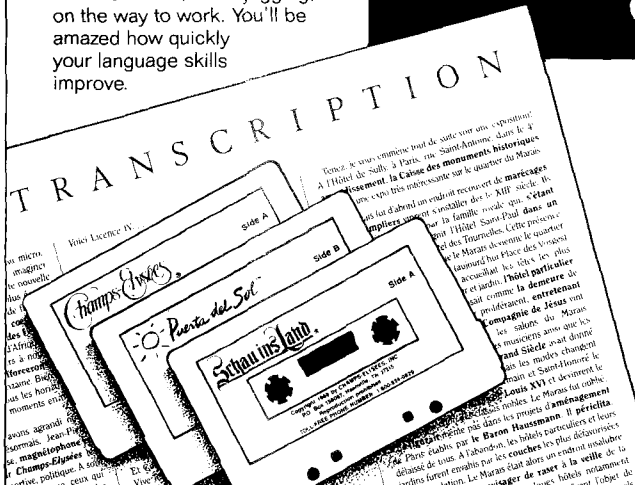
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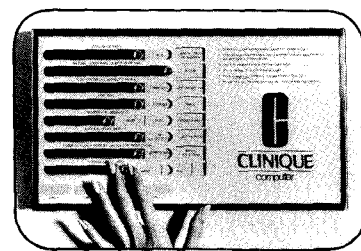
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. With Patti Austin, Andre De Shields, Jackie Lowe, Ken Prymus, and Terri White. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. Eric Riley will fill in for Mr. De Shields starting Jan. 2. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

ALMOST PERFECT—Jerry Mayer's play, about a young man who wants to quit his father's business to become a writer, is a feeble effort indeed, but it is well acted under Geraldine Fitzgerald's direction. With Ethan Phillips in the leading role, and with Mia Dillon, Ivar Brogger, and Cathy Lee Crosby, among others, in supporting roles. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Dec. 31.)

CHECKMATES—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

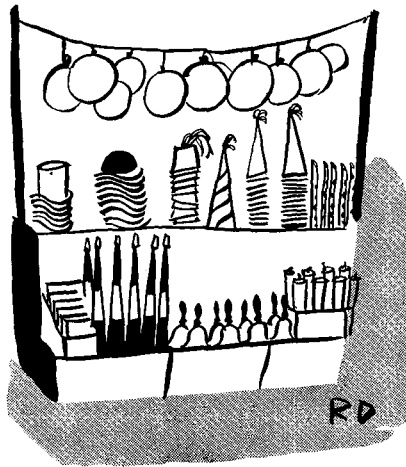
THE COCKTAIL HOUR—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

COROLANUS—Irene Worth is magnificent as Volvulla in this highly stylized but simple-minded version of Shakespeare's last tragedy. Steven Berkoff has directed Christopher Walken so as to turn the title character into a heavy-handed comment on Rambo-loving America, but the production is seductive, mostly because of the acting, which is good almost across the board. (12/12/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Jan. 15.)

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE—A tame production of Shaw's dashing melodrama. (11/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EASTERN STANDARD—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. Seen recently at Manhattan Theatre Club, the show has now moved to Broadway. (11/14/88) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY—Three related one-act comedies by Israel Horowitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi. With Marilyn



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Sokol and Claiborne Cary. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Special performances Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

GODSPELL—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinées Tuesday at 3, and Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 2. Closes Dec. 31.)

THE HEIDI CHRONICLES—Wendy Wasserstein's new play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwrighting fare. But some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.)

LAMBS THEATRE COMPANY—The fifth annual presentation of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly at 7. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Dec. 31.)

LEGS DIAMOND—The Peter Allen musical, which is based on the 1960 movie "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond." With Mr. Allen, Julie Wilson, Joe Silver, and Randall Edwards; directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. Opens Dec. 26. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 27-28, and Friday, Dec. 30, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8. Matinées Tuesday

through Friday, Dec. 27-30, and Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 2. Closes Jan. 8.)

THE MAJESTIC KID—A new play by Mark Medoff. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 307-7171. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Presenting, in repertory, **SALLY** and **PRINCE**, the first two of five plays by Charles Fuller about the black-American experience. The works will play alternate weeks; both will be performed on Sundays. "Prince": Dec. 28-Jan. 1; "Sally": Jan. 1-8. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—In a production of **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Special performances Monday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8. Closes Jan. 8.)

OUR TOWN—A disastrous revival of Thornton Wilder's masterpiece. (12/19/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

PHAEDRA BRITANNICA—A play by Tony Harrison, based on Racine's "Phèdre." With Caroline Lagerfelt and Bob Gunton. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Eve, at 8. Closes Jan. 15.)

PHANTASIE—A play by Sybille Pearson, directed by John Rubinstein. Previews Dec. 27-28. Opens officially on Dec. 29. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.)

RECKLESS—This new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only the sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Jan. 1.)

ROMANCE/ROMANCE—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Alison Fraser and Barry Williams in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ROSMEASHOLM—John Shea and Suzanne Bertish in Ibsen's 1866 play. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Monday through Friday at 7. Closes Dec. 30.)

RUMORS—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SPEED-THE-PLOW—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Dec. 31.)

SWEETHEARTS—Antoinette Mille and Walter Adkins in a musical tribute to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30.)

THE TAFFETAS—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, per-

form hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Jan. 1.)

LONG RUNS—ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center, 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 3.) ... **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Monday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8, and Friday, Dec. 30, at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; New Year's Eve at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15. Closes Jan. 8.) ... **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. On Jan. 3, Kathy Bates returns to the show, taking over from Miss Franklin, and Tony Campisi replaces Mr. Musante. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) ... **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Closes Dec. 31.) ... **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with David Dukes and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real stand-outs of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hershey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Mondays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.) ... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays and

Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 30, at 8; Monday, Dec. 26, at 8; Friday, Dec. 30, at 8 and 10:30; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8 and 11. Matinées Wednesday, Dec. 28, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 3.) ... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **SARAFINA!** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Jan. 8.) ... **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; New Year's Eve at 5 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BIG APPLE CIRCUS: A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Jan. 8. For information about show times and tickets, call 874-6770.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL: Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular," with the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Jan. 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET: Dec. 26 at 1 and 5; Dec. 27-29 at 6; Dec. 30 at 8; and Dec. 31 at 2 and



7: "The Nutcracker." ... **Jan. 3 at 8:** "Ballo della Regina," "Episodes," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." ... **Jan. 4 at 8:** "Episodes," "The Cage," "Tarantella," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 26.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE: Final performances of the engagement—Dec. 27 at 8: "Blues Suite," "From the Mountains of Taubalu," "Masekela Language," and "Revelations." ... **Dec. 28 at 8:** "Divining," "Tell It Like It Is," "Vespers," and "Memoria." ... **Dec. 29 at 8:** "Streams," "From the Mountains of Taubalu," "Survivors," and "The Stack-Up." ... **Dec. 30 at 8:** "Opus McShann," "For Bird with Love," and "Concerto in F." ... **Dec. 31 at 2:** "Shards," "Masekela Language," and "Revelations." ... **Dec. 31 at 8:** "Divining," "Tell It Like It Is," "Bad Blood," and "The Stack-Up." ... **Jan. 1 at 3:** "Memoria," "Opus McShann," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

PILOBOLUS: Dec. 26, Dec. 28, Dec. 30-31, and Jan. 3, all at 8: "Carmina Burana, Side II," "The Golden Bowl," and "Day Two." ... **Dec. 27 at 8, Dec. 31 at 2, and Jan. 4 at 8:** "Land's Edge," "Ciona," "Moon Blind," and "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone." ... **Dec. 29 and Jan. 2 at 8:** "Molly's Not Dead," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Début C." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 8.)

TON SIMONS AND DANCERS: Presenting "The Palace at 4 A.M./Spinoza Variations." With the Ordinaires. (R.A.P.P. Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 529-6160. Dec. 28-30 at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... **Musicians and night-club proprietors** live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800): **MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH,** a sleek vocal group from Texas, sing and patter in close harmony in the woody space known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 31, when things commence at eight-forty-five. (The New Year's Eve show is a package deal, with dinner and a dance band in addition to the Texas trio, and will set you back a couple of C-notes.)

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005): A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings "I'm Hip" and "I'm Shadowing You" and "Blossom" (a hymn of praise written by an admirer in New Zealand) at nine Dec. 27-30 and at seven-thirty on Dec. 31. Helen Schneider, who does an all-Kurt Weill show here starting Jan. 3, sings Weill and others at ten-thirty and one on New Year's Eve.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228): A fledgling jazz operation that takes its name from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65). It's a cool person's kind of habitat: it has pastel walls, tile floors, and a high ceiling, and is lightly forested. Cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY** leads a hard-bop quintet Dec. 30-31. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592): A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **CHICK COREA**, a pianist who commutes between electric lala land and the terra more firma of acoustic jazz, will be here Dec. 27-Jan. 1 with his acoustic band; on New Year's Eve, tenor saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER's** group spells the Corea band. First set at nine, except New Year's Eve, when the festivities start at seven. (Bring your wallet: it'll cost you anywhere from fifty to ninety dollars just to sit down.) Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300): On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, it's **FLO & EDDIE**, a rock-and-comedy team who did their early work with the Turtles and Frank Zappa. You can hear them sing their mocking duets Dec. 28-31 and Jan. 4-7. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar, tucked between a D'Agostino's supermarket and a green-grocery. In 1969, when Bradley Cunningham and a partner bought it, it was called the Stirrup. (Mr. Cunningham died last month.) Its light is distinctive, something between dim generic tavern light and refined haze; its patrons are famously gabby; its piano, which Paul Desmond bequeathed to Mr. Cunningham, has been played by many crack musicians, including Jimmy Rowles, Hank Jones, Dave McKenna, and **TOMMY FLANAGAN**. Mr. Flanagan, who plays sparkling bebop piano, will be here through Dec. 31, with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The "great savory *pot au feu* called New York" (in the words of the great romantic Duke Ellington) has loads of West Indian restaurants, but not too many that sport bands led by Ellington alumni. **CLARK TERRY**, one of Ellington's trumpet stars during the fifties, toots his horn Dec. 27-Jan. 1; he and his quintet will be joined on New Year's Eve by big-voiced blues singer **CARRIE SMITH**. Music from nine-thirty.

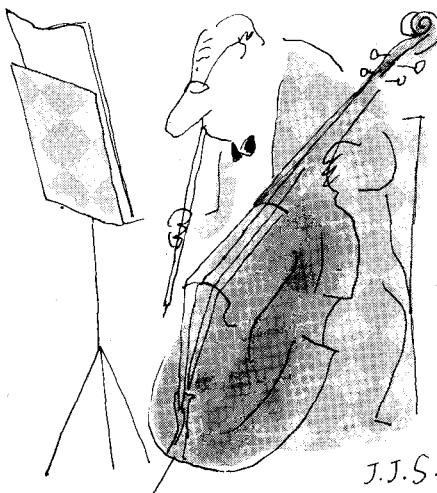
CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertés murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time pretty much stands still. **BOBBY SHORT**, who has come here for twenty years to sing from his collection of Porter and Gershwin and Ellington, takes his seat at the piano ten more times in 1988. Sets at ten and midnight Dec. 27-31. **GEORGE SHEARING**, the English-born pianist famous for his cool, pearly touch and his bons mots, begins his annual winter visit on Jan. 3.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to trash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, open its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to *Lindy*. The dancers are young, old, semi-pro, one hundred per cent amateur, happy, earnest, and in love; shoe styles (men's) run from white bucks to clodhoppers to streamlined patent-leather jobs. A big band led by tenor saxophonist **LOREN SCHOENBERG** performs on Jan. 1 from eight to midnight.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the collection of hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle for the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays and blues on Tuesdays. The **SURREAL MC COYS**, a local country band, perform on Dec. 31, along with New Orleans rock singer **U'L QUEENIE**. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where some of the men look like stevedores and all of the women look very good. The back room, trimmed with seaworthy things, has bluegrass and traditional Hibernian music on the weekends. Fiddler Dick Solberg & the Sun Mountain Band have the floor on Dec. 30. Music from nine.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. **BETTY CARTER** will be here with her trio Dec. 27-Jan. 1. A daredevil singer who leaves



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melody in the dust and scatters lyrics to the winds when it suits her, Carter always lets her audience see what she's doing; she makes her singing visible, accompanying its leaps and swoops with dramatic gestures and pop-eyed faces. Starting Jan. 3, **NOEL POINTER** plays fusionoid rhapsodies on his electric violin. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of verb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. **JUDY CARMICHAEL**, a young, wispy-looking pianist who likes to play in the old, sturdy Harlem stride style, holds forth Dec. 27-29. **HAROLD NICHOLAS**, the younger half of the tap-dancing brother team that was flying around the Cotton Club more than fifty years ago, shows off his voice on Dec. 30-31. (It's small, light, and trim—as he is.) He'll be accompanied by pianist **KENNY BARRON'S** trio. Music from eight-thirty Mondays, from ninety Tuesdays through Thursdays, from eight Fridays and Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant that looks as if it might be an outlet for vintage theatre and newspaper posters. A Steinway sits near the center of things, though there are nights when it might as well be out on the street, for all you can hear of it. **PHOEBE LÉGERE**, a pianist, singer, and hot patootie, grabs a handful of keys Dec. 26 and Jan. 1-2. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the piano is in **JUNIOR MANCE'S** practiced hands. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. The lineup: Dec. 26, **PETER GORDON'S** big band; Dec. 27, the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET**; Dec. 29, the nouveau funk bands of **MELVIN GIBBS** and **KELVYN BELL**; Dec. 30, **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, two clever young rock-and-rollers and their boom box; and Dec. 31, guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER'S** band. Music after nine. Closed Jan. 1.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to

watch the action onstage in case your view of it is obscured by a cowboy or, perhaps, an escapee from a frat house). **ALBERT KING**, a bang-up blues guitarist, holds forth Dec. 30-31. Music after nine. Hot vittles. Closed Jan. 1.

LONE STAR CAFÉ ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned establishment. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician cat tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and men wearing dozer caps. Most of the music—rock, country, blues—is provided by local talent. **JUNIOR WALKER**, the soul saxophonist and singer who had a string of hits ("Shotgun," "Road Runner," "Pucker Up Buttercup") in the sixties, will be here Dec. 29 with the current edition of his All Stars. Rockabilly revivalist **ROBERT GORDON** performs Dec. 30-31. Music after nine. Dining. Closed Jan. 1.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Henry VIII and a unicorn on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and six Benny Goodman admirers on the bandstand. Clarinetist **WALT LEVINSKY** is the leader of the group, which gives readings from the Book of Benny Dec. 27-31 at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A big, busy theatre-district establishment devoted to traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland). Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. **KID CREOLE** and his merry entourage perform their theatrical Ameri-Carib pop on Dec. 28; the Dead Boys, a thuggish Cleveland band that made a splash on the Bowery punk-rock circuit in the late seventies, are here on Dec. 30; Stevie Ray Vaughan, a flashy Texas blues guitarist, performs Dec. 31. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. **ARROW**, the nom de guitare of a Caribbean singer who wrote the soca hit "Hot, Hot, Hot" (it's part of Buster Poindexter's lounge act), performs on Dec. 31. **3 MUSTAPHAS**, six British wags who all claim the surname Mustapha and wear fezzes (to make themselves look taller) and play Balkan music the way Spike Jones might have, will be here on Jan. 3. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougall St. (598-9670)—A mid-Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. **RICK DANKO**, whose lonesome, raggedy voice was just right for the nostalgic laments that Robbie Robertson wrote for the Band, has the floor on Dec. 31. Shows nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SPO-DEE-O-DEE, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A curious mixture of swank and down-home. (The name comes from a 1949 Stick McGhee song, "Drinkin' Wine, Spo-dee-o-dee," a piece of rowdiness that was Atlantic Records' first hit.) The food is barbecue, the music is mostly R. & B., the chandeliers are big, and the sofas are king-size. **DON COVAY**, a soul man who wrote "Chain of Fools" and recorded for Atlantic in the fifties and sixties, performs on New Year's Eve.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ART BLAKEY**, the hard-bop kingpin who once said that he planned to stop drumming when he was six feet under (he's sixty-nine, and getting younger), will be in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling,

grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) with his socko **JAZZ MESSENGERS** Dec. 26-Jan. 2. Pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** trio provides some post-holiday thunder starting Jan. 3. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A three-ring circus. The ringmaster, a bearded Village elder named Art D'Lugoff, sometimes employs a barker to steer traffic to his multiple entertainments. In the gym-size downstairs room, Argentine tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** blows romantic Latin smoke at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Dec. 30 and at eight and eleven on Dec. 31. At street level, in the Terrace Bar, the piano-bass team of **HERMAN FOSTER** and **JAY LEONHART** is on duty Dec. 27-31 from ten. (On New Year's Eve, they trade sets with the Audrey Blanding trio.) One flight up from the Terrace, in the cabaret known as the Top of the Gate, **DR. JOHN**, the New Orleans piano thumper and world-weary singer, performs with his Louisiana Luminoids (an eight-piece band that features the choice trumpet of **LEW SOLOFF**) at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Dec. 30 and at eight and eleven on Dec. 31.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **BUDDY TATE**, a big-toned Texas tenor saxophonist who joined the Basie band forty-nine years ago, is in action again, after undergoing heart-bypass surgery last summer; he and a rhythm section will be here Dec. 27-Jan. 1. Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** brings in a foursome on Jan. 3. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. **RUBY BRAFF**, a pippin of a cornettist, works with guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **JACK LESBERG** through Dec. 31. Music from eight. Closed New Year's Day.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Many will be closed Dec. 31, or will close early on that day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOHAN LAURENTZ JENSEN (1800-56)—Paintings of lilacs, lilies, chickweed, and double hollyhocks by a Danish artist who held the title Royal Flower Painter. Through Jan. 7. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

GROUP SHOW—American paintings from Hudson River School artists, from early modernists, from contemporary artists—Asher B. Durand, Stephanie Adam, Marsden Hartley, and Joel Corcos Levy, among others. Through Jan. 5. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

KAREL APPEL—Sculptures that incorporate Polaroid prints, wood, rope, mirrors, and paint, and represent the faces of the artist's dealer, friends, and critics. Through Feb. 4. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Dec. 30.)

DAVID ARMSTRONG—Serene, seasonal paintings—barns, inlets, rowboats—done near the artist's home, on the Maine coast. Through Jan. 5. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

CHRISTIAN BOLTANSKI—New works in a variety of mediums. Through Jan. 7. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. A retrospective can be seen at The New Museum.)

MEL CHIN—In a show entitled "Selected Weapons" this sculptor has used such materials as forged steel, olivewood, velvet, and bamboo to build crude axes and saws and a monumental hammer and sickle. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS (1870-1938)—Drawings done as studies for paintings and as illustrations for such magazines as *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Through Jan. 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RONI HORN/NICOLA DE MARIA—"Asphere III," a twelve-inch copper sphere weighing in at three hundred pounds. Recent paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—New paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Jan. 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—New paintings. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Prints, and a few drawings. Through Jan. 21. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

IRVING PETLIN—Pastel drawings of amorphous figures in surreal landscapes, mostly; the works were done between 1961 and this year. Through Jan. 28. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

MAN RAY (1890-1976)—Works in a variety of mediums spanning the years from 1913 to 1921, and tracing the Dada artist's modernist roots. Through Jan. 6. (Zabriske, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MILTON RESNICK/ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—Recent paintings. / New photographs. Through Dec. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Recent relief paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

BILL TRAYLOR (1854-1947)—Two shows of drawings. At Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13), and at Hirsch & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through Jan. 14).

DAVID TRUE—Stain paintings on paper, in which man and nature meet. Through Jan. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings chronicling New York City's development between 1875 and 1945. The works, many of which focus on landmarks such as the Brooklyn Bridge and the Flatiron Building, are by Theresa Bernstein, Reginald Marsh, and others. Through Jan. 26. ... **LAMAGNA**, 50 W. 57th St.: Stories about interracial marriage, puberty, and death are conveyed in the compositions of Faith Ringgold, Nicholas Africano, Bill Cass, and others. Through Jan. 7. (Closed Dec. 27.) ... **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums (by Nancy Graves, William Wegman, Lucas Samaras, and others), which the gallery is presenting as examples of "American Baroque." Through Jan. 7.

GALLERIES—SoHo

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT (1960-88)—A memorial exhibition of paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

PETER BROWN—Recent painted-wood wall sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

TOM BUTTER—Sculptures in fibreglass. Through Dec. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

DALE CHIHULY—A group of blown-glass vases ti-

tled "The Venetian Pieces." Through Dec. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Lithographs. Through Jan. 31. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

CORNELIA FOSS—Recent paintings of still-lives and nudes. Through Dec. 31. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

RAOUL HAGUE—New sculptures that began as tree trunks. Through Jan. 7. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

JACQUES HALBERT—New paintings of fruit, by an artist whose father was a fruit vender in France. Through Jan. 13. (Penson, 149 Wooster St.)

JEANNE MILES—Geometric paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

JOAN MIRÓ (1893-1983)—Three works on paper and seven bronzes. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, now located at 382 West Broadway.)

SAM SAMORE—Works by an artist who hires a photographer to follow people around and catch them in the midst of lighting a cigarette, say, or having a conversation in a restaurant. Through Jan. 14. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

KARL WIRSUM—Cartoonlike paintings, sculptures, and wall reliefs by an artist who worked with Chicago's Hairy Who group. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

GROUP MATERIAL—"AIDS and Democracy" is the fourth and final installation in a series that has taken a roundhouse look at our country's political system. This segment—incorporating works by Louise Lawler, Robert Mapplethorpe, and Jannis Kounellis, among many others—considers sorrow, rage, and fear (and art, of course) as political tools. Group Material is a collaborative made up of Doug Ashford, Julie Ault, and Felix Gonzalez-Torres. Through Jan. 14. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.I.R.**, 63 Crosby St.: More than a hundred small sculptures, drawings, and paintings on the theme of "home" by gallery members and invited artists. Through Jan. 6. ... **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 35 Wooster St.: Works by eight artists selected through the center's viewing program. Through Jan. 7. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ... **ESMAN**, 70 Greene St.: Small-scale sculptures by Maggie Poor, William Anastasi, Eva Hesse, Win Knowlton, and Carol Hepper, among others. Through Dec. 31. ... **RUGGIERO-HENIS**, 415 West Broadway: Works on paper by Milton Resnick, Catherine Lee, and Louise Bourgeois, among others. Through Jan. 28. ... **STEINBAUM**, 132 Greene St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages that nod in the direction of "Alice in Wonderland." Bonnie Lucas, Janet Fish, Keith Haring, and May Stevens are on the roster. Through Jan. 7.

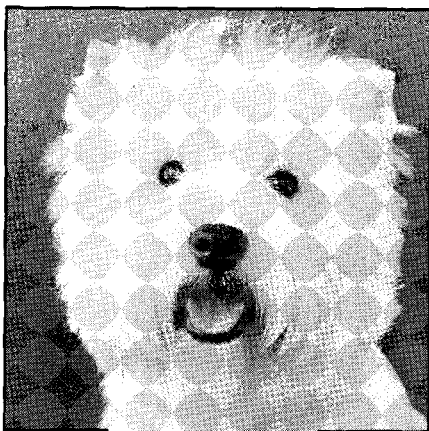
OTHER GALLERIES

GEORGE CONDO—Works on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

STEPHEN SPROUSE—Silk screens of Iggy Pop on cruciform-shaped canvases. Through Jan. 21. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

A NEW GALLERY—The Illustration Gallery has opened at 330 E. 11th St. with a show definitively titled "Illustration Is Art." The drawings, which have appeared in such publications as *The Atlantic*, *Rolling Stone*, and the *Times*, as well as on dust jackets and in cookbooks and advertisements, are by Guy Billout, Vivienne Flesher, Steven Guarnaccia, and Henrik Drescher, among others. Through Jan. 15. (Tuesdays through Thursdays and





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

Sundays, except New Year's Day, 1 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 11.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

IRVING PENN—Prints of animal skulls. Through Jan. 14. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FELDMAN**, 31 Mercer St.: Photographs taken by issue-conscious freelance photojournalists, including Patt Blue, Catherine Allport, and Jim Lerager. The subjects run from acid rain to rain forests, from Howard Beach to South Africa. Through Dec. 30. ... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Marie Cosindas, Irving Penn, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, among others, are represented in an exhibit of more than two hundred prints. Through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 6.) ... **PHOTOFIND**, 138 Spring St.: Vintage prints of "New York City in all its glory." About half the photographs were taken by Weegee; the remainder are the work of Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and others. Through Jan. 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Degas exhibit. Through Jan. 8. ... The Georgia O'Keeffe exhibit. Through Feb. 5. ... All the Ingres works in the collections (ten paintings, twenty-two drawings, and seven prints) have been put on view. Through March 19. ... The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era, a period when some women made a career out of appearing in elaborate attire. The Queen herself made career moves in two of these dresses: at a Crystal Palace exhibit in 1851 and at her state entry into Paris in 1855. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. ... A large show of works on paper by Richard Diebenkorn. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—By combining works in the permanent collections with strategic loans, the museum has pulled together a show of paintings and sculptures which represents all the major art movements since the forties, from Abstract Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism. Some of the borrowed works are by Jenny Holzer and Susan Rothenberg; some of the acquired are by James Turrell, Peter Halley, Jannis Kounellis, and Donald Sultan. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45. Closes at 4 on New Year's Eve.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's oeuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Through Dec. 31. ... An exhibit of paintings by David Park, which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. Also from the period are reliefs, gold jewelry, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. ... Nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from the voyage, in-

cluding charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays, and Saturday, Dec. 31, from 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, except Dec. 31, from 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—In what is likely to be a frustrating exhibit for some, the museum has put on view—and view only—a collection of confectionery wonders, such as a six-foot jelly-bean mosaic of the Statue of Liberty and a number of "whimsical chocolate sculptures." "The Confectioner's Art" also features antique and modern tools of the trade. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5. Closes at 4 on New Year's Eve.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of furniture and decorative arts in the William and Mary style on loan from numerous collections, chiefly those of Windsor Castle; the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam; the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; and the Winterthur Museum. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Celebrated in art circles in nineteenth-century France, François-Marius Granet—painter, curator at the Louvre and Versailles, subject of a famous portrait by Ingres—is just now receiving his first one-man show in this country. It contains sixty landscape watercolors, plus an oil painting that is a version of his "Choir of the Capuchin Church, Rome," a work so popular that the artist made sixteen copies. The Ingres portrait and two portrait studies are also on view. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—When William and Mary ascended the British throne, a certain five-foot vellum scroll called "Declaration of Rights" was first unrolled. That scroll has wound up here—along with books, maps, microscopes, and silver—in a show detailing the cultural and political climate of their reign. Through Jan. 28. Open Dec. 27-30 and Jan. 3-4, from 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The golem—a figure in Jewish folklore comparable to Frankenstein's monster—has appealed to artists and writers since at least the sixteenth century and, as this survey makes clear, continues to fascinate today's painters, sculptors, and illustrators, among them Saul Steinberg, Charles Simonds, and Louise Fishman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of drawings and watercolors that cover the whole range of subjects (landscapes, portraiture, genre scenes) favored by German Romanticism, which flourished between 1780 and 1850. Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp O. Runge, and Adolph Menzel are among the artists. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A survey of works by Christian Boltanski, a French artist whose sculptures are like time capsules from childhood. Some of the installations are mounted in darkened galleries, evoking the dimness of the past; one is lighted only by six small clamp-on lamps, which focus directly on photographic portraits of high-school students at the Lycée Chases in 1931. Through Feb. 12. A complementary show is at Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and New Year's Day. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8. Closes at 4 on New Year's Eve.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews, dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and New Year's Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Dec. 26 at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English; a nonsubscription performance), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Janis Martin; conducted by Christof Perick. . . . Dec. 27 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Roberta Alexander, Hei-Kyung Hong, Anne Sofie von Otter, John Cheek, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . Dec. 28 at 8: "Aida," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, Lando Bartolini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . Dec. 29 at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English; a nonsubscription performance), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Janis Martin; Christof Perick. . . . Dec. 30 at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Bonney, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Rosenshein, and Håkan Hagegård; Julius Rudel. . . . Dec. 31 at 1: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Roberta Alexander, Hei-Kyung Hong, Anne Sofie von Otter, John Cheek, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . Dec. 31 at 8: "Aida" (a nonsubscription performance), with Aprile Millo, Stefania Toczyńska, Lando Bartolini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . Jan. 2 at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Bonney, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Rosenshein, and Håkan Hagegård; Julius Rudel. . . . Jan. 3 at 8: "Aida," with Aprile Millo, Stefania Toczyńska, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . Jan. 4 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Barbara Hendricks, Susanne Mentzer, Natalie De Carolis, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder.

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 31 at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. Dec. 29-30 at 8, and Jan. 3 at 7:30: A program of music by Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich. With Glenn Dicterow, violin. . . . Dec. 31 at 8: A nonsubscription performance to celebrate New Year's. With Plácido Domingo, tenor.

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Trevor Pinnock will conduct, from the harpsichord, four performances of all the Brandenburg Concertos. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 26-27, Dec. 29, and Dec. 31, all at 8.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting an all-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 29 at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss will conduct music by Bach, Gluck, Mendelssohn, and Vivaldi; Paula Robison will play the flute; the Schubert Society Choir will harmonize; Jason Robards will offer a short prayer; and Odette will sing spirituals. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 31 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

AMOR ARTIS CHAMBER CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA—Johannes Somary conducting Vivaldi's "Four Seasons," with Yuval Waldman, violin; and Charpentier's "Te Deum," with vocal soloists. (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Dec. 31 at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-9408.)

RECITALS

PETER SCHICKELE—With his alter ego, P. D. Q. Bach. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 27-28 and Dec. 30 at 8; Jan. 1 at 3.)

NEW YORK CORNET & SACBUT ENSEMBLE—In a program called "Love & Death & Cats & Dogs in the Yuletide." With Paul Elliott, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 29 at 8.)

MARILYN HORNE—Mezzo-soprano, with Barbara Bonney and Barbara Daniels, sopranos; John Aler, tenor; Håkan Hagegård, baritone; Samuel Ramey, bass; and Martin Katz, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 31 at 8.)

JOSEPH KALICHSTEIN—Piano, in a Brahms-Bartók-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 4 at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASKETBALL—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Nets vs. Washington Bullets, Dec. 26. . . . Nets vs. Indiana Pacers, Dec. 28. . . . Nets vs. Phoenix Suns, Dec. 30. . . . Nets vs. Knicks, Jan. 4. (Games begin at 7:30.) . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Boston Celtics, Jan. 3 at 8.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Devils, Dec. 26 at 1:30. . . . Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Dec. 31 at 1:30. . . . Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Jan. 2 at 7:30. . . . Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Jan. 4 at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Devils vs. Rangers, Dec. 27 at 7:45. . . . Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Dec. 29 at 7:45. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. the Soviet Central Red Army team (exhibition game), Dec. 29 at 8:05. . . . Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Dec. 31 at 7:05. . . . Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Jan. 3 at 8:05.

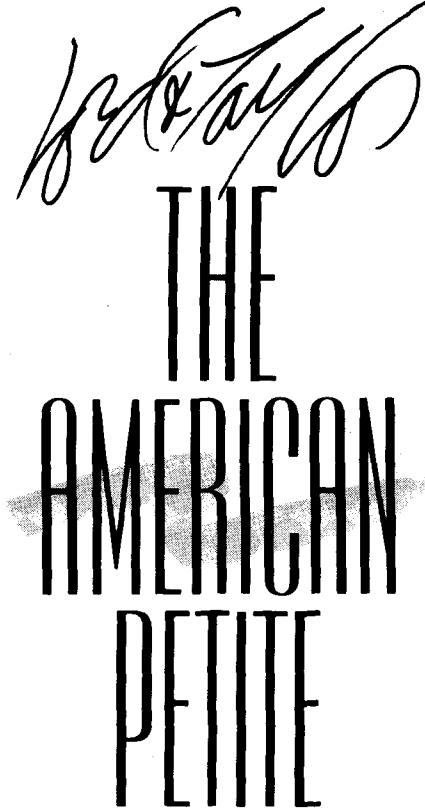
RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily, except Tuesdays and Dec. 26, at 12:30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Dec. 26-30 at 7:30; Dec. 31 (closing day) at 12:30.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Dec. 27 at 1.

ET ALIA

NEW YEAR'S EVE FIREWORKS—At midnight, from Central Park (the 64th Street ball fields and the 93rd Street tennis courts), South Street Seaport's Pier 16, and Prospect Park's northern end.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—"Finnegans Wake" will be read non-stop from beginning to end by a hundred or so tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Starting at noon on Dec. 31, and going through the early evening of New Year's Day. No tickets necessary.) . . . Not far away, a hundred or so poets, musicians, dancers, and other artists, taking a minimalist approach, will give two-minute performances for the benefit of the Poetry Project. Expected are John Cage, Richard Hell, Ultra Violet, Bob Holman, David Shapiro, and others. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. New Year's Day, starting at 7 p.m. Tickets at the door on the evening of the festivities.)



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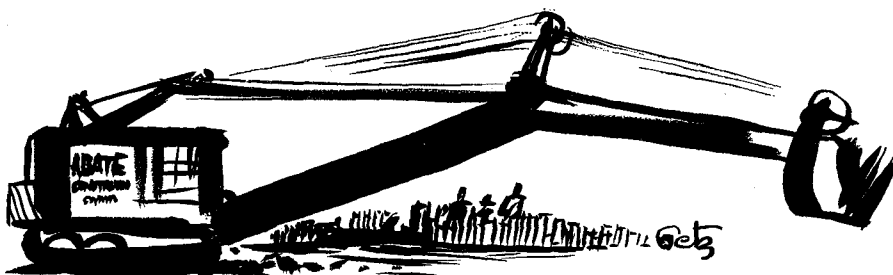
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Dec. 29: "Genesis" (directed by Mrinal Sen; in Hindi).

Dec. 30: "Life Is a Dream" (1986; Raul Ruiz; in French).

Dec. 31 at 4:30: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The seven-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting, with an intermission. From Jan. 1: "Life Is a Dream."

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (†).

Theatre 3: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).

Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Dec. 29: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

From Dec. 30: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Scrooged" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Tequila Sunrise" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Big" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 2: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Boost" (Harold Becker), with James Woods and Sean Young.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, and CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.

Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.

Theatre 3: "We Think the World of You" (Colin Gregg), with Alan Bates and Gary Oldman.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (†).

Theatre 2: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

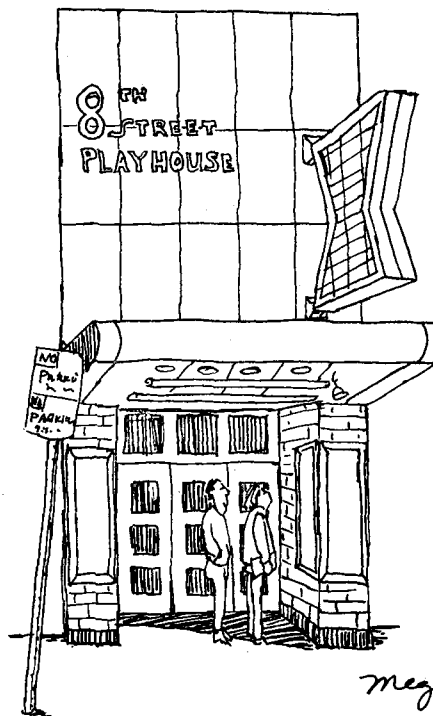
"Talk Radio" (Oliver Stone), with Eric Bogosian.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

"Dangerous Liaisons" (Stephen Frears), with Glenn Close, John Malkovich, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Mississippi Burning" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).

Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 27: "Sierra Leone" (1987; directed by Uwe Schrader; in German). From Dec. 28: "A Hungarian Fairy Tale" (1987; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian).

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).

Theatre 2: "A Forgotten Tune for the Flute" (1987; Eldar Ryazanov; in Russian).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 2: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 29: "Big" (†).

From Dec. 30: To be announced.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Law of Desire" (†) and "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (†).

Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).

Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 2: "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).

Theatre 3: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Dec. 29: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

From Dec. 30: To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"A Cry in the Dark" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Burning Secret" (Andrew Birkin), with Faye Dunaway, Klaus Maria Brandauer, and David Eberts.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"A Forgotten Tune for the Flute" (1987; Eldar Ryazanov; in Russian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Another Woman" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair, in Hindi).

Theatre 3: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).

Theatre 2: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Theatre 3: "Mississippi Burning" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Naked Gun" (†).

Theatre 5: "Scrooged" (†).

Theatre 6: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica

Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
 Theatre 2: "Twins."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
 Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Land Before Time" (directed by Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "A Cry in the Dark" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Big" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Working Girl" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith.
 Theatre 5: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
 Theatre 6: "Night of the Demons" (Kevin S. Tenney).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
 "The Naked Gun" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (†).
 Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
 Theatre 4: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
LEWIS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
 "Scrooged" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
 Theatre 2: "Twins."

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
 "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
 Dec. 26: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940; directed by Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.
 Dec. 27-28: "The Jolson Story" (1946; Alfred E. Green), with Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes; and "Rose of Washington Square" (1939; Gregory Ratoff), with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Al Jolson.
 Dec. 29-31: "Born to Dance" (Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen; and "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.
 Jan. 1-2: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, Charlotte Greenwood, and Carmen Miranda; and "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.
 Jan. 3: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.
 From Jan. 4: "Babes on Broadway" (1941; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald; and "The Kid from Brooklyn" (1946; Norman Z. McLeod), with Danny Kaye and Virginia Mayo.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
 Through Dec. 27: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.
 Dec. 28-29: "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), with Essy Persson; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel.
 Dec. 30-31: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and En-

glish), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
 Jan. 1: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Jan. 2-3: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959; Jack Arnold), with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.

From Jan. 4: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 29: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig; and "Bye Bye Birdie" (1963; George Sidney), with Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke, and Ann-Margret.

Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "Poor Little Rich Girl" (1936; Irving Cummings), with Shirley Temple, Alice Faye, and Jack Haley; and "Stand Up and Cheer" (1934; Hamilton McFadden), with Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Shirley Temple, and James Dunn.
 Jan. 2: "State Fair" (1933 †); "Mr. Skitch" (1933; James Cruze), with Will Rogers; and "One More Spring" (1935; Henry King), with Janet Gaynor.

Jan. 3: "The Half-Naked Truth" (1933; Gregory La Cava), with Lupe Velez, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan; and "Hips, Hips Hooray" (1934; Mark Sandrich), with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Jan. 4: "A Man's Castle" (†) and "American Madness" (†).

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
 Dec. 26: "Pigskin Parade" (1936; David Butler), with Patsy Kelly and Stuart Erwin; and "Captain January" (1936; David Butler), with Shirley Temple, Guy Kibbee, and Buddy Ebsen.

Dec. 27: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "Elevator to the Gallows" ("Frantic"; 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

Dec. 28: "What's New Pussycat?" (1965; Clive Donner), with Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider; and "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen.

Dec. 29: "If . . ." (†); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

Dec. 30-31: "Suspiria" (1977; Dario Argento), with Jessica Harper; and "Hellraiser" (1987; Clive Barker).

Jan. 1: "A Sunday in the Country" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier; in French); and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.

Jan. 2: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Meet Me After the Show" (1951; Richard Sale), with Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey, and Rory Calhoun.

Jan. 3: "Thunder Road" (1958; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Mitchum and Gene Barry; and "El Dorado" (1967; Howard Hawks), with John Wayne, Robert Mitchum, and James Caan.

Jan. 4: "Mad Love" (†); and "The Beast with Five Fingers" (1946; Robert Florey), with Peter Lorre, Robert Alda, and J. Carrol Naish.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 26: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Dec. 27: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye.

Dec. 28: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

Dec. 29: "Two-Faced Woman" (1941; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett; and "What Price Hollywood" (†).

Dec. 30: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "Limelight" (†).

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore; and "True Confession" (1937; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray.

Jan. 2: "Forbidden Games" (†) and "Gervaise" (†).

Jan. 3: "Intruder in the Dust" (†); and "No Way Out" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, and Sidney Poitier.

Jan. 4: "White Heat" (†); and "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959; Michael Anderson), with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns.

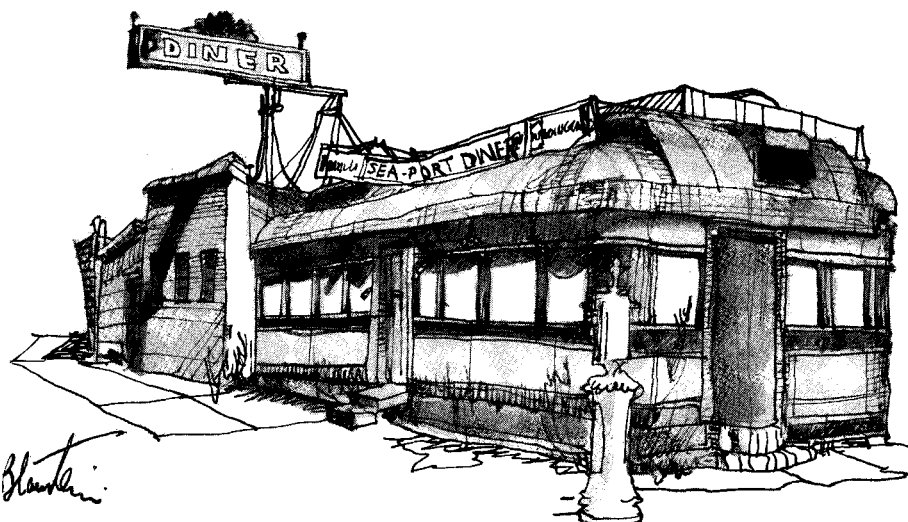
FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE I: Dec. 26 at 2:30: "The Cursed Village" (1929; directed by Florián Rey; a Spanish silent film, with Spanish and English intertitles), with Carmen Viance. . .

Ⓢ Dec. 26 at 6: "Marcelino, Bread and Wine" (1954; Ladislao Vajda; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Pablito Calvo. . .

Ⓢ Dec. 27 at 2:30: "Clara the Brunette" (1936; Florián Rey; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Imperio Argentina. . . Ⓢ Dec. 27 at 6: "Carmen, the Girl from



MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Triana" (1938; Florián Rey; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Imperio Argentina. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "The Last Stand in the Philippines" (1945; Antonio Román; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Armando Calvo. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "Race" (1941; José Luis Sáenz de Heredia; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Ana Mariscal. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Carmen, the Girl from Triana." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Clara the Brunette." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2: "Eloisa Is Underneath an Almond Tree" (1943; Rafael Gil; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Amparo Rivelles. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2: "The Tower of the Seven Hunchbacks" (1944; Edgar Neville; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Isabel de Pomés. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 5: "The Last Song" (1957; Juan de Orduña; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Sara Montiel. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Race." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "The Last Stand in the Philippines." . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Main Street" (1956; Juan Antonio Bardem; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Betsy Blair. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6: "Eloise Is Underneath an Almond Tree."

THEATRE 2: Dec. 29 at 3 and 6: "Caught in Bristol Bay" (1988; Donald Blank) and "Young at Heart" (1987; Sue Marx and Pamela Conn), both documentaries.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: A program of films with Biblical themes. Dec. 28 at 2:30: "David and Bathsheba" (1951; Henry King), with Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2: "Sodom and Gomorrah" (1963; Robert Aldrich), with Stewart Granger, Stanley Baker, Pier Angeli, and Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "The Robe" (1953; Henry Koster), with Richard Burton and Jean Simmons. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 7:30: "Demetrius and the Gladiators" (1954; Delmer Daves), with Victor Mature and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 1:30: "Jesus Christ, Superstar" (1973; Norman Jewison). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2: "Sodom and Gomorrah."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM (Wednesdays through Saturdays, continuous showings): Two of six programs of video art, television commercials, and short films, all dealing with feminist issues.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Dec. 27 at 7: "The Bed" (1968), "Nuptiae" (1969), "The Golden Positions" (1970), and "This Is It" (1971), all by James Broughton. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8:30: "A Woman of Paris" (1923; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 7: "The Three Ages" (1923; Buster Keaton; a silent film). . . .

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

AMERICAN MADNESS (1932)—A topical melodrama of the Depression. It's about a run on a bank—and with a twist that is purest Hollywood. The big banker (Walter Huston) is the hero, and it's his lower-echelon employees who are the villains. Frank Capra directed, and Robert Riskin wrote the script. Capra's dramatic use of the bank, where almost all the action is set, is ingenious, and the sequences of the mounting panic and the storming of the bank are effectively staged, but the resolution is the usual Capra-Riskin populist hokum: the small depositors, grateful to Huston for his help in the past, bring in their savings to preserve his bank from ruin. With Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, and Gavin Gordon. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 4.)

ANOTHER WOMAN—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. She realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, and John Houseman. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris.)

BAGDAD CAFÉ—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by

the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Big—A formula fantasy film that has been directed very gently and tactfully by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through the script (by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg) about a twelve-year-old boy who wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties—Tom Hanks. There are neat, flaky moments, but everything has a tepid inevitability, and even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us. Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. With the slyly sexy Elizabeth Perkins, and good comic work by Robert Loggia and Jared Rushton. (6/27/88) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 29.)

A CRY IN THE DARK—The director, Fred Schepisi, attempts an epic dissection of how superstitions can spread, and how false the public perception (based on the media) can be. He uses the case of Lindy Chamberlain (Meryl Streep), the wife of a Seventh Day Adventist minister, who was tried for murder and convicted, to ask why Australians cynically rejected her account of seeing a dingo (the Australian wild dog) slink off from the tent her nine-week-old daughter was in. Perhaps the thing that made her the most hated woman in Australia was that TV had accustomed people to grieving mothers who showed their frailty and their naked pathos, and here was Lindy on TV—stoic, matter-of-fact, and bluntly impatient at the endless dumb questions. (From time to time, Streep suggests the strong emotions that Lindy hides in public, and we feel a bond with her—we feel joined to her privacy.) The movie is never less than gripping, but Schepisi, who worked on the script with Robert Caswell (it's based on John Bryson's study of the case, "Evil Angels"), put together more elements than he could develop. Remarkable as Streep is (she does some of her finest screen acting), she seems to be playing a person in a documen-

¶ Dec. 28 at 8:30: "Dreamwood" (1972), "Testament" (1974), and "High Kukus" (1974), all by James Broughton. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 7: "Our Hospitality" (1923; Buster Keaton; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 9: "Entr'acte" (1924; René Clair and Francis Picabia; a silent film); "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a silent film); and "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 8: "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 9:30: "From the Pole to the Equator" (1986; Yervant Gianikian and Angela Ricci Lucchi). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 8: A program of films by Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6: "Safety Last" (1923; Harold Lloyd; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 7:30: A program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 9:15: "Los Olvidados" (1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish, with no subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: A second program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8 and 10: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (1971; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles).

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Dec. 26-29 at 7 and Dec. 30 at 8: A program of four short animated films by the Brothers Quay. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "Cemil" (1985; Johannes Schafer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8: A program of animated films.

tary. This is also true of the accomplished Sam Neill, though he seems faultlessly right as Lindy's husband. You come out moved—even shaken—yet not quite certain what you've been watching. (11/28/88) (Festival. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Center. Evenings only.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence, Christianity, war, and death. It is perhaps the greatest war film since "La Grande Illusion." (Neither deals with actual warfare.) On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and an eleven-year-old peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. Clément's method of presentation—a series of harsh contrasts, with on the one side the intuitive, lyric understanding between the two children and on the other the ludicrous comedy of the quarrelsome, ignorant peasant adults—is perhaps unfair to the adults. But it's an act of kindness to the audience: without this element of gross caricature, we might dissolve in tears. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. From the novel by François Boyer. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2.)

GERVAISE (1956)—A painstaking and rich evocation of mid-nineteenth-century Paris, photographed to suggest Daguerre. René Clément's rather heavy-going film deals with the spiritual destruction of Gervaise (Maria Schell)—a destruction accomplished by her lover, who deserts her, and her gentle husband, who becomes an uncontrollable drunkard (a memorable performance by François Périer). Gervaise Macquart, for those who find Zola overpoweringly uninviting, is the heroine of "L'Assommoir," one of the twenty novels in the Rougon-Macquart series, and the mother of that corrupt little Nana who figures in a later volume (and many a movie). In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2.)

If . . . (1969)—At first, and for a considerable stretch, this Lindsay Anderson film appears to be a clinical exposé of the horrible organized bedlam inflicted on English boys in the name of a gentleman's education. The movie is especially fixated on the cruelties that the students perpetrate against each other, with lingering attention to scenes of juvenile sadism and flogging and nasty homoeroticism. Then it turns into an epic on student revolt. But the style of the film is constricted and charged with ambivalent feelings. Can it be meant to be a story of the revolutionary spirit of the young when it's so full of bile

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about youth? And it's really not a rebellion of the young that he shows us but a rebellion of a self-chosen few—three boys (and a girl picked up along the way) who set fire to the school on Speech Day and start sniping at those who flee the fire, including the rest of the young. Their way of destroying the prison is to kill the inmates. There are so many muddy undercurrents in this film that even the best sequences are often baffling, and the ways in which Anderson tries to illustrate the desire for freedom don't carry any conviction. With Malcolm McDowell. Written by David Sherwin; cinematography by Miroslav Ondříček. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 29.)

INTRUDER IN THE DUST (1949)—Lucas Beauchamp, the "stubborn and insufferable" hero of William Faulkner's novel, is a black man who enrages the white people in his corner of Mississippi by his refusal to play nigger for them. The director, Clarence Brown, shot this movie in Faulkner's home town—Oxford, Mississippi—with the inhabitants in bit parts and in the crowd scenes. "All in all, I think it is a good movie," Faulkner said at the premiere, and it is a good movie—straightforward, tense, and assured. (It is perhaps Brown's finest picture.) As in the novel, inflexible Lucas (Juano Hernández), who refuses to accept condescension or patronage, is conceived as a focus of white ambivalence. The other major character is Chick (Claude Jarman, Jr.), a white boy who has made the stupid mistake of offering Lucas money as payment for hospitality and is humiliated by Lucas's stony refusal. When Lucas is arrested for murder and the townspeople get their chance to turn him into a nigger, Chick finds his opportunity to discharge his debt—by saving Lucas's life. At the very end, a couple of false notes are struck, but Hernández's Lucas has the intensity and humor to transcend them. We can see that, as Faulkner put it, Lucas is "now tyrant over the whole county's white conscience." Two character actors perform with great skill: Porter Hall as the murdered man's father and Elizabeth Patterson as the little old lady who believes in doing what's right. Also with Will Geer, David Brian, and Charles Kemper. The screenplay is by Ben Maddow, with some tinkering by Faulkner (who also helped scout locations); cinematography by Robert Surtees. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 3.)

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Cinema 3.)

LAW OF DESIRE (1987)—One of the rare movies that's sensually exciting and, at the same time, funny. This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Bander-

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ras), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina, Manuela Velasco, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema.)

LIMELIGHT (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero, the old, impoverished English clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. And is it because Chaplin didn't talk on screen until late in his career that he doesn't seem to have a dramatic instinct for language? With Sydney Chaplin, Claire Bloom, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglegsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

MADAME SOUSATZKA—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is, arguably, MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair; she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Praver Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Plaza.)

MAD LOVE (1935)—Karl Freund, the famous

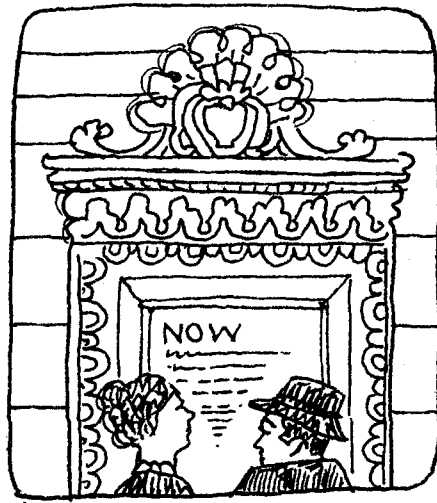
U.F.A. cinematographer, directed this version of the horror story "The Hands of Orlac" for M-G-M, starring Peter Lorre, with Gregg Toland (who was later to shoot "Citizen Kane") in the camera crew. Freund's direction is disappointingly static, but the film has a distinctive Grand Guignol style and it's of considerable visual and historical interest. Peter Lorre's mad doctor (who grafts the hands of a knife-wielding murderer onto the sensitive pianist, Orlac, played by Colin Clive) might almost be an early sketch for Orson Welles' performance as the elderly Kane; the gothic sets of the two pictures have many similarities, and a white cockatoo turns up in both of them. With Frances Drake, Ted Healy, and Edward Brophy. Guy Endore, John L. Balderston, and P. J. Wolfson adapted the Maurice Renard novel. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 4.)

A MAN'S CASTLE (1933)—Spencer Tracy and the lovely, big-eyed Loretta Young in a Depression idyll about an independent-minded man who takes in a homeless waif and falls in love with her—one of Frank Borzage's heavily sentimental yet magically romantic movies. With Glenda Farrell, Marjorie Rambeau, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl, and Dickie Moore. The script is by Jo Swerling, the cinematography by Joseph August. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 4.)

MATADOR—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Angel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Angel is training to be a bull-fighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Also with Nacho Martínez, Eusebio Poncela, Carmen Maura, Eva Cobo, Julieta Serrano, and Chus Lampreave. Written by the director and Jesús Ferrero; cinematography by Ángel Luis Fernández. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

MISSISSIPPI BURNING—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. This cheap gimmick undercuts the whole civil-rights subject; it validates the terrorist methods of the Klan. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, Stephen Tobolowsky, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it). Cinematography by Peter Biziou; the pulsating score, which is designed to work you up for the violence, is by Trevor Jones. (12/26/88) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

THE NAKED GUN—An explosion of sixth-grade humor: terrible puns, broad slapstick, crushingly obvious sexual innuendo, a strategically detonated fart... The filmmakers (most of whom were also involved in "Airplane!") are low-comedy purists. The movie could be dopier only if it were longer: its stupidity has a relentlessness and a formal rigor that are practically French. (The scrupulous aesthetic consistency also extends to the cinematog-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

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raphy and the editing, which are sixth-grade quality, too.) There are sequences in which the picture's shotgun approach makes us laugh helplessly; there are also stretches during which we just feel helpless, as if we were waiting for the bell to signal the end of class. Still, any movie that features an immensely fat woman falling from the upper deck and flattening Reggie Jackson during an Angels game is clearly onto something. With Leslie Nielsen, Priscilla Presley, Ricardo Montalban, George Kennedy, O. J. Simpson, John Houseman, and Jeannette Charles as Queen Elizabeth. Written by David and Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Pat Proft, and directed by David Zucker. (The movie is derived from a short-lived Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker TV series called "Police Squad!") —T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

PELLE THE CONQUEROR—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexø, isn't as deadly as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexø's material that August can't transcend. The story is well constructed, but predictable; the themes are serious, but terribly familiar. For most of the picture's two-and-a-half-hour running time, we're moved and bored simultaneously. Named Best Film at the 1988 Cannes Film Festival. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

SCROOGED—Bill Murray, in a striking, outsize entertainment based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Murray's Frank Cross, who's the youngest network president in history, is the meanest man in television. (That's the same as meanest man in the world.) The performance is a triumphant parody of yuppie callousness. And it's much more: Murray's free-wheeling, screwy generosity is what makes the huge contraption of a movie work. The picture keeps popping surprises: David Johansen (also known as the lounge singer Buster Poindexter) is the grinning cabbie whose identification card reads "Ghost of Christmas Past." John Glover, who sports a collegiate "Tennis, anyone?" haircut, is the new executive who's bucking to replace Frank. Carol Kane, as the Ghost of Christmas Present, is a weirdly dainty Sugar Plum witch. Also with Robert Mitchum, John Forsythe, Alfre Woodard, Michael J. Pollard, Karen Allen, and many other famous performers. Directed by Richard Donner; the script is credited to Mitch Glazer and Michael O'Donoghue. (Elaine May and others also worked on it.) (12/12/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Eastside Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

STATE FAIR (1933)—Will Rogers in a homey, good-natured comedy-romance that was a huge popular success. He is the farmer who takes his big black-and-white hog, Blue Boy, to compete at the fair. At the fair, the farmer's daughter, Janet Gaynor, meets a newspaperman, Lew Ayres, and the farmer's son, Norman Foster, encounters a trapeze performer, Sally Eilers; meanwhile, the farmer's wife, Louise Dresser, wins prizes for her pickles, jams, and mincemeat. Frank Craven has a leading role, playing a storekeeper, and Victor Jory appears as a Barker. The romance of Foster and Eilers is dismal, but the rest is highly satisfying. It's folksy stuff, all right, but Will Rogers and Frank Craven know how to satirize the characters they embody, and Janet Gaynor, sticky-sweet as she is, knows how to sneak into the audience's heart. Henry King directed; the script, by Paul Green and Sonya Levien, is based on Phil Stong's novel. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 2.)

TEQUILA SUNRISE—You have to be able to enjoy

trashy shamelessness to enjoy old Hollywood and to enjoy this picture. Robert Towne, who wrote and directed, is soaked in the perfume of thirties and forties Hollywood romanticism. This is a lusciously silly movie; it has an amorous shine. The three talented stars are smashing: Mel Gibson is a former drug dealer who longs for a decent, respectable life and is trying to succeed in the irrigation business; Kurt Russell is his friend who's the head of the narcotics squad in L.A. County; and Michelle Pfeiffer is the woman they both love. The crime plot often seems to be stalled, and by rational standards the stars' triangular shuffle is flimsy and stupid, but by romantic standards the whole thing is delectable. With Raul Julia, who has a big, likable, rumbling presence as a scoundrel, J. T. Walsh as a quintessential flatfoot, Ann Magnuson, Arliss Howard, Ayre Gross, and, in a bit as a judge, Budd Boetticher. The golden cinematography is by Conrad Hall; the aggressively offensive score is by Dave Grusin. (12/26/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THE THIN BLUE LINE—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiraling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Quad Cinema.)

WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS! (1984)—This film by Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects—huge block buildings of dinky, cramped apartments. The heroine, Gloria (Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-

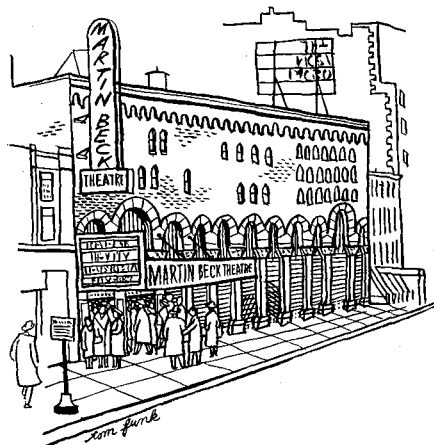
old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. You'll probably never see a woozier treatment of the breakdown of the family and the decay of society. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema.)

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor for the producer David O. Selznick, is basically the same as that of Selznick's later "A Star Is Born" (1937), which he admitted was a reworking of this material. (Cukor also got back to the material when he directed the 1954 version of "A Star Is Born.") Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. Sherman probably patterned his interpretation on the self-destructive drinking of his brother-in-law John Barrymore. Many of the scenes are like sketches for scenes in the later versions, but this film has its own interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world at the time. Screenplay by Jane Murnin, Ben Markson, Gene Fowler, and Rowland Brown; from a story by Adela Rogers St. John. With Neil Hamilton, Louise Beavers, Eddie Anderson, and Gregory Ratoff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

WHITE HEAT (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is very obvious, and it's so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems to have been made much earlier than it was. But this flamboyance is also what makes some of its scenes stay with you. James Cagney plays the tough guy who sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and goes berserk in the prison mess hall when he learns of her death—a horrible sobbing whine comes out of him, and it just keeps coming, as he punches out anyone who gets near him. This is perhaps the most daring sequence Cagney ever performed; he does his most operatic acting in this film, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo and Edmond O'Brien. The script, by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts, was based on a story written for the screen by Virginia Kellogg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4.)

WINGS OF DESIRE ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Daniel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquilizer. Eventually, Daniel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julietta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)



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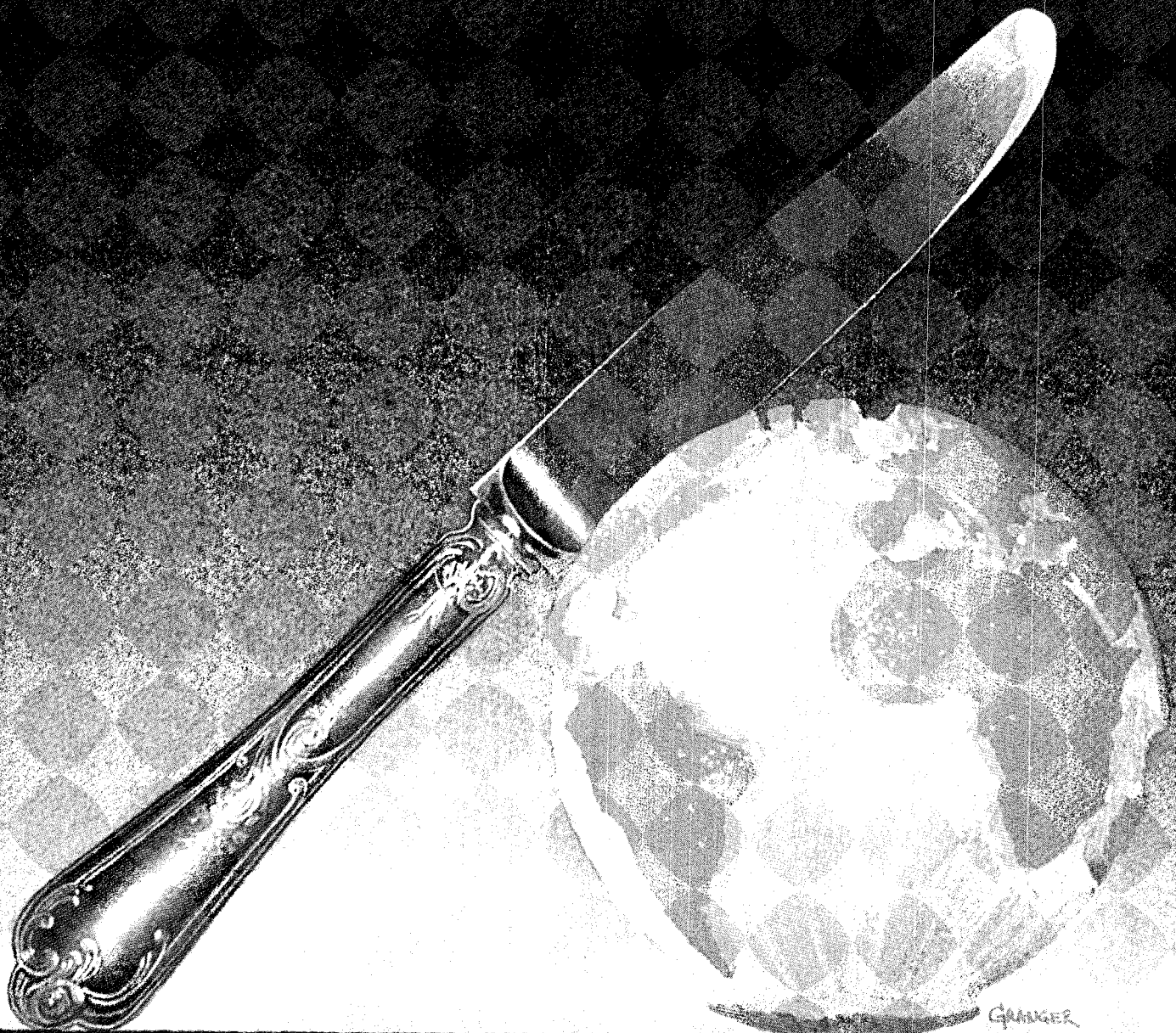
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT was a great day for peace and freedom, George Bush suggested as he brought an end to weeks of speculation by designating his long-time political and personal friend John Tower as his Secretary of Defense. "John Tower is as knowledgeable as anyone in America about defense and national-security issues," Bush said, and he added that Tower, the former Republican senator from Texas, had "earned great respect, both in Congress and among the American people, for his knowledge" and "for his many contributions to this nation." Mr. Bush did not point out that it was Tower who supervised the inquiry into the Iran-Contra affair which concluded that President Reagan was guilty of no more than a lax management style and that Bush himself was guilty only of poor attendance at White House meetings. Or that Tower stood fast with President Reagan in 1985 and declined Mikhail Gorbachev's invitation to join the Soviet Union's proposed unilateral moratorium on nuclear-weapons tests.

As chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Tower championed congressional passage of the stupendously ample Reagan military budget, earning in the process a reputation as a man who had never met a weapons system he didn't like. But Tower has apparently come to see the error of his ways, and he recently told the *Washington Post* that he now regrets his role in "front-loading" the Pentagon budget—pushing for steep increases early in the Reagan era in order to institutionalize dramatically higher military spending over the long term. And the President-elect assured the nation that Tower, like the rest of

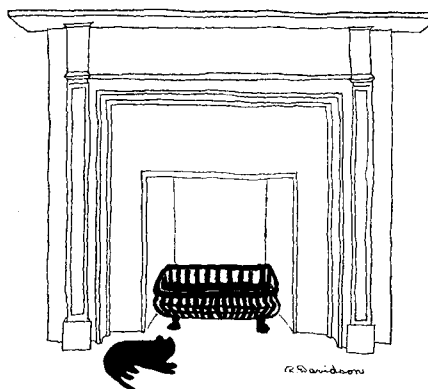
the Bush national-security team, "understands the challenges ahead" and "will make sure that each taxpayer's dollar delivers as much as possible to our collective security."

After leaving the Senate, in 1985, Tower earned handsome fees as a Washington-based consultant to seven of the nation's leading military contractors. But even his critics had to concede that there was nothing illegal in this. Besides, who could better reform the Pentagon than someone who knows the system from the inside? That this is Bush's strategy was clear from his rebuke of a reporter who asked him whether a man of Tower's background was truly likely to crack down on Pentagon overspending. "Nixon went to China," Bush responded peremptorily. And, indeed, Tower's first gestures as Defense Secretary-designate were those of a peacemaker. In view of the swollen federal-budget deficit and the tough choices facing the nation, he declared, the Bush Administration would not demand the two-per-cent real growth in Pentagon spending which was included in President Reagan's final budget. Rather, the Bush team would make do with a cost-of-living increase. The challenge for his colleagues and for him in the

years ahead, he added, was to "provide at least as much, if not more, defense for less money."

Cynics might have suggested that Tower's pledge merely made a virtue of necessity, but few did so, and official Washington appeared relieved that Tower was prepared to recognize political reality. The truth is that there is practically no chance that Congress would approve anything more than zero real growth in military spending, especially since indictments in the Pentagon procurement scandal are expected soon—indictments that seem certain to rekindle suspicion and resentment in a public already convinced that much of the two trillion dollars the Pentagon has spent during the last eight years has been lost to waste, fraud, and greed. A scale-back in military spending is inevitable for another reason as well. Because of the front-loading of the budget regretted by Tower, the Pentagon ordered far more weapons and equipment in the early nineteen-eighties than it now has the money to pay for; estimates of the shortfall range from a hundred billion dollars to four hundred billion. Pat Schroeder, the Democrat from Colorado, who is a member of the House Armed Services Committee, has likened the task that the American military planners face to merging six lanes of traffic into two lanes of highway.

Precisely how much fat can be scooped from the Pentagon budget is unclear—extravagance and redundancy seem to permeate the entire enterprise—but the amount is surely large enough to make a sizable dent in the federal deficit. Achieving such savings would, however, require a fundamental shift in the way the Pentagon does business, including an end to guaranteed-profit contracts and to the



informal system of political insurance that has been fashioned over the years by the Pentagon and the contractors—a system that spreads military contracts across as many congressional districts as possible to insure that the projects will keep getting funded.

Unfortunately, nothing in John Tower's political record or his recent public statements suggests that he is disposed to disturb business as usual at the Pentagon, much less embark on a significantly different course. Beyond advocating a shift to a two-year budget cycle, he has offered few particulars on how the new Administration will fulfill Bush's promise to "continue our policy of strength while making progress in holding the line on spending." Taking questions during his White House announcement ceremony, Tower was decidedly unenthusiastic about reducing American forces in Europe, and he declined to identify a single weapons system that deserved to be cancelled. He preferred to withhold comment, he said, until he and the other senior Bush officials had defined their national-security goals and strategy and decided what configuration of forces was needed to pursue them. In other words, the Bush team plans to think first and spend later. That's a welcome departure from the Reagan approach, but it's only common sense.

What will require more than common sense is taming a military complex that has grown used to getting everything it wants.

Le Grand Orange

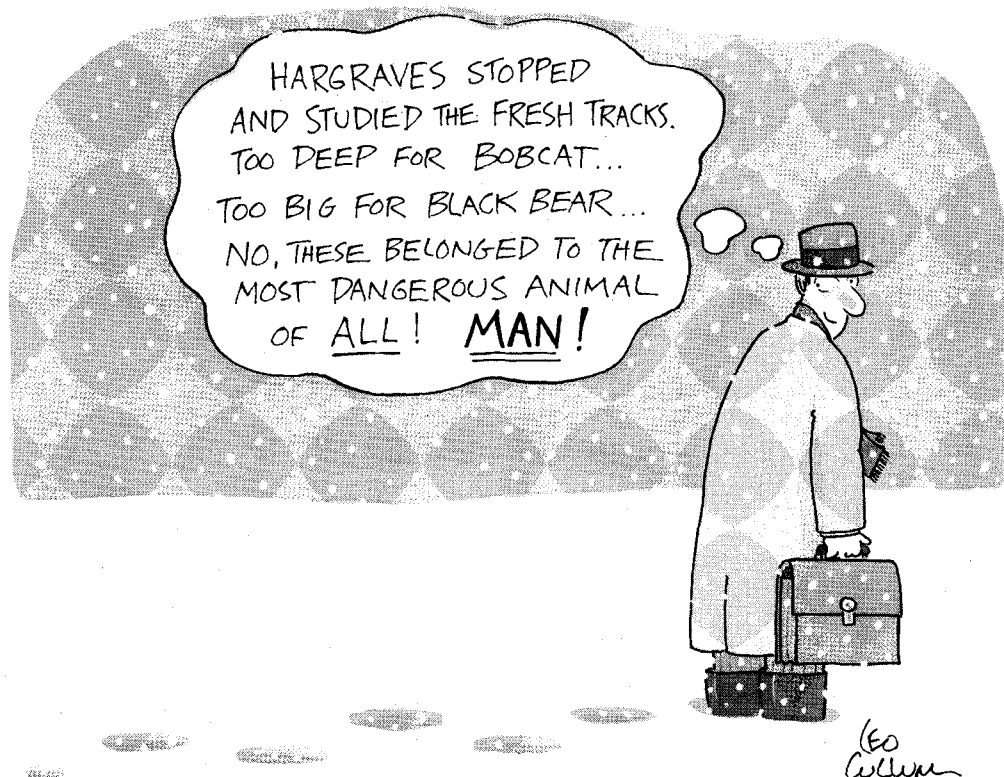
IF you didn't know Rusty Staub was a baseball player, from the looks of his new restaurant you might take him for a wine connoisseur. Rusty Staub's on 5th, not to be confused with the original Rusty's, a restaurant-bar at Third Avenue and Seventy-third Street, is decorated with framed wine posters and Methuselahs of champagne, and has a wine list nineteen pages long. The new restaurant is in the building at Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street that was formerly occupied by Korvette's. (It's in the old record department, on the lower level.) Not that there aren't a few baseball-related items in the place. Upstairs in the bar are two pictures of Rusty in his Mets road uniform batting against the Yankees in the 1981 Mayor's Trophy game (there he is, waiting for a pitch, in his old-fashioned, straight-arrow stance, with his trademark high stockings and bare arms, his bat—he's choked up on it—held high and steady; and there he is again, right after connecting) and a hand-lettered list of "Rusty Staub's

Major League Home Runs," all two hundred and ninety-two of them, the first against Don Drysdale, of the Dodgers, on June 3, 1963, when Rusty was nineteen, and the last against Montreal's Jeff Reardon, on June 22, 1985, when he was forty-one. The only other major-league player to pull off this feat—hit a homer both as a teen-ager and as a forty-year-old—was Ty Cobb.

Downstairs, in the restaurant proper (green carpet, green tablecloths, green banquettes), the baseball theme is more understated: a small green silhouette of Rusty at bat appears on the windows looking onto the atrium and on souvenirs displayed in a glass cabinet (plates, brandy snifters, matches, ashtrays). The menu, visible in a Fifth Avenue show window not unlike the windows at Tiffany's, includes a few items that refer to Rusty's old stamping grounds: the Creole Seafood Gumbo—New Orleans Style (he was born in New Orleans, on April 1, 1944, and was immediately given the nickname Rusty, for what he now calls "this orange crop on my head") and the Shrimp "Le Grand Orange" (the nickname he was given by the fans in Montreal, for the same reason).

As we were eating from the breakfast menu the other day—hot oat bran—Rusty came in. "Hope that stuff works, 'cause I'm eating it all the time now,"

he said, touching us lightly on the shoulder. "It's supposed to take your cholesterol down." Actually, Rusty looked great. He's six feet two and solid, at about two hundred and forty pounds. The "orange crop" is a mild shade, and wavy. Because the breakfast trade is still slow, he had time to sit down and talk. He was wearing pin-striped suit pants, a white shirt with the monogram DJS (for Daniel Joseph Staub) on the cuffs, and a dark paisley tie. He had a 1973 National League Championship ring on his left hand (in the playoffs against the Reds, Rusty hit three home runs and made one gallant, fence-crashing, shoulder-smashing catch) and, on his right, a 1986 World Series ring, which Frank Cashen, the general manager of the Mets, sent him, along with a letter saying why he deserved it. (Though he had hung up his spikes after the '85 season, he



worked for the Mets as a liaison between players and management.) Rusty is still very much a part of the Mets family, but what he really likes to talk about is restaurants.

"I have an extensive background in cooking," he said. "It started when I was in the Instructional League, in Scottsdale, Arizona, after I signed with Houston. I lived with three other guys, two to a room. We got about a hundred and sixty dollars a month. I made a deal with the guys: I'd do all the cooking if they'd do all the cleaning up. Back in New Orleans, my dad barbecued a lot. He could barbecue with anyone. And he made a mean po'boy. He was a teacher, and he always had a second job, sometimes in the meat business. So I learned a lot about meat.

And Mom was a great cook. Then, after a few years in the majors, it got more and more difficult for me, with this orange crop on my head, to go out with my friends. One year, I had a large party, a Christmas party, with about sixty close friends, and I did all the cooking. The response was tremendous. They looked on me as a different person. I got more invitations, and the conversation wasn't always baseball but food and wine and other things that the culinary arts bring out in people.

"When I was with Montreal, from '69 to '71, I dated the manager of a restaurant in the Old City. I worked with the chefs there, and they taught me a lot. When I came to New York, in '72, people really jumped on it. Chefs were interested in athletes who cooked. I'd go to a restaurant—I had favorite places in every city we played in—and if I knew the owner he'd introduce the chef, and if the chef was any kind of a ball fan we'd get to be friends. You'd be surprised—even some of the sophisticated French restaurants have ball fans in the kitchen.

"I had a hand operation in '72, and I was rehabbing. I must have put in fifteen hundred hours working with



"How come you're never on anybody's short list?"

chefs. Originally, I was going to be a silent partner in Rusty's—not put my name on it but learn the business at first hand. I wanted to get to know the back of the house—owners' problems, purchasing and receiving goods. It's these infinitesimal things—twenty cents a pound over a year—that make the difference between having a successful restaurant and losing your shirt."

The original Rusty's opened in March of '77, when Rusty was with the Tigers. The following winter, he put the Canadian Baby Back Ribs, from lean little pigs in Canada, on the menu (they're also on the menu at the new restaurant), and the place took off. Rusty's career as a restaurateur began to compete seriously with his career in baseball. (A sportswriter once called him "the Brillat-Savarin of designated hitters.") Rusty Staub's on 5th was first proposed in the late summer of '87, by Fred Wilpon, who is both the co-owner of the Mets (with Nelson Doubleday) and the chairman of the board of the company that manages the building. "We opened on September 13th, toward the end of the season," he said. "Thank God the team was on the

road." (Rusty broadcasts home games on WWOR-TV.)

When we finished breakfast, he gave us a quick tour of the place. One room has a large TV discreetly concealed behind mirrored cabinet doors. In a smaller room, called the Wine Vault, the Knights of the Vine had convened for a wine-tasting a few nights earlier. Rusty stopped short of taking us into the kitchen, where the chef, Alfred Ehrlich, was now preparing lunch. "Lunch in here is like 'Banzai!'" he said. "A few of the guys have been in. Hernandez has been in. Sid—Sid Fernandez—was in before he went home to Hawaii. Darling was in. Mr. Wilpon's dinner was going to be held here—he was going to have an off-day party during the Series—but something happened on the way to L.A."

Walkman

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

I know how people who don't wear Walkmen feel about the rest of us. I know because of the way they ask me if I think it's such a good idea to wear

headphones around, as if there might be something *natural* or *wholesome* about subjecting oneself to the cacophony of, say, a midtown sidewalk next to a construction site during rush hour. Once in a while, when my batteries run low, I'm forced to hear what I've been missing, and, except for the occasional titillating snatch of conversation, I don't think it amounts to much.

But when I listen to the Walkman I'm not just tuning out. I'm also tuning in a soundtrack for the scenery around me. I've never had a problem suspending belief during musicals—not even during that break between the nearly normal dialogue and the Big Number, when the invisible brass and strings begin to swell. For me, a world where two hundred extras break into song and dance to advance the plot is not merely nifty entertainment but *the world as it should be*. So there aren't two hundred extras shuffle-stepping with me down Sixth Avenue. Who needs them? Every now and then, what I hear fits so smoothly with what I see that, say, pedestrians darting and weaving across the street seem to be choreographed by a funky director in some grand, slightly asymmetrical production. Other times, on my walk home, the lighting turns melancholy, the bit

players fade in and out of sight, and, right on cue, the aria starts. On the streets, you have to be ready.

Usually, I leave the musical score to chance—whatever radio station I find that I like. Tapes give you more control, of course, but the spontaneity of radio is part of the effect. Putting in a tape of “Walk on the Wild Side” is not the same as finding yourself walking down a rough block and hearing the first chords (DUM, da-DUM, da-DUM) and then watching the punks and dealers turn into the cast of “West Side Story.”

D.j.s must be aware of this phenomenon. In the fall sometimes, I'll be walking through Central Park, the leaves tumbling around me, and I'll catch “Autumn in New York.” Someone *meant* this scene to happen. All I need is a trenchcoat and a whippet. Anything by Sinatra is good for staging a personal musical in New York, by the way. For starters, just try listening to “New York, New York” on Fifth Avenue.

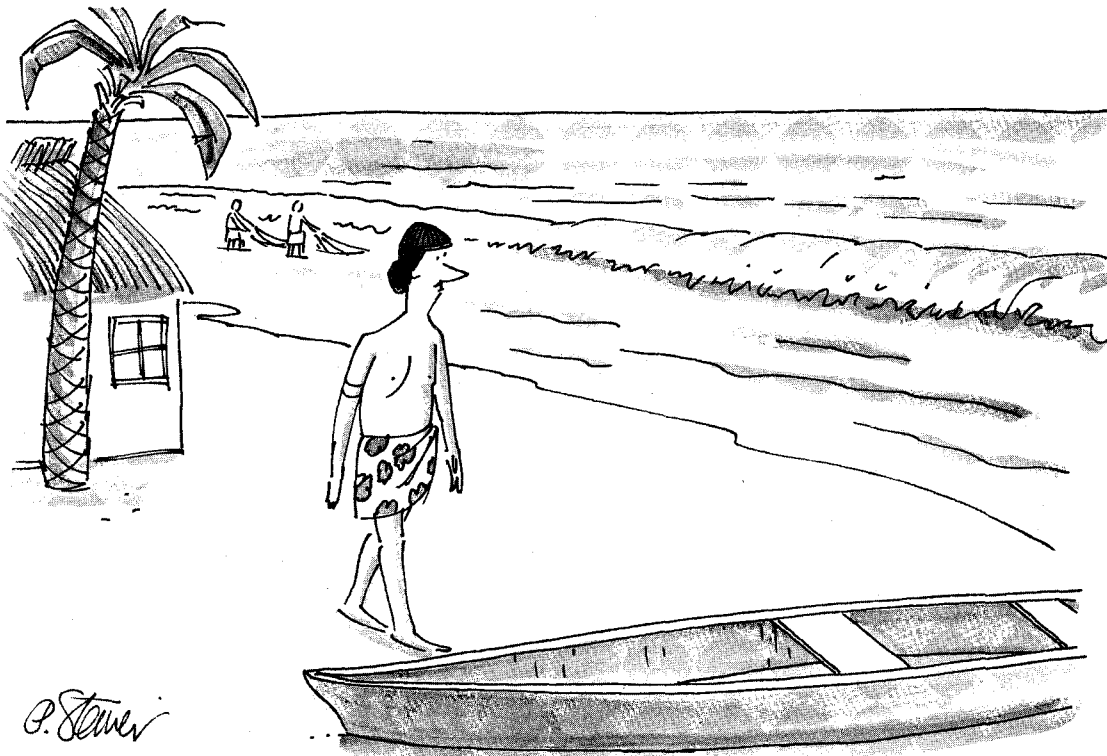
Christmas can get out of hand, of course. One morning, I was making my way through the holiday shoppers and past the white-lit trees, listening to “Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town.” I came to a toy store, and exactly when the backup chorus sang “Root-y-toot-

toots and rum-my-tum-tums” a little mechanical bear in that window popped its mouth open, and I could swear that it was singing the chorus. And then there are those ultimate moments in Walkman listening—the ones that are practically a religious experience. Once when I was on my way to the Times Square subway station, I heard the Talking Heads doing Al Green's “Take Me to the River.” Then I reached the stairs and discovered that the trains were stuck and people were crammed onto the platform and spilling back up to the street. Maybe you have to be familiar with the song to fully appreciate what I'm talking about: it's a gospel-flavored song, about baptism and love, and there in front of me was all of humanity needing a trip to the river, spiritually speaking, after the indignities of the I.R.T.

When a great song is over, I sometimes worry about what I must have looked like while I was carried away by what I alone was hearing. But I won't give up the Walkman. I might miss another scene like my all-time favorite, the experience that made me certain there are things about airwaves that we just can't understand. I was walking down Sixth Avenue, and “High Hopes” was on—a song I had thought was a little foolish, to tell the truth—and right in front of me were two men struggling to carry two six-foot-high rubber-tree plants. The plants swayed, and then the men swayed from side to side as they tried to balance them, and just then I heard “Whoops, there goes another rubber-tree plant.” I only wish every single person passing them on the street could have heard that song.

Gold

FIFTEEN years ago, we visited the main gold vault of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, on Liberty Street, and were told that in twenty years the gold might be gone. We went back to check the other day, and we can report

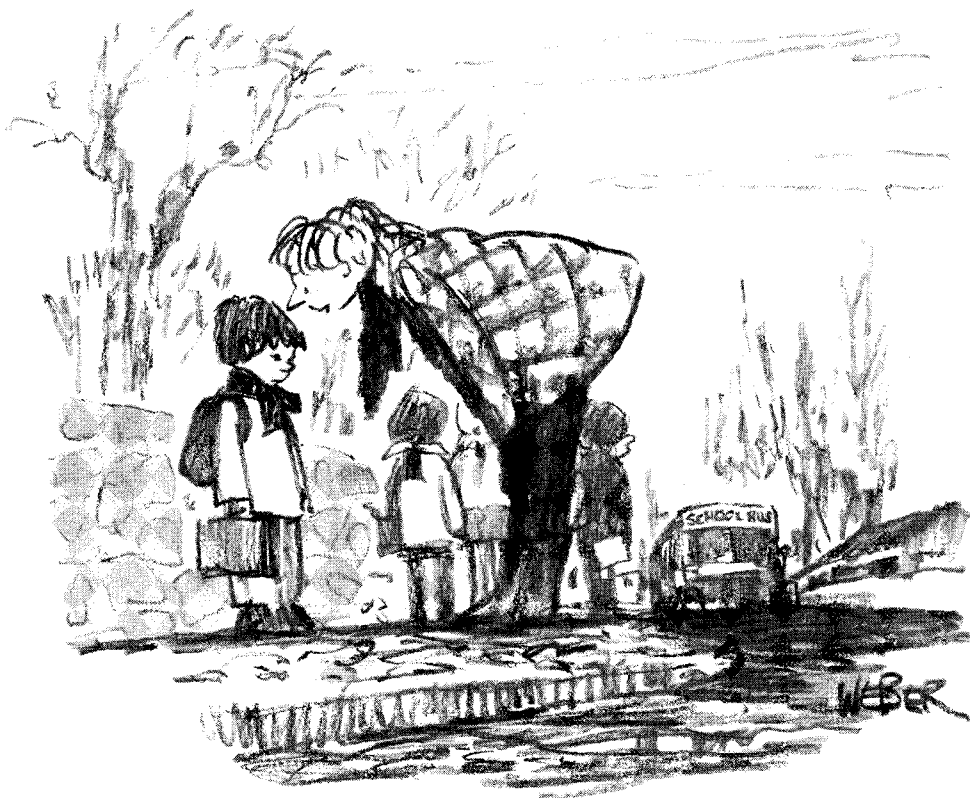


THE DUKAKIS SURGE FINALLY REACHES TAHITI

that the hoard is still there—a hundred and fifty-five billion dollars' worth now, or an amount equal to the 1988 federal-budget deficit. It's a rambling rampart of gold—eight hundred thousand bars, weighing eleven thousand tons, on bedrock eighty feet underground. And, surveying it, while armed guards surveyed us, we couldn't help thinking that if President Reagan had stood where we were standing he might have got a better handle on the problem of the deficit. The President can go into Fort Knox anytime he wants, but even Fort Knox doesn't have as much gold as the Federal Reserve Bank. The hoard was stacked behind bars, in a hundred and twenty-two cells, which filled an area the size of half a football field. The bricks were the size of bread loaves. Some had a pinkish cast, left by traces of copper in melted-down jewelry and coins, and some had a whitish tinge, from impurities. Most looked beat up, scratched, or nicked—not polished and sparkling, the way they look in cartoons. "Gold is exactly like a cake," our guide told us. "After it's poured into molds, it falls as it cools, and wrinkles. And those nicks aren't from people scratching for gold dust—that only gets you broken fingernails. That's where assayers cut off a corner to determine purity and quality. Later, the corners are melted into small ingots, nicknamed Hershey bars."

None of this gold belongs to the United States. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York has been keeping gold for foreign governments since before the Second World War, we learned. "America is geographically isolated, it hasn't been invaded recently, and it's considered politically stable," our guide explained. "So eighty governments safeguard their reserves here. Actually, the Fed loses money on this vault—there's no charge for storage. Any time Brazil buys kangaroos, say, from Australia and can't pay in Australian or U.S. dollars, instead of sending a hundred million dollars in gold halfway around the globe on a plane it moves a hundred million dollars in gold a few feet, to Australia's pile."

He pointed to some workers pulling bullion on a pallet and being trailed by three men in business suits. "Those three fellows following are representatives of different divisions of the bank. Any time gold is transferred, they



"But, sweetie, children are the backbone of our educational system."

watch to make sure it gets where it's going, and then unlock the door of the appropriate cell. Each man knows the combination of one of three locks on the door, so it takes all three to open a cell. When a country's assets are frozen—remember Iran?—we put another padlock on the cell, and no gold goes in or out."

The workers were wearing giant metal boots, and we asked why. "See all those dents in the concrete floor?" our guide said. "Those are from rows of gold bars toppling over. If a worker dropped a bar, he'd lose a foot without those boots. They're made of magnesium—lightweight but strong."

We were ushered into one of the cells, and our guide said, "Hold your breath—you're going to be standing next to eight hundred million dollars." In the cell was a stack six feet high, five feet wide, and twelve feet long. We figured that it could fit in a good-sized family van.

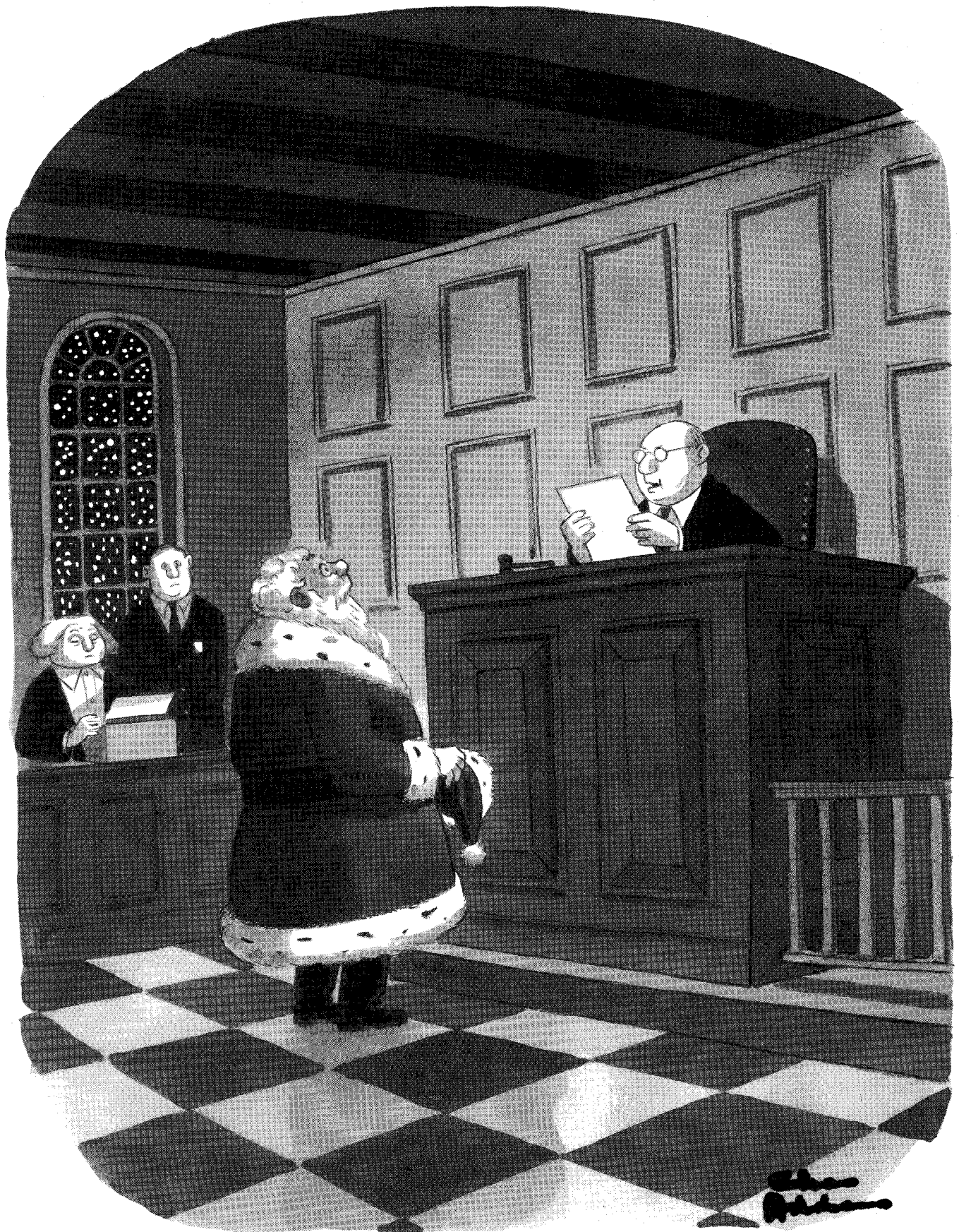
Leaving the main vault as we had entered it—the only access is a ninety-ton cylindrical passageway that sinks slightly and rotates to barricade the gold at night—we peeked into an auxiliary vault next door. This one was

surreal—a bright, white room whose rear wall was gold, stacked fifteen feet high. This gold was more freshly smelted, and it shone.

What happens if a country has a coup, we asked. Could the new regime demand that its reserves be sent home?

"That's up to the country's central bank," our guide said. "Theoretically, it could, but it has never actually happened." He added, "In an emergency, the whole building can be shut down in twenty-five seconds. The elevators seal off and return to ground level, the stairways seal shut, hundreds of silent alarms light up, and the one-ton remote-controlled teakwood front doors, on Liberty Street, close automatically. The building has enough private police to protect a small city, and a target-practice room where they are tested once a month."

The Federal Reserve also freshens up our banknote supply, we learned as, locked in a room on an upper floor, we watched millions of dollars disappear into machines that counted and sorted the bills and shredded any too far gone to recirculate. The shreds are sold for many things, among them bedding for thoroughbred horses.



"...flying low over housetops, landing on a roof, illegal entry into a residence via chimney, operating a sleigh without a license, keeping wild reindeer confined in harness, and creating a disturbance with loud laughter."

DIFFERENTLY

GEORGIA once took a creative-writing course, and what the instructor told her was: Too many things. Too many things going on at the same time; also too many people. Think, he told her. What is the important thing? What do you want us to pay attention to? Think.

Eventually she wrote a story that was about her grandfather killing chickens, and the instructor seemed to be pleased with it. Georgia herself thought that it was a fake. She made a long list of all the things that had been left out and handed it in as an appendix to the story. The instructor said that she expected too much, of herself and of the process, and that she was wearing him out.

The course was not a total loss, because Georgia and the instructor ended up living together. They still live together, in Ontario, on a farm. They sell raspberries, and run a small publishing business. When Georgia can get the money together, she goes to Vancouver, to visit her sons. This fall Saturday she has taken the ferry across to Victoria, where she used to live. She did this on an impulse that she doesn't really trust, and by midafternoon, when she walks up the driveway of the splendid stone house where she used to visit Maya, she has already been taken over some fairly shaky ground.

When she phoned Raymond, she wasn't sure that he would ask her to the house. She wasn't sure that she even wanted to go there. She had no notion of how welcome she would be. But Raymond opens the door before she can touch the bell, and he hugs her around the shoulders and kisses her twice (surely he didn't use to do this?) and introduces his wife, Anne. He says he has told her what great friends they were, Georgia and Ben and he and Maya. Great friends.

Maya is dead. Georgia and Ben are long divorced.

They go to sit in what Maya used to call, with a certain flat cheerfulness, "the family room."

(One evening Raymond had said to Ben and Georgia that it looked as if Maya wasn't going to be able to have any children. "We try our best," he said. "We use pillows and everything. But no luck.")

"Listen, old man, you don't do it

with pillows," Ben said boisterously. They were all a little drunk. "I thought you were the expert on all the apparatus, but I can see that you and I are going to have to have a little talk."

Raymond was an obstetrician and gynecologist.

By that time Georgia knew all about the abortion in Seattle, which had been set up by Maya's lover, Harvey. Harvey was also a doctor, a surgeon. The bleak apartment in the run-down building, the bad-tempered old woman who was knitting a sweater, the doctor arriving in his shirtsleeves, carrying a brown paper bag that Maya hysterically believed must contain the tools of his trade. In fact it contained his lunch—an egg-and-onion sandwich. Maya had the smell of that in her face all the time he and Mme. Defarge were working her over.

Maya and Georgia smiled at each other primly while their husbands continued their playful conversation.)

Raymond's curly caramel-brown hair has turned into a silvery fluff, and his face is lined. But nothing dreadful has happened to him—no pouches or jowls or alcoholic flush or sardonic droop of defeat. He is still thin, and straight, and sharp-shouldered, still fresh-smelling, spotless, appropriately, expensively dressed. He'll make a brittle, elegant old man, with an obliging boy's smile. There's that sort of shine on both of them, Maya once said glumly. She was speaking of Raymond

and Ben. Maybe we should soak them in vinegar, she said.

The room has changed more than Raymond has. An ivory leather sofa has replaced Maya's tapestry-covered couch, and of course all the old opium-den clutter, Maya's cushions and pampas grass and the gorgeous multicolored elephant with the tiny sewn-on mirrors—that's all gone. The room is beige and ivory, smooth and comfortable as the new blond wife, who sits on the arm of Raymond's chair and maneuvers his arm around her, placing his hand on her thigh. She wears slick-looking white pants and a cream-on-white appliquéd sweater, with gold jewelry. Raymond gives her a couple of hearty and defiant pats.

"Are you going someplace?" he says. "Possibly shopping?"

"Righto," says the wife. "Old times." She smiles at Georgia. "It's O.K.," she says. "I really do have to go shopping."

When she has gone, Raymond pours drinks for Georgia and himself. "Anne is a worrywart about the booze," he says. "She won't put salt on the table. She threw out all the curtains in the house to get rid of the smell of Maya's cigarettes. I know what you may be thinking. *Friend Raymond has got hold of a luscious blonde*. But this is actually a very serious girl, and a very steady girl. I had her in my office, you know, quite a while before Maya died. I mean, I had her *working* in my office. I don't mean that the way it sounds! She isn't as young as she looks, either. She's thirty-six."

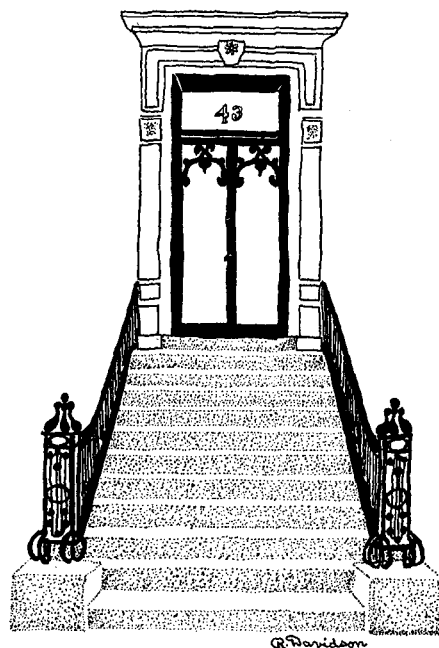
Georgia had thought forty. She is tired of the visit already, but she has to tell about herself. No, she is not married. Yes, she works. She and the friend she lives with have a farm and a publishing business. Touch and go, not much money. Interesting. A male friend, yes.

"I've lost all track of Ben somehow," Raymond says. "The last I heard, he was living on a boat."

"He and his wife sail around the West Coast every summer," Georgia says. "In the winter they go to Hawaii. The Navy lets you retire early."

"Marvellous," says Raymond.

Seeing Raymond has made Georgia think that she has no idea what Ben looks like now. Has he gone white-haired, has he thickened around the middle? Both of these things have hap-



pened to her—she has turned into a chunky woman with a healthy olive skin, a crest of white hair, wearing loose and rather splashy clothes. When she thinks of Ben she sees him still as a handsome Navy officer, with a perfect Navy look—keen and serious and self-effacing. The look of someone who longed, bravely, to be given orders. Her sons must have pictures of him around—they both see him, they spend holidays on his boat. Perhaps they put the pictures away when she comes to visit. Perhaps they think of protecting these images of him from one who did him hurt.

On the way to Maya's house—Raymond's house—Georgia walked past another house, which she could easily have avoided. A house in Oak Bay, which in fact she had to go out of her way to see.

It was still the house that she and Ben had read about, in the real-estate columns of the *Victoria Colonist*. Roomy bungalow under picturesque oak trees. Arbutus, dogwood, window seats, fireplace, diamond-paned windows, character. Georgia stood outside the gate and felt a most predictable pain. Here Ben had cut the grass, here the children had made their paths and hideaways in the bushes, and laid out a graveyard for the birds and snakes killed by the black cat, Domino. She could recall the inside of the house perfectly—the oak floors she and Ben

had laboriously sanded, the walls they had painted, the room where she had lain in drugged misery after having her wisdom teeth out. Ben had read aloud to her, from "Dubliners." She couldn't remember the title of the story. It was about a timid poetic sort of young man, with a mean pretty wife. Poor bugger, said Ben when he'd finished it.

Ben liked fiction, which was surprising in a man who also liked sports, and had been popular at school.

She ought to have stayed away from this neighborhood. Everywhere she walked here, under the chestnut trees with their flat gold leaves, and the red-limbed arbutus, and the tall Garry oaks, which suggested fairy stories, European forests, woodcutters, witches—everywhere her footsteps reproached her, saying what-for, what-for, what-for. This reproach was just what she had expected—it was what she courted—and there was something cheap about doing such a thing. Something cheap and useless. She knew it. But what-for, what-for, what-for, wrong-and-waste, wrong-and-waste went her silly, censorious feet.

Raymond wants Georgia to look at the garden, which he says was made for Maya during the last months of her life. Maya designed it; then she lay on the tapestry couch (setting fire to it twice, Raymond says, by dozing off with a cigarette lit), and she was able to see it all take shape.

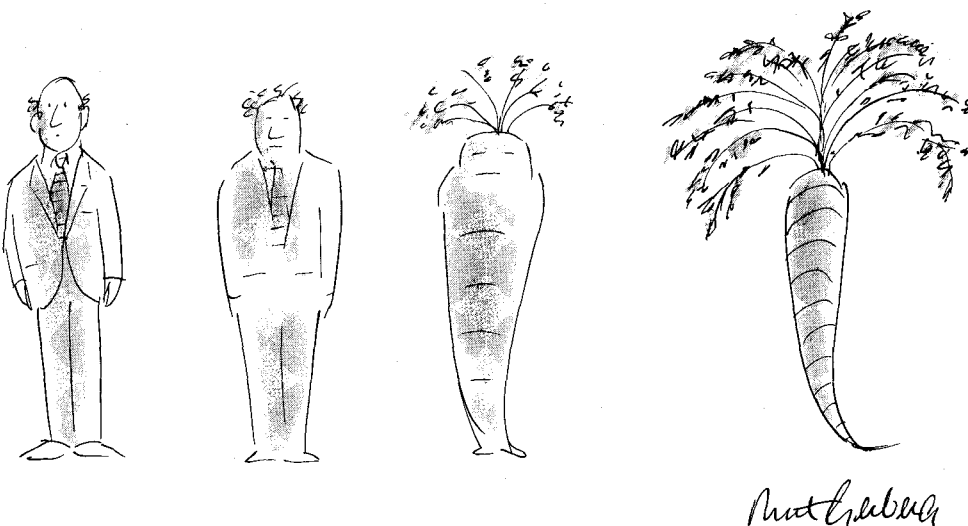
Georgia sees a pond, a stone-rimmed pond with an island in the middle. The head of a wicked-looking stone beast—a mountain goat?—rears up on the island, spouting water. Around the pond a jungle of Shasta daisies, pink and purple cosmos, dwarf pines and cypresses, some other miniature tree with glossy red leaves. On the island, now that she looks more closely, are mossy stone walls—the ruins of a tiny tower.

"She hired a young chap to do the work," Raymond says. "She lay there and watched him. It took all summer. She just lay all day and watched him making her garden. Then he'd come in and they'd have tea, and talk about it. You know, Maya didn't just design that garden. She imagined it. She'd tell him what she'd been imagining about it, and he'd take off from there. I mean, this to them was not just a garden. The pond was a lake in this country they had some name for, and all around the lake were forests and territories where different tribes and factions lived. Do you get the picture?"

"Yes," says Georgia.

"Maya had a dazzling imagination. She could have written fantasy or science fiction. Whatever. She was a creative person, without any doubt about it. But you could not get her to seriously use her creativity. That goat was one of the gods of that country, and the island was like a sacred place with a former temple on it. You can see the ruins. They had the religion all worked out. Oh, and the literature, the poems and the legends and the history—everything. They had a song that the queen would sing. Of course it was supposed to be a translation, from that language. They had some of that figured out, too. There had been a queen that was shut up in that ruin. That temple. I forget why. She was getting sacrificed, probably. Getting her heart torn out or some gruesome thing. It was all complicated and melodramatic. But think of the effort that went into it. The creativity. The young chap was an artist by profession. I believe he thought of himself as an artist. I don't know how she got hold of him, actually. She knew people. He supported himself doing this kind of thing, I imagine. He did a good job. He laid the pipes, everything. He showed up every day. Every day he came in when he was finished and had tea and

THIS NEW YEAR, EMMET LUNDAY
RESOLVES TO REALLY CHANGE.

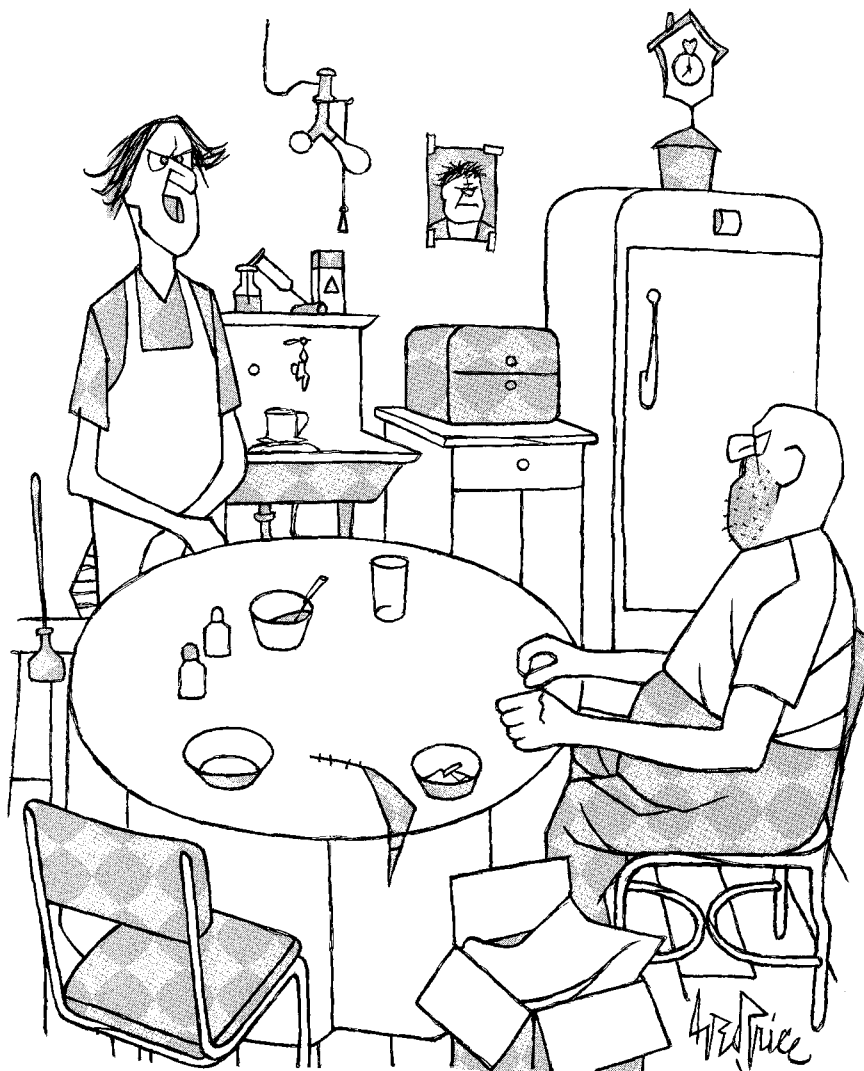


talked to her. Well, in my opinion, they didn't have just tea. To my knowledge, not just tea. He would bring a little substance, they would have a little smoke. I told Maya she should write it all down.

"But you know, the instant he was finished, off he went. Off he went. I don't know. Maybe he got another job. It didn't seem to me that it was my place to ask. But I did think that even if he had got a job he could have come back and visited her now and then. Or if he'd gone off on a trip somewhere he could have written letters. I thought he could have. I expected that much of him. It wouldn't have been any skin off his back. Not as I see it. It would have been nice of him to make her think that it hadn't been just a case of—of hired friendship, you know, all along."

Raymond is smiling. He cannot repress, or perhaps is not aware of, this smile.

"For that was the conclusion she must have come to," he says. "After all that nice time and imagining together and egging each other on. She must have been disappointed. She must have been. Even at that stage, such a thing would matter a lot to her. You and I know it, Georgia. It would have mattered. He could have treated her a little more kindly. It wouldn't have had to be for very long."



"Good evening. My name is Thelma, and I'll be your waitress tonight."

• •

MAYA died a year ago, in the fall, but Georgia did not hear about it until Christmas. She got the news in Hilda's Christmas letter. Hilda, who used to be married to Harvey, is now married to another doctor, in a town in the interior of British Columbia. A few years ago she and Georgia, both visitors, met by chance on a Vancouver street, and they have written occasional letters since.

"Of course you knew Maya so much better than I did," Hilda wrote. "But I've been surprised how often I've thought about her. I've been thinking of all of us, really, how we were, fifteen or so years ago, and I think we were just as vulnerable in some ways as the kids with their acid trips and so on, that were supposed to be marked for life. Weren't we marked—all of us smashing up our marriages and going out looking for adventure? Of course, Maya didn't smash up her marriage, she of all people stayed where she was, so I suppose it doesn't make much sense

what I'm saying. But Maya seemed the most vulnerable person of all to me, so gifted and brittle. I remember I could hardly bear to look at that vein in her temple where she parted her hair."

What an odd letter for Hilda to write, thought Georgia. She remembered Hilda's expensive pastel plaid shirtdresses, her neat, short, fair hair, her good manners. Did Hilda really think she had smashed up her marriage and gone out looking for adventure under the influence of dope and rock music and revolutionary costumes? Georgia's impression was that Hilda had left Harvey, once she found out what he was up to—or some of what he was up to—and gone to the town in the interior where she sensibly took up her old profession of nursing and in due time married another, presumably

more trustworthy doctor. Maya and Georgia had never thought of Hilda as a woman like themselves. And Hilda and Maya had not been close—they had particular reason not to be. But Hilda had kept track; she knew of Maya's death, she wrote these generous words. Without Hilda, Georgia would not have known. She would still have been thinking that someday she might write to Maya, there might come a time when their friendship could be mended.

THE first time that Ben and Georgia went to Maya's house, Harvey and Hilda were there. Maya was having a dinner party for just the six of them. Georgia and Ben had recently moved to Victoria, and Ben had phoned Raymond, who had been a

friend of his at school. Ben had never met Maya, but he told Georgia that he had heard that she was very clever, and weird. People said that she was weird. But she was rich—an heiress—so she could get away with it.

Georgia groaned at the news that Maya was rich, and she groaned again at the sight of the house—the great stone-block house with its terraced lawns and clipped bushes and circular drive.

Georgia and Ben came from the same small town in Ontario, and had the same sort of families. It was a fluke that Ben had been sent to a good private school—the money had come from a great-aunt. Even in her teens, when she was proud of being Ben's girl and prouder than she liked to let on about being asked to the dances at that school, Georgia had a low opinion of the girls she met there. She thought rich girls were spoiled and brainless. She called them twits. She thought of herself as a girl—and then a woman—who didn't much like other girls and women. She called the other Navy wives "the Navy *ladies*." Ben was sometimes entertained by her opinions of people and at other times asked if it was really necessary to be so critical.

He had an inkling, he said, that she was going to like Maya. This didn't predispose Georgia in Maya's favor. But Ben turned out to be right. He was very happy then, to have come up with somebody like Maya as an offering to Georgia, to have found a couple with whom he and Georgia could willingly link up as friends. "It'll be good for us to have some non-Navy friends," he was to say. "Some wife for you to knock around with who isn't so conventional. You can't say Maya's conventional."

Georgia couldn't. The house was more or less what she had expected—soon she learned that Maya called it "your friendly neighborhood fortress"—but Maya was a surprise. She opened the door herself, barefoot, wearing a long shapeless robe of coarse brown cloth that looked like burlap. Her hair was long and straight, parted high at one temple. It was almost the same dull-brown color as the robe. She did not wear lipstick, and her skin was rough and pale, with marks like faint bird tracks in the hollows of her cheeks. This lack of color, this roughness of texture about her seemed a splendid

WHITE OWL FLIES INTO AND OUT OF THE FIELD

Coming down
out of the freezing sky
with its depths of light,
like an angel,
or a Buddha with wings,
it was beautiful
and accurate,
striking the snow and whatever was there
with a force that left the imprint
of the tips of its wings—
five feet apart—and the grabbing
thrust of its feet,
and the indentation of what had been running
through the white valleys
of the snow—

and then it rose, gracefully,
and flew back to the frozen marshes,
to lurk there,
like a little lighthouse,
in the blue shadows—
so I thought:
maybe death
isn't darkness, after all,
but so much light
wrapping itself around us—

as soft as feathers—
that we are instantly weary
of looking, and looking, and shut our eyes,
not without amazement,
and let ourselves be carried,
as through the translucence of mica,
to the river
that is without the least dapple or shadow,
that is nothing but light—scalding, aortal light—
in which we are washed and washed
out of our bones.

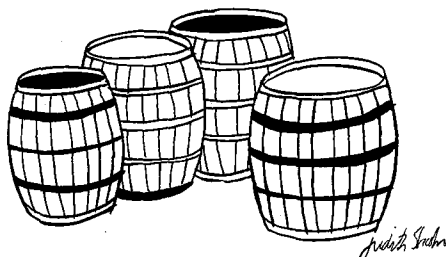
—MARY OLIVER

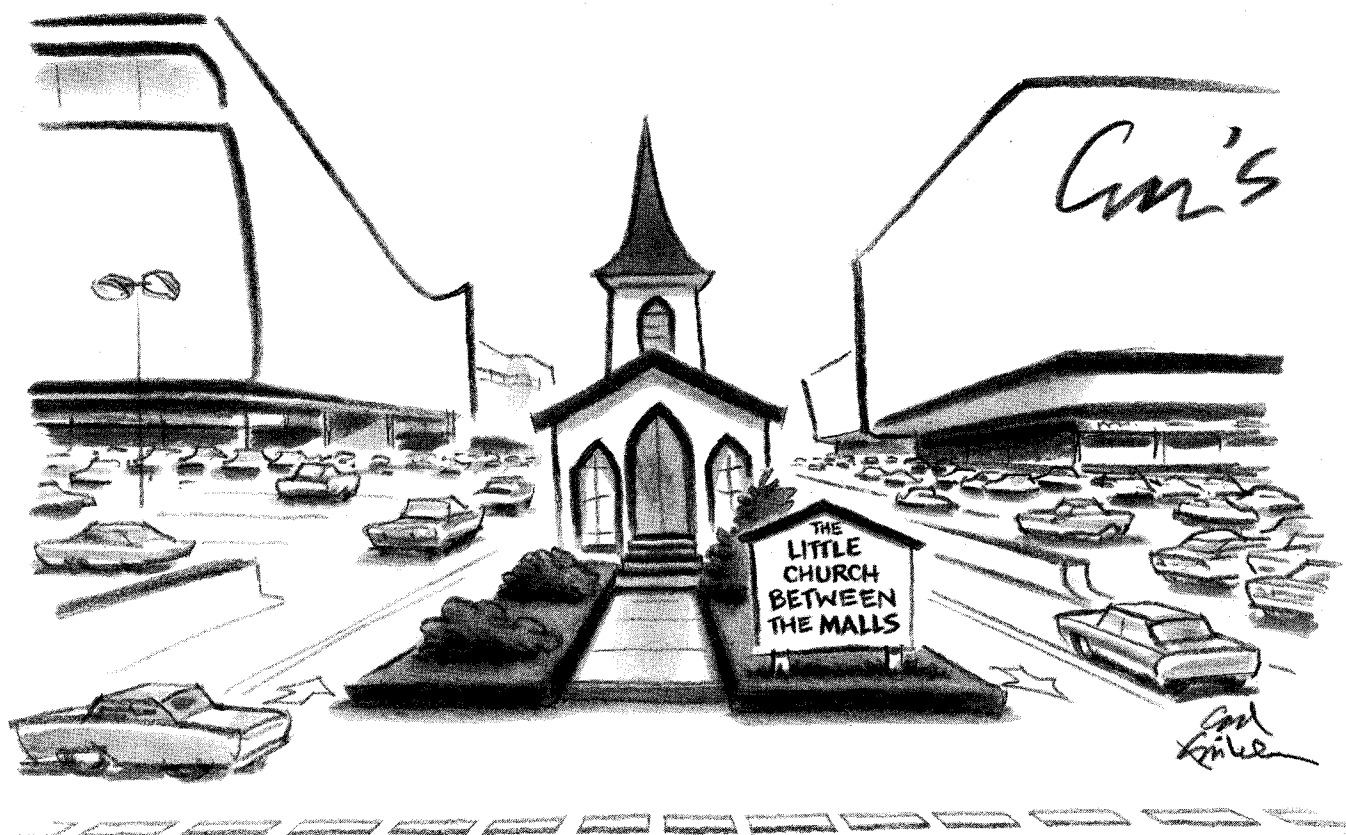
assertion of quality. How indifferent she looked, how arrogant and indifferent, with her bare feet, her unpainted toenails, her queer robe. The only thing that she had done to her face was to paint her eyebrows blue—to pluck out all the hairs of her eyebrows, in fact, and paint the skin blue. Not an arched line—just a little daub of

blue over each eye, like a swollen vein.

Georgia, whose dark hair was teased, whose eyes were painted in the style of the time, whose breasts were stylishly proffered, found all this disconcerting, and wonderful.

Harvey was the other person there whose looks Georgia found impressive. He was a short man with heavy shoulders, a slight potbelly, puffy blue eyes, and a pugnacious expression. He came from Lancashire. His gray hair was thin on top but worn long at the sides—combed over his ears in a way that made him look more like an artist than a surgeon. "He doesn't even look to me exactly clean enough to be a surgeon," Georgia said to Ben afterward. "Wouldn't you think he'd be some-





thing like a sculptor? With gritty fingernails? I expect he treats women badly." She was recalling how he had looked at her breasts. "Not like Raymond," she said. "Raymond worships Maya. And he is extremely clean."

(Raymond has the kind of looks everybody's mother is crazy about, Maya was to say to Georgia, with slashing accuracy, a few weeks after this.)

The food that Maya served was no better than you would expect at a family dinner, and the heavy silver forks were slightly tarnished. But Raymond poured good wine that he would have liked to talk about. He did not manage to interrupt Harvey, who told scandalous and indiscreet hospital stories, and was blandly outrageous about necrophilia and masturbation. Later, in the living room, the coffee was made and served with some ceremony. Raymond got everybody's attention as he ground the beans in a Turkish cylinder. He talked about the importance of the aromatic oils. Harvey, halted in mid-anecdote, watched with an unkindly smirk, Hilda with patient polite attention. It was Maya who gave her husband radiant encouragement, hung about him like an acolyte, meekly and gracefully

assisting. She served the coffee in beautiful little Turkish cups, which she and Raymond had bought in a shop in San Francisco, along with the coffee grinder. She listened demurely to Raymond talking about the shop, as if she recalled other holiday pleasures.

Harvey and Hilda were the first to leave. Maya hung on Raymond's shoulder, saying goodbye. But she detached herself once they were gone, her slithery grace and wifely demeanor discarded. She stretched out casually and awkwardly on the sofa and said, "Now, don't you go yet. Nobody gets half a chance to talk while Harvey is around—you have to talk after."

And Georgia saw how it was. She saw that Maya was hoping not to be left alone with the husband whom she had aroused—for whatever purposes—by her showy attentions. She saw that Maya was mournful and filled with a familiar dread at the end of her dinner party. Raymond was happy. He sat down on the end of the sofa, lifting Maya's reluctant feet to do so. He rubbed one of her feet between his hands.

"What a savage," Raymond said. "This is a woman who won't wear shoes."

"Brandy!" said Maya, springing up. "I knew there was something else you did at dinner parties. You drink brandy!"

"He loves her but she doesn't love him," said Georgia to Ben, just after she had remarked on Raymond's worshipping Maya and being very clean. But Ben, perhaps not listening carefully, thought she was talking about Harvey and Hilda.

"No, no, no. There I think it's the other way round. It's hard to tell with English people. Maya was putting on an act for them. I have an idea about why."

"You have an idea about everything," said Ben.

GEORGIA and Maya became friends on two levels. On the first level, they were friends as wives, on the second as themselves. On the first level, they had dinner at each other's houses. They listened to their husbands talk about their school days. The jokes and fights, the conspiracies and disasters, the bullies and the victims. Terrifying or pitiable schoolfellows and teachers, treats and humiliations. Maya asked if they were sure they hadn't read all that in a book. "It

sounds just like a story," she said. "A boys' story about school."

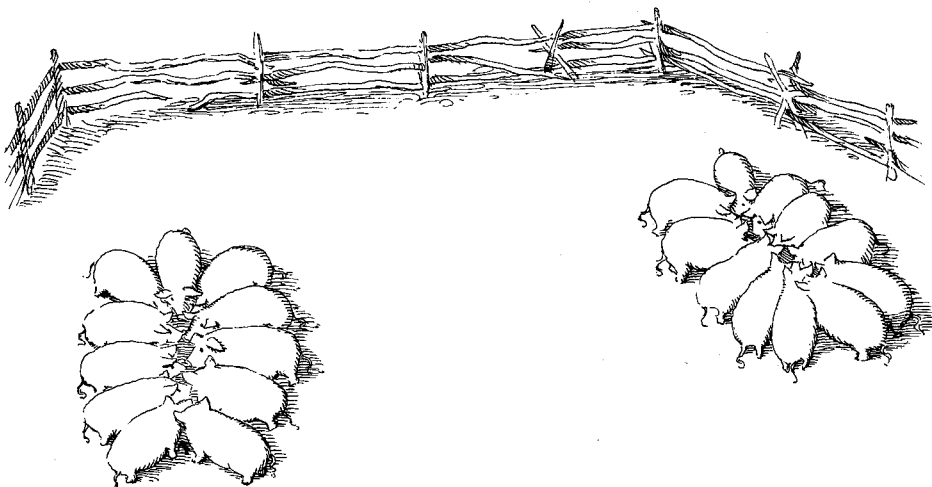
They said that their experiences were what the books were all about. When they had talked enough about school, they talked about movies, politics, public personalities, places they had travelled to or wanted to travel to. Maya and Georgia could join in then. Ben and Raymond did not believe in leaving women out of the conversation. They believed that women were every bit as intelligent as men.

On the second level, Georgia and Maya talked in each other's kitchens, over coffee. Or they had lunch downtown. There were two places, and only two, where Maya liked to have lunch.

One was the Moghul's Court—a seedy, grandiose bar in a large, grim railway hotel. The Moghul's Court had curtains of moth-eaten pumpkin-colored velvet, and desiccated ferns, and waiters who wore turbans. Maya always dressed up to go there, in droopy, silky dresses and not very clean white gloves and amazing hats that she found in secondhand stores. She pretended to be a widow who had served with her husband in various outposts of the Empire. She spoke in fluty tones to the sullen young waiters, asking them, "Could you be so good as to . . ." and then telling them they had been terribly, terribly kind.

She and Georgia worked out the history of the Empire widow, and Georgia was added to the story as a grumpy, secretly socialistic hired companion named Miss Amy Jukes. The widow's name was Mrs. Allegra Forbes-Bellyea. Her husband had been Nigel Forbes-Bellyea. Sometimes Sir Nigel. Most of one rainy afternoon in the Moghul's Court was spent in devising the horrors of the Forbes-Bellyea honeymoon, in a damp hotel in Wales.

The other place that Maya liked was a hippie restaurant on Blanshard Street, where you sat on dirty plush cushions tied to the tops of stumps and ate brown rice with slimy vegetables and drank cloudy cider. (At the Moghul's Court, Maya and Georgia drank only gin.) When they lunched at the hippie restaurant they wore long, cheap, pretty Indian cotton dresses and pretended to be refugees from a com-



mune, where they had both been the attendants or concubines of a folksinger named Bill Bones. They made up several songs for Bill Bones, all mild and tender blue-eyed songs that contrasted appallingly with his greedy and licentious ways. Bill Bones had very curious personal habits.

When they weren't playing these games, they talked in a headlong fashion about their lives, childhoods, problems, husbands.

"That was a horrible place," Maya said. "That school."

Georgia agreed.

"They were poor boys at a rich kids' school," Maya said. "So they had to try hard. They had to be a credit to their families."

Georgia would not have thought Ben's family poor, but she knew that there were different ways of looking at such things.

Maya said that whenever they had people in for dinner or the evening, Raymond would pick out beforehand all the records he thought suitable and put them in a suitable order. "I think sometime he'll hand out conversational topics at the door," Maya said.

Georgia revealed that Ben wrote a letter every week to the great-aunt who had sent him to school.

"Is it a nice letter?" said Maya.

"Yes. Oh, yes. It's very nice."

They looked at each other bleakly, and laughed. Then they announced—they admitted—what weighed on them. It was the innocence of these husbands—the hearty, decent, firm, contented innocence. That is a weary-

ing and finally discouraging thing. It makes intimacy a chore.

"But do you feel badly," Georgia said, "talking like this?"

"Of course," said Maya, grinning and showing her large perfect teeth—the product of expensive dental work from the days before she had charge of her own looks. "I have another reason to feel badly," she said. "But I don't know whether I do. I do and I don't."

"I know," said Georgia, who up until that moment hadn't known, for sure.

"You're very smart," Maya said. "Or I'm very obvious. What do you think of him?"

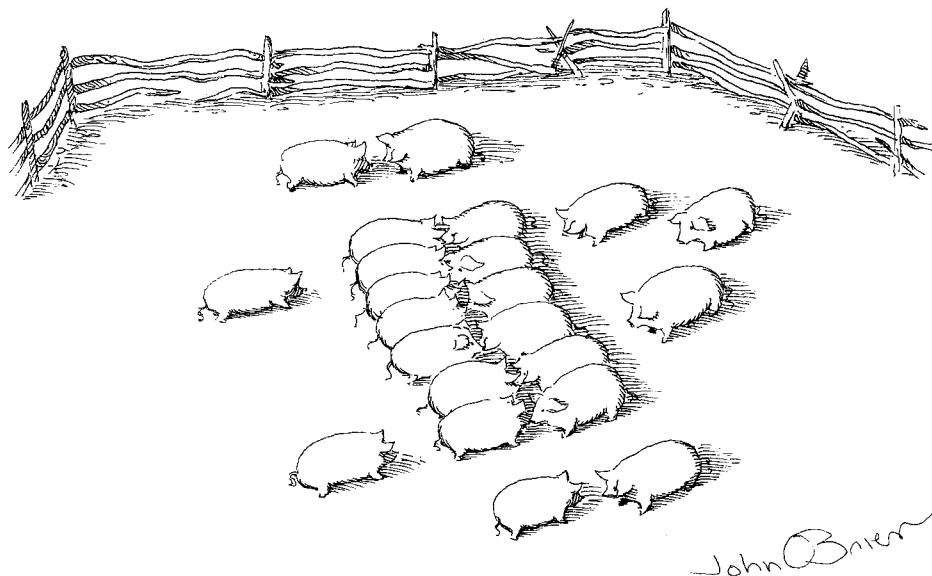
"A lot of trouble," Georgia said judiciously. She was pleased with that answer, which didn't show how flattered she felt by the disclosure, or how heady she found this conversation.

"You aren't just a-whistlin' 'Dixie,'" Maya said, and she told the story about the abortion. "I am going to break up with him," she said. "Any day now."

But she kept on seeing Harvey. She would relate, at lunch, some very disillusioning facts about him, then announce that she had to go, she was meeting him at a motel out on the Gorge Road, or at the cabin he had on Prospect Lake.

"Must scrub," she said.

She had left Raymond once. Not for Harvey. She had run away with, or to, a musician. A pianist—Nordic and sleepy-looking but bad-tempered—from her society-lady, symphony-benefit days. She travelled with him for five



weeks, and he deserted her in a hotel in Cincinnati. She then developed frightful chest pains, appropriate to a breaking heart. What she really had was a gallbladder attack. Raymond was sent for, and he came and got her out of the hospital. They had a little holiday in Mexico before they came home.

"That was it, for me," Maya said. "That was your true and desperate love. Nevermore."

What, then, was Harvey?

"Exercise," said Maya.

GEORGIA got a part-time job in a bookstore, working several evenings a week. Ben went away on his yearly cruise. The summer turned out to be unusually hot and sunny for the West Coast. Georgia combed her hair out and stopped using most of her makeup and bought a couple of short halter dresses. Sitting on her stool at the front of the store, showing her bare brown shoulders and sturdy brown legs, she looked like a college girl—clever but full of energy and bold opinions. The people who came into the store liked the look of a girl—a woman—like Georgia. They liked to talk to her. Most of them came in alone. They were not exactly lonely people, but they were lonely for somebody to talk to about books. Georgia plugged in the kettle behind the desk and made mugs of raspberry tea. Some favored customers brought in their own mugs. Maya came to visit and lurked about in the background, amused and envious.

"You know what you've got?" she said to Georgia. "You've got a salon!

Oh, I'd like to have a job like that! I'd even like an ordinary job in an ordinary store, where you fold things up and find things for people and make change and say thank you very much, and colder out today, will it rain?"

"You could get a job like that," said Georgia.

"No, I couldn't. I don't have the discipline. I was too badly brought up. I can't even keep house without Mrs. Hanna and Mrs. Cheng and Sadie."

It was true. Maya had a lot of servants, for a modern woman, though they came at different times and did separate things and were nothing like an old-fashioned household staff. Even the food at her dinner parties, which seemed to show her own indifferent touch, had been prepared by someone else.

Usually, Maya was busy in the evenings. Georgia was just as glad, because she didn't really want Maya coming into the store, asking for crazy titles that she had made up, making Georgia's employment there a kind of joke. Georgia took the store seriously. She had a serious, secret liking for it which she could not explain. It was a long, narrow store with an old-fashioned funnelled entryway between two angled display windows. From her stool behind the desk Georgia was able to see the reflections in one window reflected in the other. This street was not one of those decked out to receive tourists. It was a wide east-west street filled in the early evening with a faintly yellow light, a light reflected off pale stucco buildings that were not very

high, plain storefronts, nearly empty sidewalks. Georgia found this plainness liberating, after the winding shady streets, the flowery yards and vine-framed windows of Oak Bay. Here the books could come into their own, as they never could in a more artful and enticing suburban bookshop. Straight long rows of paperbacks. (Most of the Penguins then still had their orange-and-white or blue-and-white covers, with no designs or pictures, just the unadorned, unexplained titles.) The store was a straight avenue of bounty, of plausible promises. Certain books that Georgia had never read, and probably never would read, were important to her, because of the stateliness or

mystery of their titles. In Praise of Folly. The Roots of Coincidence. The Flowering of New England. Ideas and Integrity.

Sometimes she got up and put the books in stricter order. The fiction was shelved alphabetically, by author, which was sensible but not very interesting. The history books, however, and the philosophy and psychology and other science books were arranged according to certain intricate and delightful rules—having to do with chronology and content—that Georgia grasped immediately and even elaborated on. She did not need to read much of a book to know about it. She got a sense of it easily, almost at once, as if by smell.

At times the store was empty, and she felt an abundant calm. It was not even the books that mattered then. She sat on the stool and watched the street—patient, expectant, by herself, in a finely balanced and suspended state.

She saw Miles' reflection—his helmeted ghost parking his motorcycle at the curb—before she saw him. She believed that she had noted his valiant profile, his pallor, his dusty red hair (he took off his helmet and shook out his hair before coming into the store), and his quick, slouching, insolent, invading way of moving even in the glass.

It was no surprise that he soon began to talk to her, as others did. He told her that he was a diver. He looked for wrecks, and lost airplanes, and dead bodies. He had been hired by a rich

couple in Victoria who were planning a treasure-hunting cruise, getting it together at the moment. Their names, the destination were all secrets. Treasure-hunting was a lunatic business. He had done it before. His home was in Seattle, where he had a wife and a little daughter.

Everything he told her could easily have been a lie.

He showed her pictures in books—photographs and drawings, of mollusks, jellyfish, the Portuguese man-of-war, sargasso weed, the Caribbean flying fish, the girdle of Venus. He pointed out which pictures were accurate, which were fakes. Then he went away and paid no more attention to her, even slipping out of the store while she was busy with a customer. Not a hint of a goodbye. But he came in another evening, and told her about a drowned man wedged into the cabin of a boat, looking out the watery window in an interested way. By attention and avoidance, impersonal conversations in close proximity, by his oblivious prowling, and unsmiling, lengthy, gray-eyed

looks, he soon had Georgia in a disturbed and not disagreeable state. He stayed away two nights in a row, then came in and asked her, abruptly, if she would like a ride home on his motorcycle.

Georgia said yes. She had never ridden on a motorcycle in her life. Her car was in the parking lot; she knew what was bound to happen.

She told him where she lived. "Just a few blocks up from the beach," she said.

"We'll go to the beach, then. We'll go and sit on the logs."

That was what they did. They sat for a while on the logs. Then, though the beach was not quite dark or completely deserted, they made love in the imperfect shelter of some broombushes. Georgia walked home, a strengthened and lightened woman, not in the least in love, favored by the universe.

"My car wouldn't start," she told the babysitter, a grandmother from down the street. "I walked all the way home. It was lovely, walking. Lovely. I enjoyed it so much."

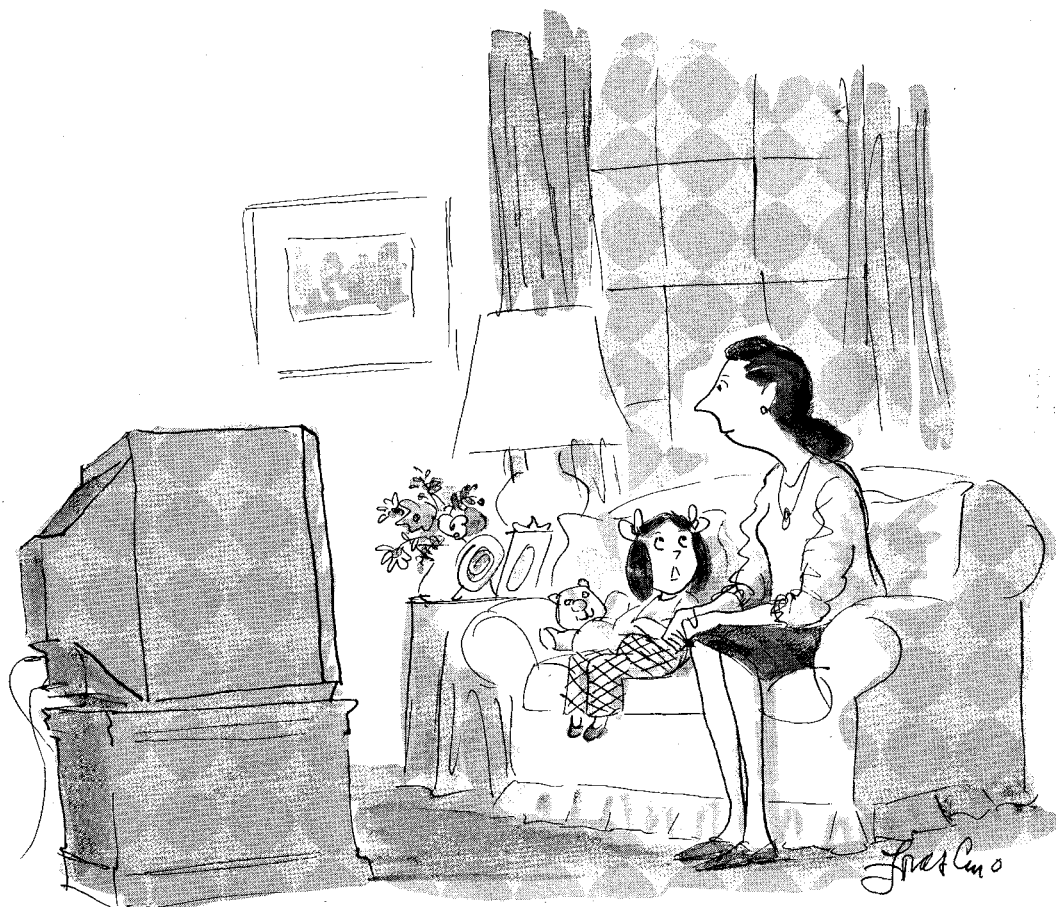
Her hair was wild, her lips were swollen, her clothes were full of sand.

HER life filled up with such lies. Her car would be parked beside outlying beaches, on the logging roads so conveniently close to the city, on the wandering back roads of the Saanich Peninsula. The map of the city that she had held in her mind up till now, with its routes to shops and work and friends' houses, was overlaid with another map, of circuitous routes followed in fear (not shame) and excitement, of flimsy shelters, temporary hiding places, where she and Miles made love, often within hearing distance of passing traffic or a hiking party or a family picnic. And Georgia herself, watching her children on the roundabout, or feeling the excellent shape of a lemon in her hand at the supermarket, contained another woman, who only a few hours before had been whimpering and tussling on the ferns, on the sand, on the bare ground, or, during a rainstorm, in her own car—who had been driven hard and gloriously out of her mind and drifted loose and gathered her wits and made her way home again. Was this a common story? Georgia cast an eye over the other women at the supermarket. She looked for signs—of dreaminess or flaunting, a sense of drama in a woman's way of dressing, a special rhythm in her movements.

How many, she asked Maya.

"God knows," said Maya. "Do a survey."

Trouble began, perhaps, as soon as they said that they loved each other. Why did they do that—defining, inflating, obscuring whatever it was they did feel? It seemed to be demanded, that was all—just the way changes, variations, elaborations in the lovemaking itself might be demanded. It was a way of going further. So they said it, and that night Georgia couldn't sleep. She did not regret what had been said or think that it was a lie,



"Why does she want to go back to Kansas, where everything is in black-and-white?"

though she knew that it was absurd. She thought of the way Miles sought to have her look into his eyes during lovemaking—something Ben expressly did not do—and she thought of how his eyes, at first bright and challenging, became cloudy and calm and sombre. That way she trusted him—it was the only way. She thought of being launched out on a gray, deep, baleful, magnificent sea. Love.

"I didn't know this was going to happen," she said in Maya's kitchen the next day, drinking her coffee. The day was warm, but she had put on a sweater to huddle in. She felt shaken, and submissive.

"No. And you don't know," said Maya rather sharply. "Did he say it, too? Did he say he loved you, too?"

Yes, said Georgia, yes, of course.

"Look out, then. Look out for next time. Next time is always pretty tricky when they've said that."

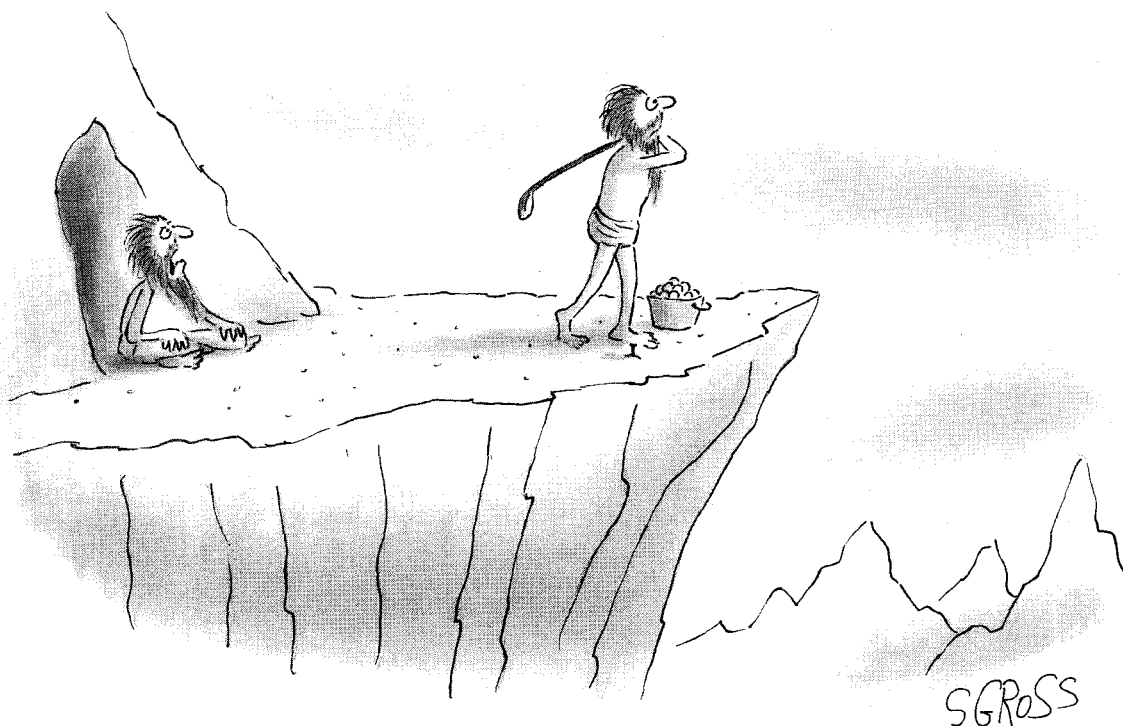
And so it was. Next time a rift opened. At first they simply tested it, to see if it was there. It was almost like a new diversion to them. But it widened, it widened. Before any words were said to confirm that it was there, Georgia felt it widen, she coldly felt it widen, though she was desperate for it to close. Did he feel the same thing? She didn't know. He, too, seemed cold—pale, deliberate, glittering with some new malicious intent.

They were sitting recklessly, late at night, in Georgia's car among the other lovers at Clover Point.

"Everybody here in these cars doing the same thing we're doing," Miles had said. "Doesn't that idea turn you on?"

He had said that at the very moment in their ritual when they had been moved, last time, to speak brokenly and solemnly of love.

"You ever think of that?" he said. "I mean, we could start with Ben and



"If you're so enlightened, how come you can't lick that slice?"

Laura. You ever imagine how it would be with you and me and Ben and Laura?"

Laura was his wife, at home in Seattle. He had not spoken of her before, except to tell Georgia her name. He had spoken of Ben, in a way that Georgia didn't like but passed over.

"What does Ben think you do for fun," he'd said. "While he is off cruising the ocean blue?"

"Do you and Ben usually have a big time when he gets back?"

"Does Ben like that outfit as much as I do?"

He spoke as if he and Ben were friends in some way, or at least partners, co-proprietors.

"You and me and Ben and Laura," he said, in a tone that seemed to Georgia insistently and artificially lecherous, sly, derisive. "Spread the joy around."

He tried to fondle her, pretending not to notice how offended she was, how bitterly stricken. He described the generous exchanges that would take place among the four of them abed. He asked whether she was getting excited. She said no, disgusted. Ah, you are but you won't give in to it, he said. His

voice, his caresses grew more bullying. What is so special about you, he asked softly, despidngly, with a hard squeeze at her breasts. Georgia, why do you think you're such a queen?

"You are being cruel and you know you're being cruel," said Georgia, pulling at his hands. "Why are you being like this?"

"Honey, I'm not being cruel," said Miles, in a slippery mock-tender voice. "I'm being horny. I'm horny again is all." He began to pull Georgia around, to arrange her for his use. She told him to get out of the car.

"Squeamish," he said, in that same artificially and hatefully tender voice, as if he were licking fanatically at something loathsome. "You're a squeamish little slut."

Georgia told him that she would lean on the horn if he didn't stop. She would lean on the horn if he didn't get out of the car. She would yell for somebody to call the police. She did lean against the horn as they struggled. He pushed her away, with a whimpering curse such as she'd heard from him at other times, when it meant something different. He got out.

She could not believe that such ill

IMMORTALITY

The tropical, vast, velvet, star-struck dark.
 The surf, black to white, against the seawall.
 San Juan. Between Christmas and Epiphany.
 The Casino's creamy, moonlit premises
 —Spanish tile, marble, marquetry, high wooden beams.
 And here the august Academy has convened.
 On the swept parquet (where last night's happy hundred
 débutantes salsa'd the sun up from the sea)
 are forty folding chairs (metal, gray) on which
 are old friends, the old wife, old lovers of
 the old poet, the lone inductee, standing on
 a little, low stage—Don Ernesto Pla, once
 Romantic-Marxist-Nationalist-Christian,
 now abstracted by age to a shrunken gesture:
 this last of the octogenarian magi
 blinking, smiling in perplexity
 at all the kingdoms lost along the way.

Easier to bring a dead man back to life
 than make an old one young? But if he's not
 rejuvenated, he seems juvenile, at least,
 with that tremulous certificate he clutches,
 a large, important, parchment report card,
 its message from muses to mamas
 saying, "Your little boy's doing just fine!"
 —whose text, in full, is being cabled to
 the *Times* of Jupiter and Saturn's *Evening Post*
 and other shining capitals of heaven,
 because, as everyone knows, knows too well,
 the ceremony is pre-posthumous,
 garnishing the florid necrology
 with one sweet ultimate puff, one bloom, one blurb
 to bear in hand up to Helicon's gate.

Her smooth brown hand poised above the ivories,
 María Vargas at the upright is ready.
 Refugee three months from Castro's Cuba,
 she's ardent, grateful, patriotic, eager
 to pulverize the keys to divine confetti
 in honor of her newfound home, her country.
 Now from the sack of Uncle Santa's heart
 she hurls down avalanches of Recessional,
 pseudo snows of yesteryears that never were.
 Thunderous tinkling riots there: it's "Jingle Bells"
 rollicking so fast it's running out of sound
 —as if ghostly herds of Bobtail rose from nightmares
 of knackers, and ran ran ran in the traces!

Now here's a pretty kettle of kitsches
 —all bubbling along with evident good humor,

while inducing moral motion sickness.
 Everyone's getting a little queasy
 from all this heartfelt inauthenticity.
 It's so provincial, really—so colonial!
 It's embarrassing, it's disheartening
 to see the here-and-now is, here and now, *nowhere*,
 not for real, doesn't count, unless, until
 the Eagle's lime comes down and whites them out
 in whirling blizzards of his being there and then.

Oh, but at this killing tempo, even
 the piano's begging to have a heart attack.
 Stop her, stop her! everyone wishes.
 María's indefatigable, oblivious.
 But look at Don Ernesto now—he's dancing!
 Oh, it's not the tedious Eternity Mambo.
 And it's not the sad Mortality Tango.
 It's something else, something else entirely!
 —something grotesque, perhaps, no, uncanny,
 a halting hop, sort of, a hopping shrug,
 or lurching shuffle, a kind of stumble *upward*,
 as if, thigh-deep, sinking, he fought huge billows
 of this jolly plague of white musical sewage
 —up there, in New York, treated as "camp," surely,
 and yet on him descending here in all
 the fury of its raw banality!

No. Don Ernesto Pla does not break down.
 Not in helpless weeping, or hopeless laughter.
 He goes on being faithful to the farce,
 in courtesy to María, to everyone,
 granting as a grace what his moral weight
 —his mortal history, his life lived out to be
 this decay, this dying—rebels against.
 Yes, he goes along with the music, he does more,
 inventing the dodder-dance-and-stumble-walk
 that keeps overcoming its own refusals
 down the little staircase's six enormous steps

one by one by one by one, not swept away
 but giving chase very slowly—until
 then and there on the snowy parquet before
 his white-haired cohort Don Ernesto catches up.
 He reins in María's runaway piano.
 He silences the tumultuous black box,
 the hissing runners and muffled hooves
 right at the black and crumbling brink
 —silence the audience crushes between its palms,
 then lets fly up toward the rafters, and up
 and up to the heavens significant with stars.

—IRVING FELDMAN

will had erupted, that things had so
 stunningly turned around. When she
 thought of this afterward—a good
 long time afterward—she thought that
 perhaps he had acted for conscience's
 sake, to mark her off from Laura. Or to
 blot out what he had said to her last
 time. To humiliate her because he was
 frightened. Perhaps. Or perhaps all
 this seemed to him simply a further,
 and genuinely interesting, develop-
 ment in lovemaking.
 She would have liked to talk it over
 with Maya. But the possibility of talk-
 ing anything over with Maya had dis-
 appeared. Their friendship had come
 suddenly to an end.

THE night after the incident at
 Clover Point, Georgia was sit-
 ting on the living-room floor playing a

bedtime card game with her sons. The phone rang, and she was sure that it was Miles. She had been thinking all day that he would call, he would have to call to explain himself, to beg her pardon, to say that he had been testing her, in a way, or had been temporarily deranged by circumstances that she knew nothing about. She would not forgive him immediately. But she would not hang up.

It was Maya.

"Guess what weird thing happened," Maya said. "Miles phoned me. Your Miles. It's O.K., Raymond isn't here. How did he even know my name?"

"I don't know," said Georgia.

She had told him it, of course. She had offered wild Maya up for his entertainment, or to point out what a novice at this game she herself was—a relatively chaste prize.

"He says he wants to come and talk to me," Maya said. "What do you think? What's the matter with him? Did you have a fight? . . . Yes? Oh, well, he probably wants me to persuade you to make up. I must say he picked the right night. Raymond's at the hospital. He's got this balky woman in labor; he may have to stay and do a section on her. I'll phone and tell you how it goes. Shall I?"

After a couple of hours, with the children long asleep, Georgia began to expect Maya's call. She watched the television news, to take her mind off expecting it. She picked up the phone, to make sure there was a dial tone. She turned off the television after the news, then turned it on again. She started to watch a movie; she watched it through three commercial breaks without going to the kitchen to look at the clock.

At half past midnight she went out and got into her car and drove to Maya's house. She had no idea what she would do there. And she did not do much of anything. She drove around the circular drive with the lights off. The house was dark. She could see that the garage was open and Raymond's car was not there. The motorcycle was nowhere in sight.

She had left her children alone, the doors unlocked. Nothing happened to them. They didn't wake up and discover her defection. No burglar, or prowler, or murderer surprised her on her return. That was a piece of luck that she did not even appreciate. She



had gone out leaving the door open and the lights on, and when she came back she hardly recognized her folly, though she closed the door and turned out some lights and lay down on the living-room sofa. She didn't sleep. She lay still, as if the smallest movement would sharpen her suffering, until she saw the day getting light and heard the birds waking. Her limbs were stiff. She got up and went to the phone and listened again for the dial tone. She walked stiffly to the kitchen and put on the kettle and said to herself the words *a paralysis of grief*.

A paralysis of grief. What was she thinking of? That was what she would feel, how she might describe the way she would feel, if one of her children had died. Grief is for serious matters, important losses. She knew that. She would not have bartered away an hour of her children's lives to have had the phone ring at ten o'clock last night, to have heard Maya say, "Georgia, he's desperate. He's sorry; he loves you very much."

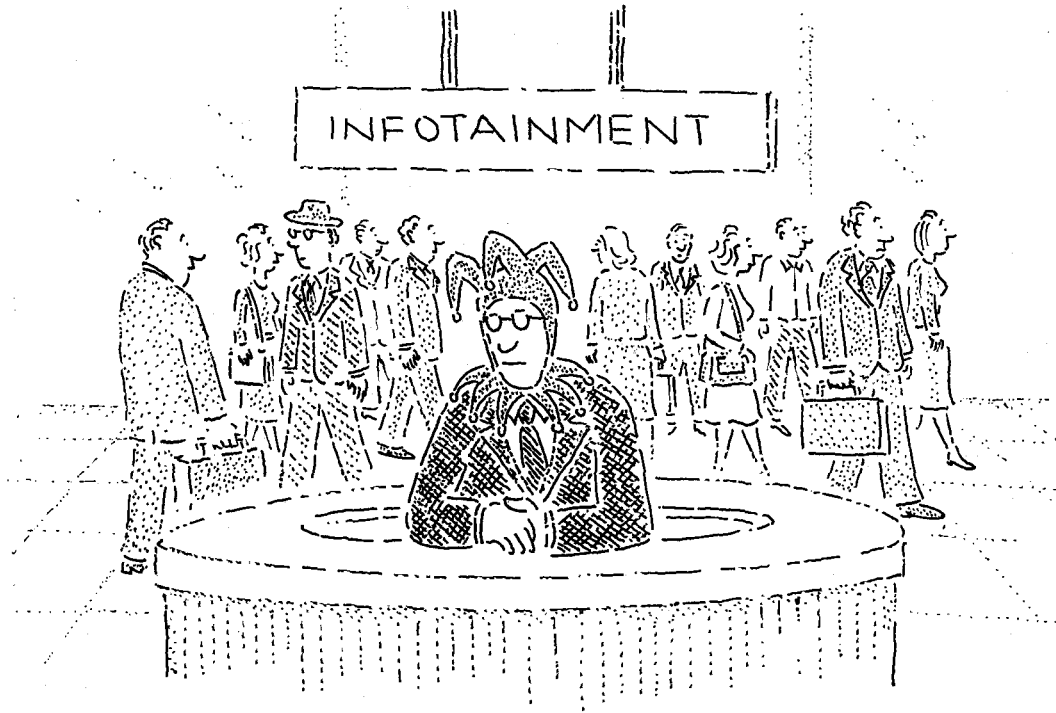
No. But it seemed that such a phone call would have given her a happiness that no look or word from her children could give her. Than anything could give her.

She phoned Maya before nine o'clock. As she was dialling, she thought that there were still some possibilities to pray for. Maya's phone had been temporarily out of order. Maya had been ill last night. Raymond had been in a car accident on his way home from the hospital.

All these possibilities vanished at the first sound of Maya's voice, which was sleepy (pretending to be sleepy?) and silky with deceit. "Georgia? Is that Georgia? Oh, I thought it was going to be Raymond. He had to stay over at the hospital in case this poor wretched woman needed a C-section. He was going to call me—"

"You told me that last night," said Georgia.

"He was going to call me— Oh, Georgia, I was supposed to call you! Now I remember. Yes. I was supposed



to call you, but I thought it was probably too late. I thought the phone might wake up the children. I thought, Oh, better just leave it till morning!"

"How late was it?"

"Not awfully. I just thought."

"What happened?"

"What do you mean, what happened?" Maya laughed, like a lady in a silly play. "Georgia, are you in a state?"

"What happened?"

"Oh, Georgia," said Maya, groaning magnanimously but showing an edge of nerves. "Georgia, I'm sorry. It was nothing. It was just nothing. I've been rotten, but I didn't mean to be. I offered him a beer. Isn't that what you do when somebody rides up to your house on a motorcycle? You offer him a beer. But then he came on very lordly and said he only drank Scotch. And he said he'd only drink Scotch if I would drink with him. I thought he was pretty high-handed. Pretty high-handed pose. But I really was doing this for you, Georgia—I was wanting to find out what was on his mind. So I told him to put the motorcycle behind the garage, and I took him to sit in the back garden. That was so if I heard Raymond's car I could chase him out the back way and he could walk the motorcycle down the lane. I am not about to unload anything *new* onto Raymond at this point. I mean even

something innocent, which this started out to be."

Georgia, with her teeth chattering, hung up the phone. She never spoke to Maya again. Maya appeared at her door, of course, a little while later, and Georgia had to let her in, because the children were playing in the yard. Maya sat down contritely at the kitchen table and asked if she could smoke. Georgia did not answer. Maya said she would smoke anyway and she hoped it was all right. Georgia pretended that Maya wasn't there. While Maya smoked, Georgia cleaned the stove, dismantling the elements and putting them back together again. She wiped the counters and polished the taps and straightened out the cutlery drawer. She mopped the floor around Maya's feet. She worked briskly, thoroughly, and never quite looked at Maya. At first she was not sure whether she could keep this up. But it got easier. The more earnest Maya became—the further she slipped from sensible remonstrance, half-amused confession, into true and fearful regret—the more fixed Georgia was in her resolve, the more grimly satisfied in her heart. She took care, however, not to appear grim. She moved about lightly. She was almost humming.

She took a knife to scrape out the grease from between the counter tiles

by the stove. She had let things get into a bad way.

Maya smoked one cigarette after another, stubbing them out in a saucer that she fetched for herself from the cupboard. She said, "Georgia, this is so stupid. I can tell you, he's not worth it. It was nothing. All it was was Scotch and opportunity."

She said, "I am really sorry. Truly sorry. I know you don't believe me. How can I say it so you will?"

And, "Georgia, listen. You are humiliating me. Fine. Fine. Maybe I deserve it. I do deserve it. But after you've humiliated me enough we'll go back to being friends and we'll laugh about this. When we're old ladies, I swear we'll laugh. We won't be able to re-

member his name. We'll call him the motorcycle sheikh. We will."

Then, "Georgia, what do you want me to do? Do you want me to throw myself on the floor? I'm about ready to. I'm trying to keep myself from snivelling, and I can't. I'm snivelling, Georgia. O.K.?"

She had begun to cry. Georgia put on her rubber gloves and started to clean the oven.

"You win," said Maya. "I'll pick up my cigarettes and go home."

She phoned a few times. Georgia hung up on her. Miles phoned, and Georgia hung up on him, too. She thought he sounded cautious but smug. He phoned again and his voice trembled, as if he were striving just for candor and humility, bare love. Georgia hung up at once. She felt violated, shaken.

Maya wrote a letter, which said, in part, "I suppose you know that Miles is going back to Seattle and whatever home fires he keeps burning there. It seems the treasure thing had fallen through. But you must have known he was bound to go sometime and you'd have felt rotten then, so now you've got the rotten feeling over with. So isn't that O.K.? I don't say this to excuse myself. I know I was weak and putrid. But can't we put it behind us now?"

She went on to say that she and Raymond were going on a long-

planned holiday to Greece and Turkey, and that she hoped very much that she would get a note from Georgia before she left. But if she didn't get any word she would try to understand what Georgia was telling her, and she would not make a nuisance of herself by writing again.

She kept her word. She didn't write again. She sent, from Turkey, a pretty piece of striped cloth large enough for a tablecloth. Georgia folded it up and put it away. She left it for Ben to find after she moved out, several months later.

"I'M happy," Raymond tells Georgia. "I'm very happy, and the reason is that I'm content to be an ordinary sort of person with an ordinary calm life. I am not looking for any big revelation or any big drama or any messiah of the opposite sex. I don't go around figuring out how to make things more interesting. I can say to you quite frankly I think Maya made a mistake. I don't mean she wasn't very gifted and intelligent and creative and so on, but she was looking for something; maybe she was looking for something that just is not there. And she tended to despise a lot that she had. It's true. She didn't want the privileges she had. We'd travel, for example, and she wouldn't want to stay in a comfortable hotel. No. She had to go on some trek that involved riding on poor, miserable donkeys and drinking sour milk for breakfast. I suppose I sound very square. Well, I suppose I am. I am square. You know, she had such beautiful silver. Magnificent silver. It was passed down through her family. And she couldn't be bothered to polish it or get the cleaning woman to polish it. She wrapped it all up in plastic and hid it away. She hid it away—you'd think it was a disgrace. How do you think she envisaged herself? As some kind of hippie, maybe? Some kind of free spirit? She didn't even realize it was her money that kept her afloat. I'll tell you, some of the free spirits I've seen pass in and out of this house wouldn't have been long around her without it.

"I did all I could," said Raymond. "I didn't scoot off and leave her, like her Prince of Fantasy Land."

GEORGIA got a vengeful pleasure out of breaking with Maya. She was pleased with the controlled manner in

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which she did it. The deaf ear. She was surprised to find herself capable of such control, such thoroughgoing punishment. She punished Maya. She punished Miles, through Maya, as much as she could. What she had to do, and she knew it, was to scrape herself raw, to root out all addiction to the gifts of those two pale prodigies. Miles and Maya. Both of them slippery, shimmery—liars, seducers, finaglers. But you would have thought that after such scourging she'd have scuttled back into her marriage and locked its doors, and appreciated what she had there as never before.

That was not what happened. She broke with Ben. Within a year, she was gone. Her way of breaking was strenuous and unkind. She told him about Miles, though she spared her own pride by leaving out the part about Miles and Maya. She took no care—she had hardly any wish—to avoid unkindness. On the night when she waited for Maya to call, some bitter, yeasty spirit entered into her. She saw herself as a person surrounded by, living by, sham. Because she had been so readily unfaithful, her marriage was a sham. Because she had gone so far out of it, so quickly, it was a sham. She dreaded, now, a life like Maya's. She dreaded just as much a life like her own before this happened. She could not but destroy. Such cold energy was building in her she had to blow her own house down.

She had entered, with Ben, when they were both so young, a world of ceremony, of safety, of gestures, concealment. Fond appearances. More than appearances. Fond contrivance. (She thought when she left that she would have no use for contrivance anymore.) She had been happy there, from time to time. She had been sullen, restless, bewildered, and happy. But she said most vehemently, Never, never. I was never happy, she said.

People always say that.

People make momentous shifts but not the changes they imagine.

JUST the same, Georgia knows that her remorse about the way she changed her life is dishonest. It is real and dishonest. Listening to Raymond, she knows that whatever she did she would have to do again. She would have to do it again, supposing that she had to be the person she was.

Raymond does not want to let Georgia go.

He does not want to part with her. He offers to drive her downtown. When she has gone, he won't be able to talk about Maya. Very likely Anne has told him that she does not want to hear any more on the subject of Maya.

"Thank you for coming," he says on the doorstep. "Are you sure about the ride? Are you sure you can't stay to dinner?"

Georgia reminds him again about the bus, the last ferry. She says no, no, she really wants to walk. It's only a couple of miles. The late afternoon so lovely, Victoria so lovely. I had forgotten, she says.

Raymond says once more, "Thank you for coming."

"Thank you for the drinks," Georgia says. "Thank you, too. I guess we never believe we are going to die."

"Now, now," says Raymond.

"No. I mean we never behave—we never behave as if we believed we were going to die."

Raymond smiles more and more and puts a hand on her shoulder. "How should we behave?" he says.

"Differently," says Georgia. She puts a foolish stress on the word, meaning that her answer is so lame that she can offer it only as a joke.

Raymond hugs her, then involves her in a long chilly kiss. He fastens onto her with an appetite that is grievous but unconvincing. A parody of passion, whose intention neither one of them, surely, will try to figure out.

She doesn't think about that as she walks back to town through the yellow-leaved streets with their autumn smells and silences. Past Clover Point, the cliffs crowned with broombushes, the mountains across the water. The mountains of the Olympic Peninsula, assembled like a blatant backdrop, a cutout of rainbow tissue paper. She doesn't think about Raymond, or Miles, or Maya, or even Ben.

She thinks about sitting in the store in the evenings. The light in the street, the complicated reflections in the windows. The accidental clarity.

—ALICE MUNRO

RABBIT SHOW: Saturday at Mossy Head Community Center. Ribbons and trophies. Lunch consists of fried rabbit and baked ham (\$2.50). Call for information on entering rabbits.—*Northwest Florida Daily News*.

Thanks, but our rabbit never goes out.

ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

THE ABOLITIONIST—I

INCOMING Presidents are sobered—overwhelmed, in some cases—by the responsibilities that nuclear weapons confer on them. But the nuclear arsenal's awesome significance is all too seldom reflected in the effort of governments—of any government—to deal with it. In Washington, the policies that shaped much of what has gone on have in the main been very conventional; that is, they arose, as usual, from individual and departmental self-interest. To have expected more would have been excusable but, for many reasons, unrealistic. There is first the tendency of officials, including Presidents, to become weathervanes—to move with the flow of fashion. Some officials create the fashion. Others are ideologues, and are fully capable of conspiring against the declared goals of the President they serve. Gerald Ford's was a notable example of a Presidency that was harmed from within. So, too, would Ronald Reagan's have been harmed if the chaos within his foreign-policy apparatus had been less complete or if his goals on nuclear issues had been less fanciful.

Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, and John F. Kennedy were wholly secure within themselves and with the Presidency. Each had intuitively good judgment on most basic issues. None among the first five of their successors possessed all these attributes. As President, each had one or more obvious strengths, but each was also flawed or deficient in one way or another. Of course, Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy had to cope with actual confrontations, and are best remembered for those trying moments. The nuclear issues confronting their successors turned largely on less straightforward but more contentious questions, such as how to stay ahead of or

even with Soviet strategic power. They had to reconcile the pressure to exploit technology's creep with the pressure to exercise restraint. And, in one way or another, each had the legacy of Vietnam to deal with.

Truman and Roosevelt dealt only with Stalin. Their divergent approaches reflected the difference between wartime allies and Cold War adversaries—and to some extent the differences between the pre-nuclear and nuclear ages. Eisenhower and Kennedy had to cope with Nikita Khrushchev, the rashest and most volatile of Soviet leaders. He was succeeded by Leonid Brezhnev, who stifled what remained of Khrushchev's reformist impulse and encouraged the system's unhealthiest tendencies—indolence, cronyism, and corruption. Yet Brezhnev—a crude, jumped-up Communist Party apparatchik—signed strategic-arms agreements with two of the five American Presidents he dealt with, and for a decade or more was the patron of détente in Moscow. Mikhail Gorbachev, the most versatile and dynamic of Soviet leaders, dealt for nearly four years with Ronald Reagan, a man who knew less than his predecessors about East-West issues and delegated

far more responsibility than any of them did.

RELIEF was the prevailing reaction of other governments to Reagan's triumph at the polls in 1980. Consistency and clarity would fill the void created by the inconsistency and uncertainty that had chafed friend and foe alike in the years of Jimmy Carter's Presidency. Mark Palmer, a senior American diplomat, recalls having lunch the day after the election with a Soviet general. "*Delovoy chelouyek*"—"A man you can do business with"—was the Russian's opening comment. Soviet and Western European governments alike reckoned that Reagan's Presidency would be a rerun of Richard Nixon's. The truculent rhetoric could be ignored. It might take a bit longer, but Reagan and his people, like various predecessors, would reinvent the wheel—the continuities in American foreign policy. Foreign capitals didn't understand that Reagan and most of his national-security entourage didn't believe in the wheel insofar as it represented the orthodox thinking that had shaped American foreign policy for twenty-odd years. They arrived in power with assumptions about the

world that were different from those of all their predecessors, Republican and Democratic. This was especially true of relations with the Soviet Union. A clear and consistent foreign policy eventually did emerge, but not until the last year of Reagan's Presidency—after seven years of disharmony and chaos that exceeded any in modern memory.

Good luck is part of the Reagan legend, and Reagan had more of it than any other modern President. The *Washington Post's* Lou Cannon, who covered Reagan at the statehouse in Sacramento and later at the White



House (and liked him), wrote, in 1987, "In his Sacramento days, Reagan was sometimes called the 'great Rondini' for his wizardry at escaping political predicaments. He graduated to being the 'Teflon' president, a lucky man who found shamrocks in fields of dandelions and walked away from mistakes that would have sunk a lesser politician." Reagan made many mistakes in the name of foreign policy, but none of them stuck, and he never had to confront a foreign-policy crisis.

Reagan had many sides. There was the fantasist, who confused illusion and make-believe with reality. In relating to victims of the Holocaust, he twice recalled filming concentration camps for the Signal Corps; he hadn't done so, but no one doubted that he believed what he was saying. He told of a Second World War bomber pilot who went down with his stricken plane rather than leave behind a wounded gunner; he was apparently remembering a screenplay. He drew on another screenplay—"State of the Union"—when he uttered his famous caution at a meeting in Nashua, New Hampshire, during the 1980 primary campaign: "I'm paying for this microphone, Mr. Green."

Screenplays, unlike life, are linear and rarely complicated. The fantasist's exalted but uncomplicated view of America—"the city on the Hill" that Reagan seemed to remember from another time—was a tonic. He was elected overwhelmingly by a society grown pessimistic and somewhat down on itself, in part because of events that were as perplexing as they were distressing: Vietnam and Watergate; credibility gaps and energy shortages; leaders who had extolled détente and Strategic Arms Limitation Talks but turned away from them. What to believe? And, instead of lifting the society's morale, Jimmy Carter, the outsider, had further depressed it and then told people that they were to blame for feeling anxious. Reagan will be remembered for shoring up morale and the Presidency; each of his predecessors as far back as Lyndon Johnson had weakened both. The fantasist, of course, converged with the entertainer and the crowd pleaser—the best communicator since Roosevelt, and clearly the best so far of the television era.

Years as president of the Screen Actors Guild created another side—the pragmatic and shrewd negotiator. But when, in his mid-fifties, Reagan took up politics a struggle between the ideology and the doer began. A former close associate—one who understands him better than most—saw it like this: "If you confronted Reagan with a victim of some cruel and unavoidable experience, he would be endlessly sympathetic, and do whatever he could to help that person. If you told him there were actually ten thousand such unfortunates, with needs that could be met far more cheaply if dealt with as a bloc, you would lose him, because you would be talking program. Individual misfortune brought out the caseworker. Misfortune on a grander scale brought out the ideologue. Which brings us to Gorbachev. Meeting the Soviet leader—an actual person—was an act of discovery, and out popped not the ideologue who talked about 'evil empire' but the problem solver."

In a time when power uses up Chief Executives remorselessly, this oldest of Presidents was all but unaffected by the burden of office—during most of his passage, at least—because he never fully shouldered it. Nor was it only his hands-off approach that was novel. Most modern leaders campaign on domestic issues—economic growth and welfare—and then, if they are elected, are plunged into foreign policy. Reagan campaigned in thundering terms against the foreign policies of his adversaries, whether Gerald Ford or Jimmy Carter, and then all but ignored the subject—until he first met Mikhail Gorbachev, in November of 1985. He left that to others, without creating a sensible decision-making apparatus.

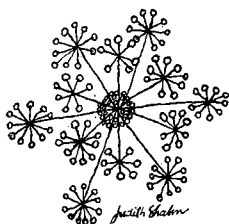
The net effect was endless skirmishing at both the Cabinet and the sub-Cabinet levels, with no one—not even Reagan—available to mediate remarkably shrill policy disputes among agencies.

Reagan extolled Cabinet government, but during his first term the White House controlled domestic policy; it was then the best-managed White House staff operation Washington had seen in years. Instinct told the ideologue to let the gifted pragmatists around him—notably his chief of staff, James Baker, and Baker's

alter ego, Richard Darman—handle the key issues (except foreign policy) and move the ball toward Reaganesque goals. "His image of Cabinet government clashed with his natural instinct about decision-making," a former Reagan associate recalls.

Reagan said that he wanted foreign policy to be managed by the State Department, and not by a strong national-security adviser. As it turned out, neither Secretary of State Alexander Haig nor Reagan's first national-security adviser, Richard Allen, was a dominant influence on foreign policy. No one was. Reagan wasn't even sure of what a national-security adviser was supposed to do or what he wanted him to do. And Reagan and Haig were an utter mismatch. In foreign policy, as in some other areas, Reagan sought to resolve the conflict between his doctrine and his pragmatic selves by having people of both types around him. As he had done in Sacramento, he decided against having one-on-one meetings with aides and officials. He wanted other people—both kinds—in the room: a style that he brought to Washington, and one that Haig found more oppressive than others did. Haig couldn't adjust. He was used to giving and taking commands within a hierarchical structure. He saw Reagan as the single authority but had no direct access to him. Like everyone else, he had to deal with a troika consisting of James Baker, Edwin Meese, counsellor to the President, and Michael Deaver, deputy chief of staff. Deaver controlled access to the Oval Office, and Haig was rarely alone with Reagan; whoever else might be there would depend on the subject of the meeting.

"Haig couldn't deal with, or even understand, the reality of how Reagan operated," says a former official who observed them both. The Administration was a headless coalition, unified only by its rhetoric. The self-righteous hard line it proclaimed recalled the simpler era of the Cold War, when confrontation, as in Berlin, was a fact of life. Orthodox elements worried about what would happen when the nature of the Reagan Presidency became apparent to other capitals. They were right to worry. Many capitals experienced a sharp sense of disillusion. First and foremost of these was Moscow. The Reagan the Soviets had awaited—tough-talking but realistic—was abruptly seen as dangerously



unrealistic, as a man preparing to make war or assuming that war would come. The Soviets were frightened but took care not to show it.

Early in 1981, the K.G.B. advised its stations in Western capitals that the United States was preparing to attack the Soviet Union. The stations were put on alert and told to report every scrap of information that might provide warning. The order remained in force until the end of 1983. Washington heard of it only much later—from information provided by Oleg Gordievsky, a senior K.G.B. agent who became a British double agent and then, in 1985, defected. With instructions to overlook nothing, the K.G.B. stations were noting what lights were on in various offices in various government buildings to see whether key officials might be having prolonged meetings. Chauffeured official cars were monitored for the same purpose. According to Gordievsky, his station even reported to Moscow on a blood drive held by the Greater London Council: it, too, might have been part of some larger and sinister purpose. Since K.G.B. reporting is thought to be aimed at confirming views already held in Moscow—to bolster the current line—the British worried that the impact on Moscow of the bluster in Washington would be strengthened by the K.G.B.

It was not any one event that alarmed Moscow but, rather, a pattern. Publicly, Haig called for “going to the source” of radical guerrilla forces, and cited Cuba—and the Soviet Union—as responsible for the mess in Central America. Privately, says a senior American diplomat who was observing all this, Haig “was proposing steps—wild stuff—in the Caribbean, against Cuba and Nicaragua, that made moderates of Cap [Weinberger] and the President.” Of doubtless greater concern was loose talk about nuclear-war-winning capacity and limited nuclear options. In one way or another, all the senior figures—Reagan, Vice-President George Bush, Haig, and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger—helped to create the impression of leaders for whom nuclear weapons held little awe.

The Administration, Weinberger said in early budget hearings, would expand the country’s capability for “detering or prosecuting a global war with the Soviet Union.” Reagan’s view

was that the Soviets had long since concluded that a nuclear war was possible and winnable. Moreover, in news conferences Reagan inadvertently suggested that waging a limited nuclear war was possible. And Bush, as a 1980 Presidential candidate, had said that nuclear superiority didn’t matter only “if you believe there is no such thing as a winner in a nuclear exchange . . . I don’t believe that.” Weinberger and Haig couldn’t agree on whether contingency plans for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization included firing a nuclear demonstration shot, and Reagan was unable to provide the answer. Weinberger surprised everyone by saying, “Soviet missiles are now more accurate than ours.” The Soviets, aware that the reverse was still the case, must have wondered what the Administration had in mind.

Persistently shrill rhetoric had some effect. Soviet leaders, Reagan said in his first press conference as President, “reserve unto themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat.” Anatoly Dobrynin, who as Soviet Ambassador to Washington was then observing his sixth President, told Haig that this kind of comment would “cause great puzzlement in Moscow,” and added, “I hope it will not continue.” It did continue. The rhetoric was accompanied by an orgy of weapons-procurement decisions. The SALT-related goal of limits based on parity was being set aside in favor of creating “margins of safety” that were supposed to restore some measure of superiority.

Communication between Washington and Moscow has rarely been good, but not for a long time had it been as bad as it was in the early days of the Reagan Presidency. He and his advisers had convinced themselves that the Soviets were testing America, although what the Soviets wanted was negotiation, access to technology, and trade. They were hardly inclined to confront America: there was Poland’s Solidarity movement to deal with, not to mention Afghanistan, where the situation was going from bad to worse. On November 7, 1983, Grigory Romanov, who was the Party boss of Leningrad and Gorbachev’s rival for the leadership, told a meeting in the Kremlin Palace of Congresses, “Comrades, the international situation at present is white hot, thoroughly white hot.”



And Gorbachev, three months after his first meeting with Reagan, told the Twenty-seventh Communist Party Congress, “Never, perhaps, in the post-war decades has the situation in the world been as explosive . . . as in the first half of the eighties.” In an era when nuclear doctrine is labelled “prompt launch” (or “launch-on-warning”), the grotesque misreading by each side of the other’s intentions during Reagan’s first five years is worth sober reflection.

What the Soviets didn’t understand (any more than the national-security bureaucracy in Washington did) was that Ronald Reagan wasn’t an adventurer who saw nuclear arms as usable weapons; instead, he was an abolitionist—a far more convinced disarmar

than Carter. Reagan was no admirer of arms control and its works. He wanted to have the advantage in nuclear weapons or else to rid the world of them. On this issue he was a radical. At least twice in his first two years in the White House, Reagan asked the bureaucracy to give him a plan to eliminate nuclear weapons. The bureaucracy did not respond. But Reagan had provided a clue to the path of his thinking during the 1980 campaign. “With [all] this great technology of ours, we . . . cannot stop any of the weapons that are coming at us,” he said in an interview. “I don’t think there’s been a time in history when there wasn’t a defense against some kind of thrust.” Before very long, he would decide that technology could give America a security moat in outer space.

THE Administration was talking a tougher game than it was playing. Early in 1981, Reagan cancelled the grain embargo against the Soviet Union that Carter had imposed in January of 1980, after the invasion of Afghanistan. Reagan made this salute to the free-market system at a moment when the Soviets seemed to be on the verge of invading Poland and Haig was urging him to use the embargo as bargaining capital with Moscow.

Reagan’s letters to Brezhnev were not aggressive, or even very critical. Moreover, unlike his speeches, they were oddly impersonal. Some were drafted within the bureaucracy, but others were largely Reagan’s own

work. Their message, according to one diplomat who saw them, was that "if the Soviets would just free up their system and let matters take their course the two sides would be able to get together." He added, "The letters were somewhat naïve."

Among the first of the major foreign-policy decisions Reagan had to make was whether to observe the SALT agreements. On March 3, 1981, John Lehman, an enfant terrible of the Ford era and Reagan's first Secretary of the Navy, told reporters that America should not comply with either the SALT I or the SALT II agreement. (The five-year interim agreement concluded by Nixon in 1972 had technically expired, but both parties were continuing to observe it. And SALT II, of course, had never reached the Senate floor.) To have a service secretary volunteering pronouncements of this kind infuriated the State Department; the issue of compliance had not even been taken up within the hierarchy. The next day, the State Department issued a statement inspired by Haig, which rejected Lehman's statements as "not authorized" and not reflecting Administration policy. It said, "We will take no action that would undercut existing agreements so long as the Soviet Union exercises the same restraint." On his own, Haig had laid down this policy. Only Reagan could have disowned it, but he typically chose to stay above the fray while his more hawkish advisers sputtered. In the foreign-policy vacuum of Reagan's making, an aggressive senior figure—and Haig was that—could make policy just by being the first one to assert it.

Making a policy stick was another matter. Every Administration since Lyndon Johnson's had been divided over various SALT issues but not over the desirability of the process. Reagan's was different. Only the State Department and the Joint Chiefs of Staff continued to favor SALT. State did so for political reasons. The Chiefs, aware that America's strategic forces still held advantages over the Soviet Union's, wanted to sustain existing limits and prevent what was being called "breakout"—a huge increase in Soviet forces. They didn't share the new Administration's strong preference for scrubbing SALT and reestablishing American superiority in strategic forces. They preferred the relative certainties of parity to the uncertainties

of a major new cycle of competition. "The Chiefs were the most moderate force in town—even more so than State, which was being gutted," a closely involved American diplomat recalls. "People and jobs at State were being abolished. It was demoralizing—the lack of continuity."

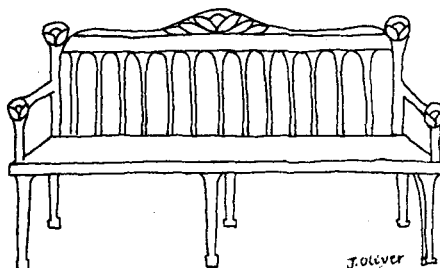
Weinberger and his staff were deeply hostile to SALT. The National Security Council staff, to the degree that it mattered, took its cues from Meese, a hard-liner. And with William Casey at the helm the Central Intelligence Agency couldn't be supportive of SALT. The new leader of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency was Eugene Rostow, who was a pivotal figure on the Committee on the Present Danger—the anti-SALT lobby—and a full-throated critic of SALT II. Thanks mainly to the Joint Chiefs, the line was held until early 1982, despite pressure from their adversaries, most notably Weinberger. "His strength was Reagan's total confidence in and loyalty to him," a former Administration official recalls. "Reagan paid attention when Cap was talking in a meeting, even when he talked at great length (as he often did), whereas with almost anyone else he would nod off after a couple of minutes."

Weinberger's chief antagonist in these and other meetings was Air Force General David C. Jones, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs and the most knowledgeable of them on nuclear and arms-control issues. A universally admired officer, Jones had been involved with nuclear strategy since 1949 and with SALT almost from the beginning. His disagreements with Weinberger in meetings on SALT II and many other issues were blunt and often heated. Weinberger's mentor in these matters was Richard Perle, who had once helped Senator Henry M. Jackson become the most feared of SALT-baiters. Perle was now an Assistant Secretary of Defense. His contempt for the existing arms-control ar-

rangements matched anyone's. In knowledge of nuclear issues and in operational skill, he was far ahead of most of the other new people, few of whom had much of either. Over the next several years, the Weinberger-Perle tandem more than held its own against arms-control advocates, who included the leaders of the other NATO governments and much the larger part of the foreign-policy community.

Advocates understood that without the limits and the restrictions of the SALT II treaty the superpowers would find themselves building more of everything. At best, they would be sustaining parity, but with rising levels of unusable nuclear power. New and more versatile nuclear weapons would beget new uncertainties, hence instabilities. With the SALT II limits, each of the parties would have an accurate idea of what the other could deploy over a period of years. One of the treaty's articles limited the number of warheads on each side's ICBMs to the maximum number with which those missiles had been tested. If it were not for this restriction, the advocates argued, the parties would victimize each other by launching a mindless "warhead aimpoint" race.

Soviet cheating was basic to the case against the treaty. If past Administrations hadn't detected cheating, it was because they had believed what they wished to believe or because their estimates had been insufficiently rigorous. Weinberger and the other hard-liners took it for granted that the Soviets were cheating. "If the evidence was ambiguous, they judged it conclusive," a former member of the Joint Chiefs recalls. He and the other Chiefs, and the State Department as well, were made uneasy by this simplistic view. The monitoring of Soviet military activities goes on with or without arms-control agreements. But the verification provisions of the SALT agreements, their advocates argued, are immensely useful to an open society competing against an essentially closed society. By denying either side the right to conceal those of its activities covered by the agreements, or to interfere with the other's surveillance systems, these provisions make a very hard task less hard and reduce uncertainties. For example, the intelligence community can distinguish between multi-warhead missile-launchers and launchers of single-warhead missiles only in the testing phase;



once the missiles are deployed in silos, it is all but impossible to tell whether they have one warhead or several. The Soviets tested and deployed their long-range missile systems in both single- and multi-warhead versions. They reluctantly agreed in SALT II that any launcher that had ever contained a missile with more than one warhead would count against that side's entitlement to such systems.

The Administration never did stop arguing with itself about SALT II. On May 31, 1982, Reagan announced publicly what the State Department had said more than a year earlier—that the United States would exercise restraint, and not “undercut” the SALT agreements, as long as Moscow showed similar restraint. Weinberger, for one, had lost a round, but few decisions in the Reagan era were final—at least, not those in the foreign-policy domain. These were still early days in the battle over SALT II.

The struggle had thus far left a heavy deposit of bitterness. “We were exhausted by the fighting and all the blood being shed,” a diplomat who took part recalls. “We were engaged in damage limitation. We couldn’t do anything positive—take an initiative.” He and a handful of colleagues at State were trying to revive the arms-control talks, which had been stalled since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, in December of 1979. Allied governments were clamoring for negotiation. They had agreed to accept a force of five hundred and seventy-two midrange American missiles, provided that talks aimed at removing the need to deploy all or most of them were in train. This was NATO’s so-called two-track decision, and it took for granted the signing and ratification of SALT II. But when Carter withdrew SALT II from Senate consideration the Europeans were stuck: without SALT II, there could be no SALT III. The two-track decision was now on a single track heading toward trouble, perhaps big trouble. Everywhere in Western Europe (except France), the impending arrival of the new missiles had swelled the ranks of anti-nuclear groups. In some countries, middle-class people of all ages and political tendencies joined forces with the ritual disarmers and the veteran demonstrators for a nuclear-free world. The churches were in the vanguard of a movement whose scale

had no precedent. A rally in Bonn in October of 1981 brought two hundred and fifty thousand people into the streets; it was judged the largest gathering of Germans since John F. Kennedy’s visit to Berlin in 1963. The outcry was strengthened by an anxiety that these new missiles might tempt the superpowers to confine nuclear warfare to Europe and make sanctuaries of their own countries. A chicken had come home to roost: the tortuous path to NATO’s two-track decision had begun with misguided European concern that Carter’s SALT negotiating strategy might make a battleground of the Continent yet again.



Soviet and European leaders were getting the same message: Washington didn’t want to deal with Moscow at all. The Soviets would have preferred dealing with tough American demands to no dealing. In April of 1981, Weinberger told NATO defense ministers that “if the movement from Cold War to détente is progress, then let me say we cannot afford much more progress.” Some of his aides were saying that the United States should not do business with the Soviets and couldn’t depend on its allies. Genuine Reaganauts seemed to favor a Fortress America over the Western Alliance. In May, the Administration wanted to drop references to détente from a NATO communiqué but was overridden by the Europeans.

Despite some remarkable political success in the early going, by the summer the Reagan Administration had begun to show a touch of that pale cast of frustration that all governments acquire. It had arrived feeling duty-bound to improve the country’s nuclear forces before taking part in talks to curb them. But Reagan’s call to arms had drawn little public response, and little applause in Congress. In defense spending, his Administration’s early reach somewhat exceeded its grasp. The inherited two-track decision vexed the new people, some of whom thought that the missiles earmarked for Europe would be vulnerable, hence unstable. Others saw their financial cost as far outweighing any conceivable military benefit. But the political costs of whatever Reagan might choose to do seemed even heavier. He could hardly retreat from NATO’s solemn decision to deploy the missiles—not with the Soviets trying to reverse it in typi-

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cally overbearing fashion—yet the costs of going forward were also heavy, given the surging anti-nuclear movement in Europe. Washington's reluctance to begin talks was feeding the pressure, not only in Europe but also in America: an anti-nuclear movement began to take hold here in the winter of 1981-82. Its focus was a proposal to freeze arsenals of nuclear weapons at current levels. By midwinter, the so-called nuclear freeze was the height of fashion, as numerous members of Congress discovered from constituents' mail. In a pastoral letter Roman Catholic bishops condemned reliance on nuclear weapons as a deterrent to aggression. And the Navy began losing officers and seamen, because, as Admiral James Watkins, the Chief of Naval Operations, said, "their serving in uniform was incompatible with the pastoral letter." The Administration was on the defensive. It judged, correctly, that the nuclear freeze was trendy, and lacked staying power. But the movement had captured the initiative, which elsewhere lay with the Soviets, who were demanding talks and staking a claim to the high ground. The Administration could not avoid arranging talks—and fairly soon—about the deployment of the intermediate, or midrange, systems in Europe. And, despite its deeper aversion to discussing the strategic, or long-range, weapons there as well, events were forcing the decision.

In its first year, the Administration managed to do almost nothing about SALT except change its name to START—for "Strategic Arms Reduction Talks." The switch was more than a change of letters in an acronym. Reagan and his advisers felt that only reductions—deep ones—justified the unnatural act of negotiating with the enemy on so vital a subject. Their predecessors had considered reductions useful politically: they were easy for people to understand, and thus gave credibility to the process. The logic of SALT—the quest for ceilings and sub-ceilings and for restrictions on new and more modern weapons—was more complicated. With each side deploying roughly ten thousand deliverable weapons, the size of reductions hadn't seemed to matter as much as just obtaining limits on the total number of weapons; limits at whatever level would

reduce uncertainty and discourage pessimistic worst-case assumptions about what the other side could do over the span of the agreement. The restrictions on new weapons and on making existing ones more threatening would also promote stability—an exalted goal in the nuclear age.

Just setting a date for talks was nearly as difficult as reaching the decision to have them. Haig met with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Geneva in late January of 1982. They were supposed to announce jointly



ly that strategic-arms talks would begin March 30th. The announcement wasn't made, largely because of two articles by Henry Kissinger which appeared on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*

on January 17th and 18th, just a few days before the Haig-Gromyko meeting. The articles deplored as too little and too late the Western reaction to the imposition of martial law in Poland and the suppression of Solidarity. "How then can one explain the eagerness to continue all negotiations?" asked Kissinger. "How is one to explain a meeting between our Secretary of State and the Soviet Foreign Minister while martial law and concentration camps continue in Poland?" The articles reminded the Administration of its early commitment to "linkage;" to not allowing the Russians to "insulate particular areas of negotiation—such as arms control—from their international conduct." The Kissinger pieces intimidated Haig; the joint announcement was postponed, and Gromyko was able to say that the United States still wasn't ready to set a date for talks—a comment Haig had to confirm.

Any predecessor would have envied Reagan's freedom. Not since Richard Nixon journeyed to China, in February of 1972, and later concluded the SALT I agreement in Moscow had any President's writ in East-West matters run as far as Reagan's clearly did. His nationwide popularity and his strength within his own party were unshakable. And whereas Nixon, Ford, and Carter had all had to work hard at reassuring allied governments that SALT wouldn't weaken their links with the United States, Reagan was faced with no such problem. When he arrived, the link between security and arms control had become as clear to European govern-

ments as it had been to a succession of American Presidents. Reagan had an interesting choice: by keeping faith with his own strongly held views, he risked inviting difficulties at home and abroad; a change of course would offer him a sure claim to the role of protector of stability and undoubted leader of the Western Alliance, and, in the bargain, his political base would become that much stronger.

REAGAN was not changing course. In fact, his line hardened. Like every predecessor in the nuclear age, he was anxious to avoid the ultimate horror, or the risks thereof, and to improve relations between the superpowers. Like the others, he saw himself as the custodian of the peace and as a bulwark against the worst. But the problem as he saw it was linear and uncomplicated: the forces of good were arrayed against the forces of evil. The former, he and his advisers felt, had rested on their oars in the nineteen-seventies, and the latter had exploited the prolonged lull. In reproaching the nuclear-freeze movement, Haig said in a speech on April 6th, 1982, "A freeze at current levels would perpetuate an unstable and unequal military balance. It would reward a decade of unilateral Soviet buildup and penalize the United States for a decade of unilateral restraint."

America could hardly be accused of having neglected its strategic forces in the era of Nixon, Ford, and Carter—a time when both superpowers accumulated the largest aggregation of destructive power the world had ever seen. The Soviets did spend more on big weapons. Being well behind technologically, they built entire new systems—three new land-based missiles, a new submarine, and new submarine-launched missile systems. America created the Trident submarine, the Trident missile system, and a long-range cruise missile. On each side, however, the buildup relied mainly on the force multiplier—the multiple warheads, or MIRVs. The United States deployed fifty-five hundred new warheads in the nineteen-seventies—five hundred more than the Soviet Union.

In the main, the Reagan Administration was trying to close the window of vulnerability; Reagan had made a campaign issue of it. Carter's plan to scatter two hundred MX launchers in forty-six hundred shelters situated on

special roadways in remote parts of Utah and Nevada was fast fading. Local opposition—a sagebrush rebellion—was too strong, and included, besides the Mormon Church and environmental groups, Nevada's Senator Paul Laxalt, a Reagan intimate, and Utah's Jake Garn, another conservative and influential Republican senator. Any ensuing litigation over the launchers would quite clearly have submerged the legal resources of Utah and Nevada.

In early October of 1981, the Administration scrubbed the shell-game approach and gave itself the option of putting the MX in silos. There was a hint that these would be protected by anti-ballistic missiles (ABMs). But nothing had been decided. (Weinberger favored deploying the MX in large, specially designed airplanes.) The MX-basing problem remained baffling. Leaving the silos unprotected would amount to a perhaps embarrassing admission that the window of vulnerability hadn't been there after all. But defending them would provoke another debate over the ABMs, and reawaken anxieties about a rampant nuclear-arms race.

The argument that the MX was not only undesirable but unnecessary as well had gathered strength. The United States was also developing a new version of the B-1 bomber, the more advanced Stealth bomber (it was a "black," or ultra-secret, program); a cruise missile relying on the Stealth technology; and the highly accurate submarine-launched Trident II missile system. The Trident II system was a reminder (in Congress and beyond) that the sea is the most secure environment for nuclear weapons, and that the United States, with its easy access to deep water, has obvious advantages in operating there. Putting an even larger proportion of the deterrent out to sea would be a partial answer to the vulnerability problem. Bounding it with SALT II and a successor agreement would be another partial answer. The best role for the MX, many felt, would be as a bargaining chip in Geneva.

In the spring of 1982, the Pentagon's five-year Defense Guidance, a long-range planning document, appeared. "Nuclear conflict with the Soviet Union could be protracted," it said, and the United States "must prevail and be able to force the Soviet Union to seek the earliest termination of hostilities on terms favorable to

the United States." This and other documents showed that nothing had changed.

A few days later, on June 18th, General Jones retired as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and, according to a news account, "warned that it would be throwing money in a 'bottomless pit' to try to prepare the United States for a long nuclear war with the Soviet Union." In New York's Central Park the previous week, a demonstration in favor of the nuclear freeze had attracted seven hundred and fifty thousand people, according to estimates by the police, who thought that it might have been the largest (and most orderly) demonstration ever held in the Park. But a proposal to freeze nuclear weapons died in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at about this time. And on August 5th the House of Representatives voted, 204-202, against an "immediate freeze."

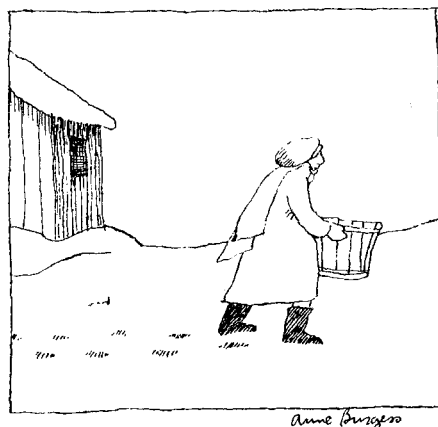
By then, the stormy and predictably brief tenure of Al Haig as Secretary of State had ended. On June 25th, not long after Israel's invasion of Lebanon, Reagan accepted Haig's resignation, and Haig was replaced by George Shultz, who could hardly have been more different. Unlike Haig, he was a Reagan familiar. His strengths were caution and patience, whereas Haig was incautious and impatient. Haig had broad knowledge of the national-security issues. Shultz hadn't been exposed to many of these, and had actually avoided exposure to any involving big weapons and arms control. During his time as director of the Office of Management and Budget, in the early nineteen-seventies, he had always shunned subjects he was not at ease with. But Shultz, unlike Haig, knew about running a bureaucracy and dealing with key players besides a President. Haig tried to dominate the for-

eign-policy process by subduing the other players, as Henry Kissinger, his mentor and then rival, had done; Shultz relied on more indirect but traditional bureaucratic methods, such as forming alliances and coalitions with other agencies.

Foreign governments were relieved to see Shultz. They felt sure that he would be a constructive and moderating influence—and on many issues he was. But in dealing with arms control he had first to overcome his resistance to the subject and then adapt himself to the role of odd man out, which he generally was. Shultz moved for much of his tenure at what seemed a snail's pace, and was judged a flop by diplomats, including many of his own. It's hard to see how he could have done otherwise. Within the interagency process he and his department were lacking allies. Shultz lacked support even from the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which had been created to help a Secretary of State. Since it plays an advocacy role, this agency, which, until recently, had a smaller staff than the Battle Monuments Commission, normally allows the Secretary of State to adopt the middle ground between differing points of view within the government. But Shultz was well to the left of Reagan's arms-control agency.

Shultz's chief adversary was Weinberger. Their struggle for control of policy—longer-lasting, more interesting, and more consequential than any other waged within the conflict-ridden Administration—was a leitmotiv of the Reagan era. Weinberger held the advantage. Both men knew Reagan well, but Weinberger was closer to him, and so were his views; in any case, Weinberger saw himself in an advocacy role—as Reagan's attorney for defense policy. Although Shultz could play the bureaucratic game, he wasn't as good at it as Weinberger, who excelled. The main asset that Shultz brought to the struggle was his patience.

Shultz and Weinberger went back a long way. Weinberger had been Shultz's deputy for a time at the Budget Bureau, and he took over the bureau in June of 1972, when Shultz was named Secretary of the Treasury. Later, they worked together for the Bechtel Corporation, a mammoth construction firm based in San Francisco; Shultz was president, Weinberger the senior legal



officer. Weinberger had wanted the State Department but had had to settle for Defense, a department whose affairs interested him less, and one that he never came close to mastering. His job was raising the money for Reagan's defense buildup and resisting efforts to retard it. Stylistically, he and Shultz were opposites. Weinberger was abrupt, outspoken, even polemical. "He's the lightning rod for the Administration," a former aide has said. Shultz was a plodder, and said no more than he had to—less, actually, according to former aides. He would listen attentively to contesting arguments of his officials and, when they had finished, would often say absolutely nothing. Within the State Department and in foreign capitals he was widely known as the Buddha.

Shultz and Weinberger agreed on almost nothing. On East-West matters, Shultz was the moderate, Weinberger the hard-liner, but on various other issues—especially those which might involve the use of military force in Central America, Lebanon, and Libya—Weinberger (and the Joint Chiefs) were dovish, and Shultz was hawkish.

In the end, Shultz's patience overcame the odds; he simply wore down and outlasted Weinberger. A little more than a year before the end of Reagan's second term, Weinberger left his job. The by-product of their duel—internal gridlock—lasted five and a half years, and during this time Reagan rarely left the sidelines. He delegated control of the East-West issues to Shultz and Weinberger. They, in turn, delegated operational responsibility for many of those issues to sub-Cabinet-level people, who became the key figures in that chapter of the arms-control saga which covered the larger part of the Reagan era. The battles became even fiercer than those of the Nixon-Ford era, but only rarely were they joined at the senior level, as they had been in the past. Instead of being resolved in National Security Council meetings presided over by an informed President, they were usually decided further down the line. It was a situation in which Weinberger's chief naysayer, Richard Perle, could flourish. He had allies on Capitol Hill and in the press. Hardball was his game. His role as spoiler was ideally suited to the interagency chaos; blocking sensible proposals wasn't difficult. A compe-

tent naysayer could refuse to go along with key parts of a proposal or offer alternatives that were certain to be rejected by the other side.

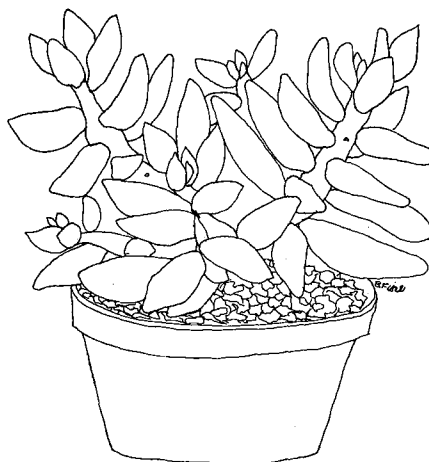
Arguing about START in Washington had begun in late June of 1982, and the interagency process was stuck fast. In its first fourteen months, the new Administration had been unable even to decide what, exactly, ought to be reduced or limited. The N.S.C. meetings on this and related issues were "wholly chaotic," one participant says. "Reagan seldom said anything that wasn't written on the card. He never weighed in. He was very passive. He wanted a consensus, and when it wasn't forged he didn't lay down the law. Everyone went off in a different direction. We'd leave a meeting and have no idea of what, if anything, had been decided." In the end, Reagan surprised insiders by choosing the approach to START—limiting missile systems and warheads—that State and the Joint Chiefs favored. It had been bitterly opposed by Defense, which had insisted on forcing the Soviets to reduce their aggregate throw weight—the weight of a missile system's warheads and the devices that target and release them—to the American level. However, the actual proposal arising from this approach was in no sense negotiable. Neither was Brezhnev's equally one-sided counterproposal, which was also made public. Washington and Moscow were returning to an earlier period, when what passed for arms-control policy was played to the galleries, with propaganda advantage the priority goal.

In September of 1982, Shultz had his first talk with Gromyko, a man he had never liked or got on with. (So troubled were relations that the question of a meeting between Brezhnev and Rea-

gan didn't arise.) Shultz took the occasion to deliver one of the few blunt private messages conveyed to the Soviets in this period. He warned Gromyko against putting MIG fighter aircraft into Nicaragua—a step that the Soviets had been preparing to take. (Haig had earlier issued a similar warning, through Dobrynin.)

The Administration was stepping up its attacks on the nuclear-freeze movement. In a news conference in November, Reagan charged that foreign agents had been sent in "to help instigate . . . and keep such a movement going." Weinberger, in a speech to the World Affairs Council in Philadelphia, made the same charge, adding that the movement was likely to "increase the danger of war" by reducing the country's ability to deter an attack. Brezhnev accused Reagan of "threatening to push the world into the flames of a nuclear war." He was under pressure from his military chiefs to do more in response to the Reagan buildup. He is said to have concluded by then that his détente-based Western policy was spent, if not moribund. It was hardly in worse shape than Brezhnev himself, who was a near-invalid, scarcely able to work at all. He died on November 10, 1982, and was replaced by Yuri Andropov.

Although Andropov was a more intellectually vigorous figure than his predecessor, he, too, was invalided on the job. He came to it afflicted with a serious kidney disorder, and during much of his fifteen months as General Secretary he was regularly connected to a dialysis machine. Andropov was welcomed at home as a break with the past, and if he had lasted longer he might have pursued reforms of the kind on which his protégé Mikhail Gorbachev seems to have staked everything. Despite Andropov's having recently been head of the K.G.B., Muscovites and perhaps a large part of the country thought, or hoped, that Andropov would improve the sclerotic Soviet system. Elsewhere, opinion was mixed. The tabloid reaction—"TOP COP IS HEAD RED"—reflected broad skepticism about prospects for much improvement on the East-West scene, but in some Western capitals the arrival of this interesting and seemingly businesslike figure appeared to augur well. Andropov made no difference, however, if only because events ruled out any bridging of the gulf between



the superpowers on his brief watch. Indeed, his single year on the scene was no improvement over Brezhnev's final two. It was even worse.

THE deployment of the midrange American missiles in Germany and elsewhere in Europe was scheduled to begin in mid-1983. Governments there were anxious to see some progress in the talks in Geneva that were supposed to settle the awesome problem that the impending deployment had created. The talks—known as I.N.F. (for “intermediate-range nuclear forces”)—had started in the fall of 1981 and, like the parallel negotiation, START, had gone nowhere. Brezhnev was winning the propaganda war on points when he died. Compared with the jingoism of Washington, his line was comforting: it exploited current anxieties, and looked toward nuclear-free zones, no first use, and an end to new weapons projects. But private messages to NATO governments from Brezhnev, and particularly from Gromyko, contained crude threats aimed at coercing European leaders to reverse their decision to accept the new missiles. Now Rome would be targeted if war broke out, Italy was told. Other capitals heard similar warnings. As often in the past, Moscow was overplaying a not very strong hand; the heavy pressure only reinforced the determination of NATO governments to do what they had agreed upon in December of 1979. To renege—yield to the pressure—would be to grant the Soviets what diplomats call *droit de regard*, an oversight, on allied decisions. Governments—especially Bonn's—would have been torn asunder politically, with some parties accusing others of having put paid to NATO and the defense connection with America. Insecure regimes confronted the prospect of widespread demonstrations.

Among those who had disapproved of the two-track decision was Paul Nitze, but, like many others, he felt that once the commitment to deployment was made it had to be upheld. Nitze's vigorous opposition to SALT II during the Ford and Carter years, when he was out of government and a vocal presence on the Committee on the Present Danger, had resulted in an offer from the Reagan people to run the I.N.F. talks. Whether his matchless experience with nuclear issues and his

long list of accomplishments also contributed to his selection is less clear. Nitze's most recent government jobs had been Deputy Director of Defense and a SALT negotiator. In picking him, the new people didn't understand that they were getting an incurable problem solver. Outside government—an unnatural and disagreeable setting for him—Nitze had been a resourceful blocker and naysayer. Back inside, he could be relied upon to be just as resourceful in finding ways to make agreement possible. Within the Administration, probably only Perle, who had once worked for Nitze and understood his ways, was aware of his potential. In 1981, Nitze was a strikingly youthful seventy-four, his wiry frame no less fit for the ski slopes or tennis or weekly outings at his farm in Maryland. “My body does what I tell it to,” he has said. He left investment banking for Washington in 1940—summoned by a special assistant to President Roosevelt, James Forrestal. Except in the Carter years, Nitze remained an insider, even during interludes spent outside government. He is a proud man, many say a vain one, and is probably capable of a fair degree of self-deception, especially when he is not being used as he thinks he should be. Compared with most of the Reagan foreign-policy entourage, Nitze not only had a track record but was a star—a beacon for journalists and foreign diplomats, and a reassuring face to their governments. He was virtually the only member of the group who knew anything about arms-control negotiations and, except for Haig, also knew the defense brief. He may or may not have thought, as others did, that the I.N.F. job would be his last in government.

In mid-November of 1981, twelve days before the I.N.F. negotiations began, Reagan astonished his own and other capitals by proposing to cancel the deployment of *all* new midrange American missiles if Moscow would dismantle its SS-20s and the older systems it was replacing. As theatre, his zero option, as it was called, was a great success. At a stroke, he captured the high ground from Moscow and outflanked the peaceniks, the unilateral disarmers, and the freeze movement. The proposal came on the eve of a rare Brezhnev visit to Bonn, and seemed to offer the West Germans and other allies an interesting out: the zero op-



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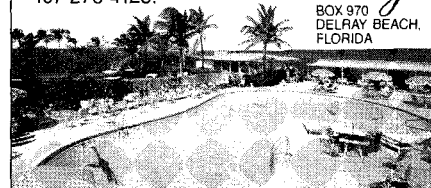
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tion would instantly be seen as meaning no deployment of the new missiles. However, experienced officials and diplomats were unimpressed, not to say disheartened. Although they saw that the idea would buy some time for beleaguered European governments, notably the West German, the Belgian, and the Dutch, it seemed otherwise divorced from reality: why would the Soviets agree to dismantle hundreds of existing weapons in return for NATO's agreeing to forgo a deployment of its own that key governments might end by refusing anyway? Briefly, the zero option was judged on many sides to be wholly non-negotiable; if it were to be clung to by Washington, it would mean no deal in Geneva and no way out of NATO's predicament.

"State saw the zero option as trivializing the process," a closely involved American diplomat says. The Chiefs, too, preferred negotiation but eventually fell in with the zero option, although they were convinced that nothing would come of it. No one, in or out of government, could have envisioned a time when a forceful and unconventional Soviet leader—Mikhail Gorbachev—would have the wit to take NATO up on the zero offer and then pocket the larger part of the credit for making it happen.

In Geneva, Nitze was on a short leash; his instructions gave him very little room to maneuver. But in periodic briefings of allied leaders he had come under pressure, especially from Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, of West Germany, to show progress. By the summer of 1982, Nitze was ready to do the thing that seemed only natural and desirable: make a deal. What he then produced was the most celebrated what-might-have-been of Reagan's first term. The Walk in the Woods, as the event became known, has since passed into legend.

As negotiators will, Nitze and his Soviet counterpart, Yuli Kvitsinsky, who was a well-connected and high-flying Soviet diplomat, had begun probing each other's instructed positions. Each man was saddled with an all-or-nothing brief. After a series of informal what ifs—"What if my government offered to . . ."—they met for lunch in mid-July at a restaurant above Geneva, and then took the woodland stroll that gave the occasion its name. Nitze was free-lancing. He had no back channel in Washington on which

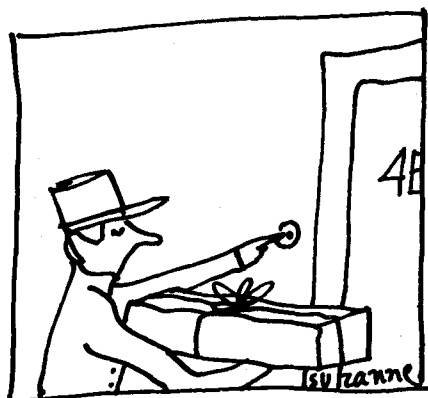
to rely for guidance or support. Almost certainly, Kvitsinsky had a green light from someone in Moscow—probably Gromyko. Sitting on a log, the pair reached a startlingly simple and equitable understanding, which, of course, could have no status unless their leaders approved it. If that occurred, each side would be limited to no more than seventy-five of the weapons that Nitze and Kvitsinsky were concerned with. The Soviets would have to destroy their older midrange-missile systems—three hundred and eighty in all—and more than half of the SS-20 force. They would be left with just seventy-five SS-20s based within range of their targets in Western Europe. Ninety more would be confined to an area well east of Novosibirsk, a city in southwestern Siberia. With no midrange weapons yet deployed, America would have nothing to dismantle. But the understanding did provide that America's entitlement could include no Pershing IIs; all seventy-five of its launchers would have to be drawn from the cruise-missile component (originally set at four hundred and sixty-four). Being so much slower than ballistic missiles, the cruise missiles were seen by the Soviets as vastly less threatening. The Soviets weren't alone; many other governments saw the Pershings as destabilizing. Their capacity for destroying hardened targets just a few minutes after lift-off meant that in a crisis the Soviets could be struck without warning and would have to consider hitting these weapons before being hit by them. As the Jeremiah of crisis instability (which is to say missile vulnerability), Nitze, too, could have been expected to frown on the Pershings.

The Walk in the Woods was a good deal—as allied capitals in Europe saw it when they heard about it, at least. It committed the Soviets to doing away

with all but twenty per cent of the midrange systems they had targeted against Western Europe. Also, Moscow dropped its long-standing claim for compensation in this class of weapons because of French and British nuclear weapons deployed against the Soviet Union. Nitze's deal would vindicate the two-track decision and release European governments from their political torment.

The legend grew from what didn't happen after the Walk in the Woods. Allied governments didn't weigh in with Washington, because they weren't told about it until too late. The State Department didn't work up a coherent position, because it was leaderless; Shultz had just arrived, and understood nothing of what had occurred. The President didn't receive the independent views of the Chiefs, who on balance favored the Walk in the Woods, although the Army was loath to give up the Pershing IIs; the Chiefs' conclusions were neutralized by Perle and Weinberger before Reagan saw them. Perle played the key role: he attacked the understanding in a memorandum described by one official as "violent" in tone. Weinberger didn't take a position at first, but he quickly fell in with Perle's opinion that the deal had to be rejected as one-sided, as allowing the Soviets to deploy the SS-20—a ballistic missile, and MIRVed at that—whereas the United States was restricted to less potent cruise missiles. Giving up the Pershings, the argument ran, meant giving up a weapon that could threaten the Soviet Union in the near term and thus help deterrence. Perle also worried that Nitze might have been set up; the Soviets, he surmised, would leak the understanding and then draw back from it. Schmidt could then have argued that since the Americans were willing to give up the Pershings, why shouldn't his government do so. The President decided against the deal, and reaffirmed the zero option. Although in the end Moscow, too, ruled against the Walk in the Woods, Washington drew the blame in Europe—for failing to see a good deal when its own man produced one, and for failing to invite the views of allies on a matter that concerned them most directly.

IN October of 1982, after eight years as Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt left office. If he had been irascible, vain,



and something of a scold, in his time he had also been the most gifted and versatile of Western leaders; none could match his grasp of foreign, defense, and financial questions or his intellectual energy. He departed a spent figure as well as a casualty of the turbulence within his party that had been set off by the two-track decision, for which he bore a large share of the responsibility. In an interview with the *Washington Post* a few months after leaving office, Schmidt defended his role but said that he had always preferred countering the SS-20s with a sea-based deployment, and that the popular outcry against the new missiles had vindicated him. Like most Germans, Schmidt was sensitive to the heavy concentration of nuclear weapons—other people's weapons—deployed in the Federal Republic. In or out of office, he had a message for visiting American officials: You decided not to deploy missiles in Nevada and Utah over the objections of two million people. Well, sixty million Germans don't want missiles here, but I agreed to take them.

Schmidt's reproach may have increased the Administration's frustration over its inability to find a home for the MX—America's supposed answer to the window of vulnerability. By the end of 1982, Congress had seen thirty-four different basing schemes, the last of which was called Dense Pack and proposed that the weapon be deployed in tightly bunched clusters; in theory, incoming Soviet warheads would destroy one another—commit "fratricide"—instead of the target. There was some interest in Dense Pack, for it would cost less than deceptive basing schemes, since only one silo per missile would be needed and the system would not be moved about. But the interest faded quickly, for it was hard for anyone to explain how putting missiles closer together in fixed silos could eliminate the problem of vulnerability. Apart from the ridicule that the proposal attracted, whether fairly or unfairly, it would have violated a SALT II prohibition against building new fixed ICBM launchers or relocating existing ones. Early in 1983, Congress put Reagan on notice that further funds for the MX would be withheld until a sensible basing mode could be found.

Reagan was on the defensive. Aside from reviving the B-1-bomber program, his Administration had done

nothing but talk about restoring America's strategic edge. The much deplored Carter crowd had at least put forward a plan for deploying the MX in a survivable mode. The legion of specialists who worried about missile vulnerability was dismayed, even appalled, by his inclination to put the MX in silos, where they would only strengthen any incentive the Soviets might have to strike first and hence enlarge the window of vulnerability. Also, silo basing collided head-on with the notion dear to some Reaganauts that nuclear war was manageable, and even winnable. How could you win if the other side destroyed your best weapons?

Many of those in Congress who were on familiar terms with strategic issues saw no need for another land-based missile. A new SLBM, the Trident II, was to be built, and the larger part of the Minuteman force was being improved. But a few of these same members thought the MX could be used to lever a more businesslike American approach to START talks in Geneva. Besides wanting the system for its own sake, the Administration was arguing the need for it as a bargaining chip in the talks. Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, was pushing in this direction. Also, he and a few House colleagues, notably Albert Gore and Norman Dicks, were urging the development of a much smaller, single-warhead ICBM; it later became known as the Midgetman, although, because of its strong Capitol Hill patronage, some executive-branch people called it the Congress. The Midgetman was popular not just on Capitol Hill but also with experts like Paul Nitze, because it offered stability. Being small, it could easily (though not cheaply) be made mobile. And, with only one warhead, it wasn't a first-strike weapon or a tempting target. In any case, the MX had reached a dead end, and Reagan thus did what Presidents often do when they are stymied: he created a bipartisan commission and empowered it to find the answer.

The chairman of the commission, which began life on January 3, 1983, was Brent Scowcroft, a retired Air Force lieutenant general and former

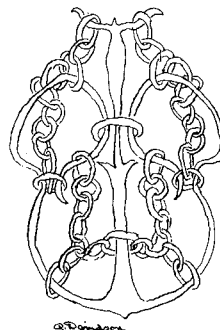
N.S.C. adviser to Gerald Ford, the role in which he will now serve George Bush. Respected on all sides for his moderate views and sensible approach to issues, Scowcroft was well suited to reconciling the views of a very glossy panel, which included two former Secretaries of State, Kissinger and Haig, and four former Secretaries of Defense, Harold Brown, James Schlesinger, Melvin Laird, and Donald Rumsfeld. Richard Helms and John McCone, both former C.I.A.

directors, were also on it. Other key figures included William Perry, a veteran of the MX-basing saga, and James Woolsey, a close friend of Aspin and a former Under-Secretary of the Navy. Their report, which appeared three months later, had something for everyone: a hundred MX missiles for the Administration; the Midgetman

missile for its congressional partisans; and some changes in the Administration's START position to mollify moderates on every side.

The report is best remembered for its failure to solve the vulnerability problem. Indeed, the effect was to question the window of vulnerability. The hundred MXs didn't require a survivable basing mode after all. Silos would do. American forces were described as adequate "even if the land-based missile force is vulnerable over the next decade." But the forces, the report added, should be designed to make the other side's equally vulnerable. The document was interpreted by many people as either closing the notional window or implying that all along it had been *trompe-l'oeil*. To put it differently, America's deterrent wasn't broken, and Reagan didn't fix it.

Many members of Congress reacted skeptically to the idea that Reagan would moderate his position in Geneva. Aspin, Gore, and others who had lent their support to the compromise were judged by many to have been taken in. The skepticism was justified. The Administration adjusted its position slightly, but not enough to move the parties an inch closer to actual negotiation. It didn't matter. Reagan's focus had just shifted dramatically from offensive missiles to a space-based defense against them. Conceived as a



legacy to the cause of keeping the planet intact, his scheme was unveiled in a nationally televised speech on March 23rd, two weeks before the release of the Scowcroft Commission's report. What Reagan and a tiny handful of others had in mind, it appeared, was an astrodome: inbound missiles would be destroyed by lasers, particle beams, and other "directed energy" weapons deployed in space. Nuclear weapons, Reagan said, would be made "impotent and obsolete." The fantasist asked, "Wouldn't it be better to save lives than to avenge them?"

"It was his Hollywood view," says one State Department figure who observed him closely. "If there is a problem, there must be a solution. His was either do away with the missiles or create an umbrella." Reagan said as much himself in a later speech, at Glassboro, New Jersey, the site of Lyndon Johnson's meeting with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin in June of 1967. Reagan stood on its head the lecture Kosygin had heard then from Defense Secretary Robert McNamara about how trying to defend against nuclear weapons wouldn't work and would only beget many more. Instead, Reagan extolled "a shield that missiles could not penetrate—a shield that could protect us from nuclear missiles just as a roof protects a family from rain."

In the fall of 1980, when Reagan, as a Presidential candidate, was promising to upgrade the nation's offensive and defensive forces, the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, about forty miles east of San Francisco, successfully tested an "X-ray laser." Abruptly, the prospect of mounting such devices on orbiting satellites to kill hordes of incoming missiles swam into view. After Reagan was elected, he was urged by Dr. Edward Teller, the most turbulent of the pioneer nuclear physicists, to develop a missile-defense system. Teller had support from Joseph Coors, the brewery owner, and Karl R. Bendetsen, a former Army Under-Secretary who later became chairman of the Champion International Corporation; all of them backed the idea of creating a separate agency for strategic defense. This group drew support from Edwin Meese and William Clark, an old friend of Reagan's who had replaced Richard Allen as national-security adviser.

Reagan was chafed by the futility of the search for an acceptable base for the MX; his frustration was keenly felt by various advisers, who were also acutely conscious of their expanding difficulties with Congress on the MX and other defense issues. By the start of 1983, it was clear that something new was needed—a way out of the impasse. The Chiefs were scheduled to take part in a meeting with Reagan on February 11th from which a solution to the MX-basing problem was supposed to emerge. Admiral Watkins had been lobbying the other Chiefs on strategic defense. After some discussion, Weinberger told Reagan that the Chiefs had another approach—one that he himself could not then support. In presenting the case, General John W. Vessey, who had replaced General Jones as chairman of the J.C.S., must have echoed a Watkins comment: "We should protect the American people and our allies, not just avenge them." Watkins says, "The President was taken by the words 'protect our people, not avenge them.' And, in fact, I believe he said, 'Don't lose those words.'" The words, of course, weren't lost, and Reagan wasn't the first Chief Executive to feel that if a message plays well as a speech it will play well as policy. Each of the Chiefs endorsed the idea of strategic defense, although they did not yet have a fix on what it would look like. They assumed that nothing would happen until the idea could be studied carefully within the government and worked out with the White House.

State and Defense, not to mention America's allies, were blindsided by the unveiling of what was immediately called Star Wars. White House initiatives are invariably staffed out by appropriate agencies, but Shultz had

only twenty-four hours' notice of this one. He was meeting in his office with a few aides when a copy of the speech arrived from the White House. Shultz was being informed, not asked to comment. "They were stunned, flabbergasted," one of the aides recalled. Overnight, nuclear deterrence—the policy that had anchored peace for decades and defined relations between big governments—was out, and a defense of some radical kind was in. Weinberger was in Lisbon with Perle at the time for a NATO meeting. They heard about the speech forty-eight hours before it was delivered. Working with people back in the Pentagon, Perle managed to delay it, but only for twenty-four hours. Perle says, "It seemed to me unwise to launch a program of those dimensions without any advance preparation, without consultations with Congress, without consultations with our allies, without defining carefully the plan that we were going to pursue." The Joint Chiefs, Watkins included, felt the same way. "What we had proposed was an aggressive learning experience," he says. "We wanted a research-and-development program that would allow the country to make a decision over the next several years on whether to do something about strategic defense. We couldn't know then whether it would be advisable to have space-based defense, a ground-based defense, or a mixture of the two."

The private reactions of major allies to the Strategic Defense Initiative ranged from abusively critical to angry. Washington was imposing a whole new strategy on them without warning, let alone consultation. The guarantor of Europe's security, it seemed, had opted for shielded insularity. On sober second thought, however, matters appeared less grave. A notion as farfetched as Star Wars struck most competent scientists and technicians as unlikely to get beyond Square One. Washington and allied capitals relaxed. "Bureaucracy didn't take it seriously," General Jones recalls. "It was hard to get anyone to take the job of [S.D.I.] Program Manager. Abrahamson"—Lieutenant General James Abrahamson, who took the job—"had a terrible time. It took him a year to get a charter, two years to get it institutionalized. Bureaucracy took its cues from those signals."

"For a year, most people didn't take



S.D.I. seriously," a closely involved British diplomat says. "The papers on the subject were judged academic, certainly not operational stuff." As for public opinion, the idea of being defended, not just avenged, seemed wholly blameless. In fact, many people were confused, believing, wrongly, that the United States already had defenses against Soviet missiles; some of those who hadn't wanted ABMs around their cities and towns were sure that such systems existed elsewhere.

Some officials and many diplomats, though they were skeptical, took a cautious view. While they knew a seamless defense—the perfect astrodome—to be fantasy, they felt that a partial defense relying to some extent on space-based lasers and beam weapons might have some potential, but clearly not in the near term. Any such system, they reckoned, would emerge, if at all, in the next millennium. Also, in another year there would be an election. Reagan would probably win it, but when he was next inaugurated—on January 20, 1985—he would be two weeks shy of his seventy-fourth birthday. Age could advance the start of his lame-duck period. With bureaucracy dragging its feet on Star Wars and allied governments hostile to it, the idea seemed unlikely to survive the tenure of its lofty patron.

Only in Moscow was S.D.I. seen then as deadly serious. Only the Soviets could have persuaded themselves of America's ineffable gift for squaring the circle technologically, so to speak. In their eyes, Reagan's scheme was the Devil's own mischief. Star Wars, if it should be pursued, would bury the ABM Treaty, which forbade testing and deployment of the systems on which the plan was based. (The treaty was by now a Russian icon.) Equally pernicious would be the effort needed to deny the Americans a unilateral advantage. The Soviets may have felt as if they were condemned to an endless and exhausting game of catch-up with a power that held higher cards. Actually, both sides had been working for many years on directed-energy weapons. Neither was then investing large sums in them, because throwing money at the forbidding array of technologies seemed premature, if not futile. But with the Americans mounting a full-bore attack on the whole lot the danger of the existing technology gap's widening irreparably had to be faced. Also,

the Americans could talk about using directed-energy weapons in self-defense but might discover that they were better suited to an offensive mode. Finally, the Soviets, like America's allies, were comfortable with the status quo—nuclear deterrence.

In an interview published in *Pravda* four days after Reagan's speech, Andropov conveyed the sense of Soviet shock. Space-based defense would "open the floodgates of a runaway race of all types of strategic arms, both offensive and defensive," he said. "Such is the real purport, the seamy side, so to say, of Washington's 'defensive conception.'... [The Soviet Union] will never be caught defenseless by any threat.... Engaging in this is not just irresponsible, it is insane.... Washington's actions are putting the entire world in jeopardy."

Politically, the Soviets overreacted; in continuing to do so, they played into Reagan's hands by imparting a credibility to S.D.I. that it would not otherwise have had. If the idea was as infeasible—and, indeed, absurd—as many scientists were saying, why were the Soviets so stirred up and fearful? A Hungarian official with major foreign-policy responsibilities thinks that the Kremlin blundered; he partly blames the Soviet military, who, he says, "made S.D.I. seem credible and frightening in Moscow."

"Within the Pentagon, many serious people saw S.D.I. as a serious diversion of resources," an American diplomat says. "It took several months for people like Weinberger and Perle to see its potential for mischief."

Other agencies and other governments played for time, in the hope that S.D.I. would in the long run be no more than a blip. But in Reagan's second term it was the dominant super-power issue. It blocked a strategic-arms agreement. It cast a long shadow over the Western Alliance. It reopened the debate on strategic defense that had seemed to end in 1972 with the ABM Treaty. The debate continues, and, in one form or another, so will S.D.I.

REAGAN wasn't planning to extend the arms race into outer space, but the Soviets assumed, not unreasonably, that he would do just that. They were rattled, not only because they knew how ill-equipped they were to compete with America on a project so vast and technologically daunting but also be-

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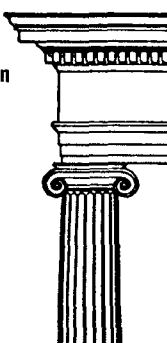
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cause other vulnerabilities were being exposed—above all, their fragile leadership. Andropov, unlike Brezhnev in his last months, was an alert and lucid presence—when he was actually present—but the rapid rate of his decline must have been reminiscent of Brezhnev's final months.

Andropov had begun to question some of what passed for orthodox policy, including the inordinately heavy spending on strategic weapons. There was, for instance, the dubious official practice of allowing each of two competing design teams to create the same strategic weapon instead of awarding the contract to one or the other of them. The military understood how stagnant the Soviet system and the economy had become; in fact, the only part of the system that functioned efficiently was the military, which lived within a virtually separate economy and had been running its own show since the post-Stalin era. Many of its leading figures, including Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, the chief of staff, agreed with Andropov that priorities had to be shifted. Ogarkov opposed building more strategic weapons than the country needed; he also pushed for committing to other goals, including high-technology conventional weapons, whatever scientific and financial resources could be saved. Ogarkov's deputy and successor as chief of staff, Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, was in the same mold.

In Russian eyes, Reagan had introduced a weighty complication. Besides the threat of an across-the-board American buildup, there was now the militarization of space to think about. "It sounds odd, but the Soviets believe that if the Americans say they can do it there must be something to it," says Arthur Hartman, who was the American Ambassador in Moscow at the time. "S.D.I. gave them a lot to think about: heavy pressure and huge expenditures. The pressure was unintended, but they felt it." Andropov had promised to match the Americans "development for development" in the creation of new weapons.

Many Soviets, including Ogarkov and Akhromeyev, might have been tempted to use arms control as a device for lightening the load. But the Geneva talks were drenched in politics of

a kind that had little to do with negotiation. The climate could hardly have been worse, and Reagan's Red-baiting didn't help; in a speech delivered two weeks before the S.D.I. speech he characterized the Soviet Union as "the focus of evil in the modern world" and as an "evil empire." (This speech, like the one on S.D.I., wasn't vetted by any government agency.)

Shultz and a few of the other cooler heads were trying to repair the damage. Over the summer of 1983, tentative arrangements were made for Gromyko to call on Reagan during the Foreign Minister's coming visit to this country to attend the United Nations General Assembly. Provided that nothing else went wrong, a meeting with so senior a Soviet official might end the squalid first phase of Reagan's relations with the Kremlin and inaugurate a more normal, or less bad, period. But on August 31st, twenty days before Gromyko was due to arrive in New York, a Soviet fighter plane shot down Korean Air Lines Flight 007, a Boeing 747 en route to Seoul with two hundred and sixty-nine people aboard. In the raucous aftermath, the governors of New York and New Jersey refused landing rights at any of their airports to the airplane bearing Gromyko and his delegation. Not for twenty years had Gromyko missed the opening of the General Assembly. The White House offered to let him land at a military field in a non-commercial aircraft, but he wasn't interested.

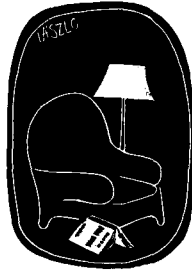
With relations worsening as a result of the K.A.L. episode, Soviet negotiators in Geneva were threatening to walk out of the I.N.F. talks if the new American missiles were actually deployed in Europe. Washington was unconcerned: the talks were going nowhere, and the K.A.L. incident had stiffened Moscow's resistance to concessions—or so it seemed. The only loser in a boycott would be the Soviet Union, which would be widely seen as a sulky bear retreating from its responsibilities back into its cave.

On November 22nd, the Bundestag in Bonn approved the deployment of the Pershing II missiles, and the first nine arrived in West Germany that day. On the following day, Yuli Kvitsinsky announced his government's withdrawal from the negotiations. An-

dropov then declared in a statement that "the Soviet Union considers it impossible to participate further in these talks." Two weeks later, he began a boycott of the START talks as well. The Soviets had badly overplayed their hand. They needed the talks for both substantive and political reasons. But with their threats to boycott, and with cruder threats to countries accepting the new missiles, the Soviets had painted themselves into a corner.

Reagan began 1984, a campaign year, with a speech, delivered on January 16th, that diplomats considered the most significant of his tenure in the White House. They thought, or perhaps hoped, that it would be a turning point. The message was that America's economy was recovering, its defenses were being rebuilt, and its alliances were again solid. Reagan was now prepared to settle differences with the Soviets "peacefully and through negotiations." The new policy would be one of "credible deterrence, peaceful competition, and constructive coöperation." Aside from the flutter the speech caused within the *corps diplomatique*, it had curiously little resonance. Politicians and most other governments saw it as a curtain-raiser of sorts on the Presidential campaign. The Soviets felt, or affected, disdain. Gromyko pronounced the speech a "hackneyed ploy" prompted by politics. "It is deeds that are needed, not verbal exercises," he added. If Western diplomats tended to give Reagan the benefit of the doubt, they worried about the absence of a policy, or even a design for one, that would give his proposal some tangible form. The smack of strong leadership wasn't there. Reagan might be making a course correction of his own, but he was still unwilling to break the inter-agency gridlock by intervening in the policy process. He craved consensus but remained unwilling to forge it, or even to designate someone to do it for him.

Three weeks after Reagan's speech, Yuri Andropov, who had not been seen in public for a hundred and seventy-six days, died. His successor would not be Mikhail Gorbachev, as some diplomats had predicted, but Konstantin Ustinovich Chernenko, an unprepossessing figure who was best known for having been Brezhnev's chief crony for nearly thirty years; he had also become Brezhnev's surrogate and legatee. Selecting Chernenko meant undoing the brief Andropov experience and solemn-



nizing a system as ossified as its leadership. Chernenko seemed little more than a caretaker. "A tremendously average man," one of his peers commented to Dusko Doder, of the *Washington Post*. "An ideal No. 2 man," said another. Chernenko was seventy-two years old, and was rumored to be unwell. Among the British dignitaries attending Andropov's funeral was David Owen, a recent Foreign Secretary, who had begun his career as a medical doctor. On meeting Chernenko, he saw a man enfeebled by emphysema. "He was short of breath and clearly wouldn't last long," Owen recalls. Chernenko struck Washington as another cardboard figure, likely to topple out of sight before any real business could be done with him. This notion was somewhat more apparent than real. Besides sustaining the downside of the Brezhnev legacy, Chernenko upheld his patron's commitment to the quest for détente with the West. A resumption of direct contact between the superpowers was among his goals, which seemed clearer than Reagan's. People in Washington who complained about Reagan's having no interlocutor in Moscow forgot that many capitals, and not just Moscow, fretted that Washington, for all practical purposes, had no one to speak authoritatively for Ronald Reagan—not even Ronald Reagan.

On February 7, 1984, Reagan agreed to remove American marines from Lebanon, and Washington's focus then shifted to its superpower rival. A curious pas de deux began. Reagan wanted to create a visibly better prospect for arms control. The Soviets wanted to head off Star Wars. But, with the forum in Geneva closed down, and the habit of businesslike contact at the upper levels having lapsed years earlier, both parties were poorly positioned to give their priority interests a nudge. Shultz and Anatoly Dobrynin began meeting confidentially during March. In June, Dobrynin presented a note from his government calling for "urgent measures" to prevent the militarization of space. Talks beginning in September in Vienna were proposed.

Moscow hoped that besides banning weapons deployed in space against earthly targets, such talks could block other systems designed to destroy satellites. The use of anti-satellite weapons, known as ASATs, was an alarming

prospect for much of the defense and arms-control community. Each side relies on its satellites to detect the other's missile launches. And each—the American side especially—is heavily reliant upon them for military communications. If either side worried during a crisis that it was about to be "blinded"—lose its reconnaissance satellites—the temptation to strike first would sharpen. In November of 1984, a new American ASAT system was to enter the early testing stage; it was a small missile released unarmed from aircraft and designed to destroy a satellite by homing in and colliding with it. The device appeared to be a satellite killer that might actually work, and hence was a threat to stability. Its advocates pointed to an existing Soviet ASAT as an argument for an American system. Its opponents pointed out that America, too, had once deployed a similar device—about fourteen years earlier than the Soviet Union's appeared. The Soviet system, they argued, was very like the one that America had abandoned—a primitive, low-altitude weapon, which was no threat to high-altitude satellites or to much else.

The note that Dobrynin gave Shultz was made public in Moscow two hours later. Moscow had its answer that evening. The Americans were willing to meet in September on one condition: the Soviets would also have to discuss a resumption of the talks in Geneva on long-range and midrange weapons. Replying just as speedily, the Soviets excluded any linkage between the Vienna meeting and the talks in Geneva that they were boycotting. Once again, the parties were playing to the galleries; this was express-lane tit for tat, with neither side willing to concede the initiative.

Instead of posturing, the parties might have dropped their respective preconditions to a meeting and just



met. They didn't. "Talks about talks about talks" was how a Western European diplomat characterized the affair. A Soviet diplomat used oddly similar language. "We were talking about talking," he said.

Heading into the election campaign, the Administration was upbeat. It had come out of the cross fire of proposals and counterproposals in better shape than the Soviets. Its position impressed people as less rigid, hence more reasonable. Then, on September 10th, the White House played a choice card: Andrei Andreyevich Gromyko had accepted an invitation to visit the Oval Office after a four-year absence. At seventy-five, Gromyko was almost two years Reagan's senior, and he had been closely involved in American affairs since 1939—first as a young diplomat, then as wartime Ambassador to Washington (when Ronald Reagan's career in films was peaking), and, finally, as Foreign Minister, a job he had held since 1957. He had known Roosevelt and every American President since.

The surprise was general. Why would Moscow oblige Ronald Reagan by accepting what seemed to be a politically inspired invitation? The polls were showing Reagan's only vulnerability as lying in his bottomless hostility to the other superpower. Actually, the Soviets had no choice. Declining would have been a major blunder, and would have caused the larger surprise. Washington could then have blamed Moscow for the continued heavy freeze that had settled over relations. Also, the visit would be an opportunity to make direct contact with Reagan himself, and, in the bargain, show the world that the Soviets were not unwilling to meet their tormentor halfway. And—who could say?—something might even come of it.

The idea for the meeting originated with the State Department, not with the White House. According to the *Washington Post*, it was strongly backed by Nancy Reagan, and by James Baker and Michael Deaver. The story was accurate, and so was the rumor beginning to seep out that Mrs. Reagan wanted her husband remembered for having lowered the risk of nuclear war. Only in 1984 had she begun to show an interest in his place in history, and he himself had been unconcerned with posterity's judgment or the demands of historiography. But Mrs. Reagan, once aroused, was deter-

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mined. Most insiders thought her self-absorbed and acutely conscious of her own role. "She lobbied the president to soften his line on the Soviet Union," Deaver wrote in his autobiography, "Behind the Scenes." Because of her support—and Deaver's—for the Gromyko visit, the State Department was able to impose a degree of secrecy on it that was highly unusual in the Reagan era. State worried that Administration hardhats would scuttle the visit by leaking word that Reagan's views of the Soviet Union and the futility of negotiating with the Russians hadn't budged; any such story would probably have provoked a Soviet cancellation.

Although the meeting with Gromyko would lack summit pageantry, it would have equivalent importance—as State saw it, at least. Gromyko was thought of there as having become the czar of Soviet foreign policy and the source of Washington's difficulties. Other capitals demurred; they saw him as a dominant but not wholly controlling figure, and they doubted whether his line had become as extreme or as hard as State was saying it was. Gromyko had spent much of his career sorting out relations with America. He was at least as much the architect of the Soviet détente policy as anyone was. The Third World held no interest for him; it's doubtful whether he had ever visited sub-Saharan Africa, for example. His life was his job, to which his approach was methodical and professional. "My personality doesn't interest me," he once told an interviewer.

Gromyko's visit didn't appear to go well. The chemistry between him and Shultz had never been good; preliminary talks were sour; and then the tone of Gromyko's speech to the United Nations General Assembly on September 27th, a day before the meeting at the White House, angered Shultz, although most diplomats found it routine and no harder than usual. The meeting with Reagan set no pulses throbbing. Gromyko clung to generalities, and would not be drawn out on issues. He spoke at length about the push of technology and the problem of controlling arms before arms took control of men. Reagan showed little flexibility, although he did stray from his talking points by raising the question of merging the START and the I.N.F. talks. Gromyko was unresponsive. Reagan commented apropos of nothing that he didn't eat children, and

Gromyko solemnly replied that they weren't eaten in the Soviet Union, either. In planning the affair, State and the N.S.C. staff had left a few minutes at the end of one session for Reagan to be alone with Gromyko; they wanted to give the President a chance to discuss some issue one-on-one with a Soviet notable. One aide had the job of observing the pair through a peephole. He reported later that Reagan, left alone with Gromyko, disappeared into an adjoining bathroom. He emerged, and Gromyko followed suit. When Gromyko reappeared, the two men then joined the others in the dining room, interrupting lively speculation about what they were talking about.

If the meeting seemed a non-event, it did nonetheless break the ice. It was, in fact, the first in a sequence of events that was to include four meetings between Reagan and Gorbachev. It put to rest much of the angst in Moscow about a Reagan thirsting to make war. Just after Reagan's smashing reelection, arrangements were made for Shultz and Gromyko to meet in Geneva in early January; they would discuss "a range of questions concerning nuclear and outer-space arms," the joint announcement said.

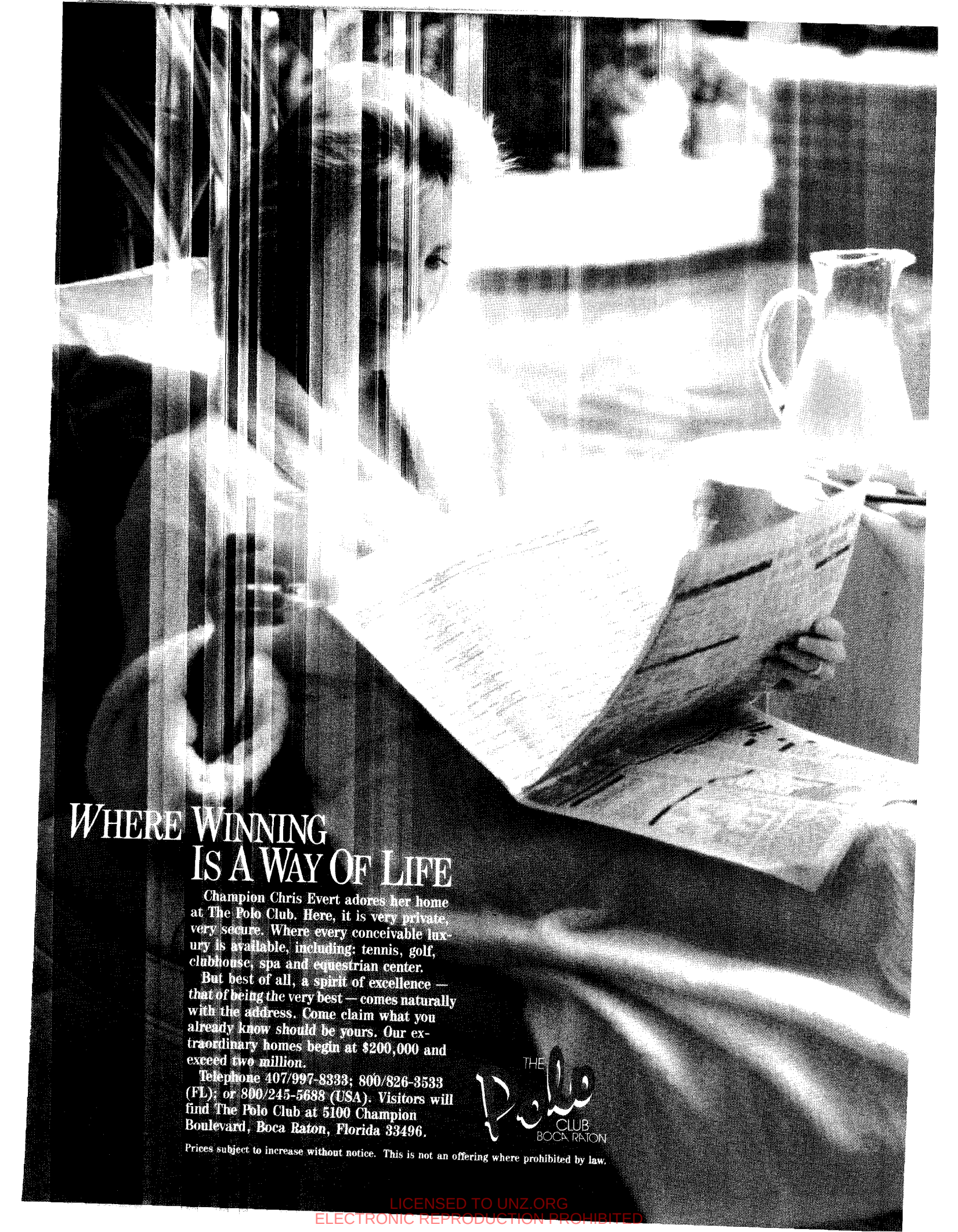
In December, Barry Goldwater, the incoming chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, declared that he would try to kill the MX system. "I'm not one of those freeze-the-nuke nuts, but I think we have enough," said this apostle of strong, state-of-the-art defenses. And both Robert Dole, the Senate Republican leader, and David Stockman, the budget director, were calling for big cuts in the Pentagon's budget requests. Also in December, Reagan named Paul Nitze as special adviser to Shultz for the talks with Gromyko. Reagan also hinted vaguely at a moratorium on the testing of anti-satellite weapons. The second term, it seemed, just might produce the kind of superpower accord that only a politically secure and usually lucky President could bring off.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Dancing in Tune

IT is heartening when a new orchestral composition—a challenging, difficult stretch of music, not some piece of Neo-Romantic nostalgia or Minimalist incantation—is taken up with enthusiasm and acclaim in country after country. Elliott Carter's Oboe Concerto had its first and second performances at the Zurich June Festival—the second an encore, given after a discussion between the composer and the soloist, Heinz Holliger, with illustrations from the orchestra. Performances followed in Geneva and in Donaueschingen. The San Francisco Symphony, conducted by Herbert Blomstedt, introduced the concerto to this country in November, and last month brought it to New York, Washington, and Boston. A few days later, it was played in London and in Paris, and was recorded. Mr. Holliger was the soloist of all these performances.

The New York performance, in Carnegie Hall, was one of a clutch of concerts marking the composer's eightieth birthday. They spanned forty years of his music. At the 92nd Street Y, the New York Chamber Symphony, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, gave the first complete concert performance of "The Minotaur," the second of Carter's two ballets. In 1936, Lincoln Kirstein invited Carter to become the music director of his newly founded Ballet Caravan, and Carter's "Pocahontas"—to a Kirstein scenario, with choreography by Lew Christensen—had its first performance, piano-accompanied, that year. (A revised, expanded, orchestral version appeared three years later, on a program with Copland's "Billy the Kid.") In 1937-38, Carter wrote dance reviews for *Modern Music*. (They are reprinted in "Writings of Elliott Carter.") In 1946, Kirstein commissioned a second score, this time not for the populist Ballet Caravan but for his and Balanchine's aristocratic Ballet Society. Balanchine and Carter worked out a "Minotaur" scenario, whose first scene reaches its climax in Pasiphaë's dance with the bull. During an interlude, the pounding of her heart changes to the

thud of workmen's hammers as they build a labyrinth to contain the creature born of the monstrous coupling. In the second scene, Theseus and Ariadne meet; with her thread as safeguard, he and his companions enter the labyrinth, and he slays the Minotaur, each action being transmitted to Ariadne through the thread; she begins rewinding it, to lead him forth, but suddenly it snaps; the Greeks nevertheless emerge safely and, forgetful of Ariadne, embark in triumph. It is a vivid scenario, encompassing two pas de deux (one impassioned, the other tenderly lyrical), pageantry (an Entrance of the Bulls, summoned by horn calls, and a



ceremonial Entrance of Minos), and other incidents—the unwinding, rewinding, and snapping of the thread—that lend themselves to musical enactment. In the event, "The Minotaur" was choreographed not by Balanchine but by John Taras (Balanchine had gone to Paris, prepared to take over the Opéra Ballet should Serge Lifar be branded a collaborator), and was staged in March, 1947. A young Tanaquil LeClercq danced Ariadne.

Carter's involvement with dance in the years that led to the Cello Sonata (1948) and then the First String Quartet (1950-51) throws light on the gestural and "dancing" qualities so often remarked in his later scores. In them, the instruments "become" dancers, moving individually within controlled patterns of musical time and space. "The Minotaur," however, is music for dancers. A listener's first response is to remark how graphic and how Stravinskian—or perhaps Balanchinian—it is. The melodies trace shapes and movements, prescribing their intensity, span, and speed. But a second response is to note how un-Stravinskian, how un-neoclassical, this music is, too: it has thematic transformations and developments; one section laps the next. David Schiff, in his monograph on Carter's music, wrote well of "conflict between neo-classical restraint and a more dynamic and complex discourse," and went so far as to

discern in "The Minotaur" a "musical critique of Stravinskian practice whose destructive thrust cleared the way for the unforeseen, explosive *coup* of the Cello Sonata, and its radically new musical idiom." The score is at once a celebration of territory won and a harbinger of new conquests. Many of the melodic motifs derive from the Epitaph of Seikilos, one of the few ancient-Greek melodies that survive. In the first version of "The Minotaur," the antique tune was explicitly quoted; in the revised version its presence has become subliminal.

This is an arresting and dramatic score, with potent episodes and episodes of great beauty. Carter's music moved on into different realms, but the revival was well worthwhile. The performance, which was colorful and bold, is being recorded by Nonesuch, and no doubt new choreographers will soon be discovering the work.

LIKENING the instrumentalists of Carter's later scores to dancers in action is one possible simile. Carter has said, "I regard my scores as scenarios, auditory scenarios, for performers to act with their instruments, dramatizing the players as individuals and participants in the ensemble." Sometimes converse intelligent, mettlesome, now amicable, now combatant seems an apter analogy. Edward Rothstein in a *New Republic* essay calls Carter's melodies "the melodies of our unstructured inner life, the gestures and exclamations that are at the edge of our speech." At other times, the intricate, unpredictable patterns of nature—wind upon water, the markings on a seashell, silver-birch dapple—may come to mind. No music of our day so readily and exuberantly and richly embraces differences and extremes. In the latest works—especially in the moving and beautiful Fourth String Quartet—a power of reconciliation becomes ever stronger.

The essence of concerto form is conflict. Carter's Piano Concerto (1963-65), which was played in Carnegie Hall by Ursula Oppens and the American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies, a few hours before the New York première of the Oboe Concerto, is heroic, and harrowing. Miss Oppens wrote recently:

There is no music that I know that is more expressive than this. The counterpoint is not only of tempo and harmony,

but of character; the complexity not of notes, but of emotion and its articulation. As with an actor studying Shakespeare, it is through Elliott Carter that I have learned the possibilities of my instrument. She plays the concerto with this conviction. On a New World recording she has wilier, dangerous, more carefully rehearsed adversaries (the Cincinnati Symphony, conducted by Michael Gielen). But the concerto, a piece with extraordinary physical presence, is most vividly enacted "in the flesh." Miss Oppens plays it with ever-increasing emotional and technical command.

THE Oboe Concerto, commissioned by Paul Sacher, was composed for Mr. Holliger to play; it revels in his remarkable timbres, range, and breath control—his total technical virtuosity and interpretative skill. The oboe's first melody begins on high A, and it plunges to low B-flat—the extremes of its range. The B-flat is a recurrent and important note, a launching place for various excursions. High A, low B-flat, and then a C-sharp close the piece. Carter uses the resources of Mr. Holliger's instrument not in empty display but in joyful, high-spirited exploitation of its abilities: occasional multiphonics, flutters, flourishes, far-flung trills as well as broad, slow melodies that dip and arch, and rapid, fanciful *passaggi*.

As the soloist of the Piano Concerto sits with a group of seven like-minded companions, a concertino of support against the belligerent orchestra, so in the Oboe Concerto (as the composer puts it in a brief program note) "the soloist is accompanied in his widely varying, mercurial moods by a percussionist and four violas," while "the main orchestra opposes their flighty changes with a more regular series of ideas, usually on the serious side, sometimes bursting out dramatically." The orchestra is flute, clarinet, horn, and trombone, a small string body (without violas), and two more percussionists—less formidable opposition. The trombone is ringleader. Often, beneath capricious exchanges between the soloist and his companions he sustains a note of soft, hidden menace, lurking, laying an ambush, waiting to pounce. This is a dramatic, suspenseful composition, but the conflict does not have the to-the-death ferocity of that in the Piano Concerto. The soloist's spirit is never broken: to the last, he can jest, pipe

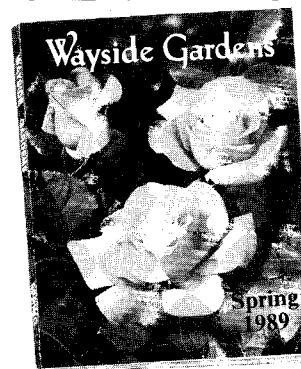
jaunty ditties, or sing serenely. In the closing section, *andante tranquillo*, the trombone ceases opposition and offers a soft, accepting low A, five octaves below the oboe's high A. The work, which lasts about twenty minutes, is in one continuous movement. There are sections in different tempi but no clear-cut demarcations: transitions are subtle and unobtrusive. Suddenly one is in a *lento* or a *giocosio* episode without having noticed how one got there. Mr. Holliger played with consummate charm, wit, and poetry. The orchestral performance sounded confident.

The concerto was followed by Carter's latest, playful little piece, "Birthday Flourish: For Helen"—an arrangement for five trumpets, instructed to play "like a guitar," of a familiar tune.

IN Merkin Hall, three days earlier, Speculum Musicae presented Carter's Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello, and Harpsichord (1952), "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" (1975), and "Syringa" (1978). It was good to hear them; "Syringa" is a romantic and beautiful evocation of time long past—the days when Orpheus sang—and time within human memory, playing together upon a vivid present. But the performances were not quite on the highest Speculum level: the hurly-burly of New York free-lance life may not have allowed the long hours of unhurried rehearsal that turn masterly, sensitive, dedicated players and singers into a finely balanced, risk-taking, quicksilver ensemble. At any rate, that's how it sounded. The group has now recorded the song cycles for Bridge, and no doubt on disk the artists are more audacious, and the balances bettered. The program also included two brief birthday tributes: Witold Lutoslawski's "Slides," in which a conductor-timpanist bangs out calls for order between aleatory episodes, and Milton Babbitt's "The Crowded Air," a work witty, charming, and busy—Babbitt's "re-realization of the manifold means and ways of Elliott's creative achievement... in mainly my own musical dialect."

In Avery Fisher Hall, the Philharmonic, conducted by Zubin Mehta, played "A Celebration of Some 100 × 150 Notes" none too bravely, but then gave a well-shaped, substantial account of the Variations for Orchestra (1955).

—ANDREW PORTER



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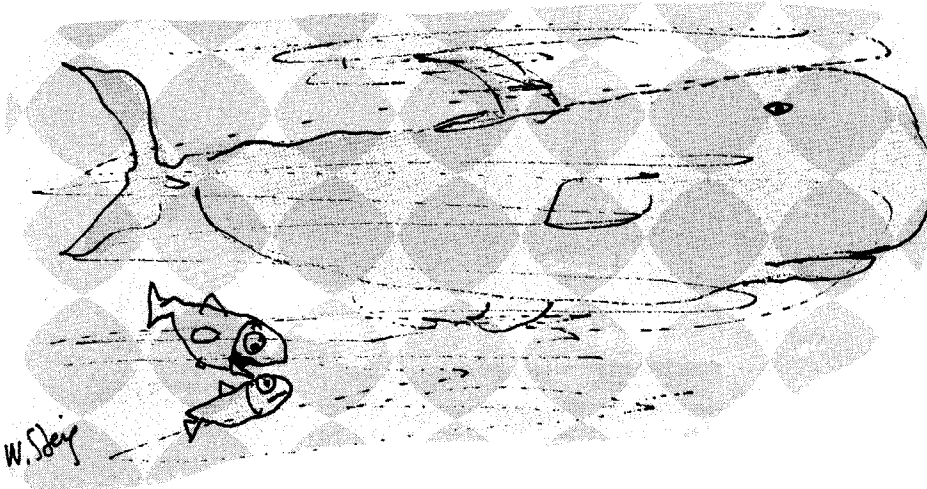
AT this time of year, the more affluent areas of New York are, as usual, aglitter with holiday lights. The streets are alive with seasonal music, although the carollers, some people claim to have noticed, now and then slur over the "Good King Wenceslas" line that asks, "Yonder peasant, who is he?"—preferring, perhaps, not to have to think of the city's sixty thousand or so homeless, many thousands of whom sleep on the sidewalks or in doorways within earshot of the carollers' sweet, consoling messages. It was the glittering city—Bloomingdale's, Estée Lauder's perfumed corporate headquarters, the spectacular view of the lights of the five boroughs spread out far below the hundred-and-seventh floor of the World Trade Center—that Raisa and Mikhail Gorbachev saw on December 7th, when the Soviet leader was here to address the United Nations and to meet with this nation's current and future Presidents, a day when Mayor Edward Koch could properly describe New York as the capital of the world. This is, in fact, the way he believes the city should be described on all days. Before their meeting, the three world leaders posed together against the backdrop of that noted New York landmark the Statue of Liberty. ("READ OUR SMILES" was the headline the next day in the *News*, that being what President Reagan said after their meeting.) At the airport, as he got ready to return to his earthquake-stricken country, Gor-

bachyev told the assembled crowd that he wanted to say "how much we are grateful to New Yorkers for the hospitality and the feelings of friendship that they have been expressing. . . . We believe that this may have been one of the most important things that happened on this day of our stay in America." December events are famously the kind that lead to extreme mood swings. A few days after the Soviet leader's salute to New Yorkers, the city got a far different kind of review. *Esquire*, in what may have been one of that magazine's own more dubious achievements (although it did get plenty of attention), described New York in the year just ending as the "worst place on earth." It laid a considerable amount of the blame for the city's having achieved that status on its mayor, dwelling particularly on Koch's advice to his constituents never to give even a penny to those on the streets or in the subways who ask for money. ("Just say no. If you feel guilty, consult a priest.") From a man celebrated for abusive rhetoric, the Mayor's response to the *Esquire* designation was mild. Whoever called New York "the worst place on earth," he said, "hasn't done much travelling."

HAVING their city the center of the world, however briefly, was a particularly welcome development for local politicians, since both Democrats and Republicans here were, for the most part, relegated to the sidelines

during the Presidential campaign. An exception was Governor Mario Cuomo, who was in charge of Governor Michael Dukakis's campaign in the state and won it for the Democrats, delivering the party's biggest prize in the Presidential vote. Koch's savage attacks on the Reverend Jesse Jackson during the New York Presidential primary, in April, which helped cause Koch's chosen candidate, Tennessee Senator Albert Gore, to end up as the primary's big loser, were seen as a severe embarrassment by Democrats here and elsewhere, and the Mayor was in little demand for public appearances thereafter. One of the memorable sights of the final days of the Dukakis campaign here was the Columbus Day parade. The Governor of New York, the Governor of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Dukakis, joined for a time by young John F. Kennedy, Jr., sauntered up Fifth Avenue in animated conversation while Koch, grim-faced and to the rear of them, seemed to be desperately trying to get a word in edgewise.

Although the prospect of this December's historic international meeting taking place in his domain was thus a matter of special mayoral jubilation, the experience was not as gratifying as Koch had hoped. Politicians traditionally have long memories for slights, and his is longer than most. Former friends have said that he still holds against them perceived affronts at subcommittee meetings a quarter of a century ago, when he was a district leader in Greenwich Village. Like many grudge-bearers, he seems taken aback when those whom he has offended turn out to have memories of their own. Early in December, Koch proposed publicly to the United Nations and to Gorbachev that he conduct the Soviet leader on a tour of the city. Since the Mayor's preoccupation with food is well known—and is demonstrated by his continuing increase in girth despite doctors' insistence that he must lose weight after his mild stroke, in August, 1987—no one was surprised that he said that the suggested tour included his favorite Chinese restaurant. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar politely did not respond with the reminder that it was no thanks to Koch that U.N. headquarters are in this city. Early in Pérez de Cuéllar's time at the U.N., the Mayor had urged the international body he was now asking favors of to get out of town, on the



"It's a mammal."

ground that it was anti-Israel. (An appropriate city for it to move to, he had said, was Vienna, which he identified as the birthplace of Hitler.) On another occasion, he had described U.N. members as "gangsters, cutthroats, and piranhas." Three years ago, Koch recommended that the United States cut its annual contribution to the U.N. by forty per cent, saying that the U.N. was too pro-Soviet. Gorbachev or his staff were presumably aware of such incidents, which are regularly reported in *Pravda*. Also reported there was his 1986 meeting with a delegation of Russian children visiting City Hall to urge that there be peace in the world, a hope that the Mayor—explaining later that he had to do so out of respect for the truth—denounced as "pap" since, as he told the children, their government was "the pits." Early in 1988, when another band of peace delegates from the U.S.S.R. stopped by City Hall, one of them asked the Mayor why New York couldn't establish a "sister city" relationship with Moscow, as it has done with Peking. Because Moscow was a Fascist and racist city, Koch told them, charging also—falsely, they said—that the name of Trotsky isn't allowed in Soviet encyclopedias. "I am insulted by the pity that a mayor of such a great city knows so little," said the leader of the Soviet delegation afterward. "Is he always like this?"

For whatever reason, neither the U.N. nor the Soviet delegation took the Mayor up on his offer to squire Gorbachev around. (It probably didn't help that he had promised to show the visitor New York "warts and all," because, he said, "what are our warts are their jewels.") Koch reported that Gorbachev had invited him to lunch on December 7th, but this turned out not to be so. In the end, his only formal role was as a guest at a large evening reception at the U.N. On ABC's "Nightline," he was invited to outline a local itinerary for the distinguished tourist. He did not, of course, respond as did President Reagan, who, when asked what Gorbachev should see in New York—a place Reagan is not overly fond of—said, "California." Koch suggested Brooklyn's Brighton Beach, which has many Soviet émigrés; relatively bucolic Staten Island; the South Bronx, to demonstrate that, canards to the contrary, it is not a devastated area at all; and two restaurants. The

Mayor's message to the Soviet leader was "If you can make it here, Gorby, you can make it anywhere."

Instead of being part of the big show in his own city, Koch went to Boston on December 7th to deliver what he called "a keynote address" at the annual meeting of the National League of Cities. Actually, it was only one of several speeches given on the sixth day of the gathering. Some of his Boston remarks would have had a discouraging effect if there had been any Soviet plan to have Gorbachev get together with the Mayor after all. Koch had concluded that the term "Gorbylock"—applied by some transportation people here to the traffic gridlock that the visit would bring—was too amiably evocative of the fairy-tale heroine. If Gorbachev was Goldilocks, "who's the wolf?" he demanded, apparently confusing his fairy tales. At another point, speaking of Gorbachev, he said, "If he's such a nice guy, how come he needs six thousand cops to guard him?"—introducing a new equation to the matter of the protection of public figures: degree of niceness to degree of danger. (No one reminded him that his own security detail has been stepped up lately.) Invited to comment on the news of Gorbachev's proposal to sharply reduce Soviet arms, Koch said that if the Soviet leader were to do this "he'll be called Isaiah II"—referring to the verse about the beating of swords into plowshares. By the next day, the Mayor told reporters here that at the U.N. reception he had personally assured Gorbachev that if he followed through on his plan, he could be known as Isaiah II. He reported also that Mrs. Gorbachev, thanking him for the preparations he had made for their visit, had praised him for being different from mayors back home, who, she said, as he remembered it, "always complain when they're given extra work to do." Getting these polite words—even from someone associated with a government that respect for the truth had required him to describe as "the pits"—must have been a consoling moment for a politician whose approval rating had just fallen to a new low in what had been identified that week as the "worst place on earth."



intention to run this year for a fourth term—something no previous mayor of the city has done. During news conferences and public appearances, he says that the voters will inevitably choose him over all opponents, because they know that, unlike his rivals, he is a straight talker. "I think my candor is probably my most singular characteristic, known throughout the country," he said a few weeks ago. It is nevertheless true that as he gears up for a campaign a candidate offering litanies of his triumphs in office may stray slightly from the cold facts. In recitations of the disasters that have landed on him through no fault of his own—betrayals by trusted co-workers who turned out to be corrupt, for example ("How the hell could I know?"), or disasters involving the elements—he mentions having sometimes felt like Job and having asked himself when they are going to send in the locusts. In a television interview a few months ago—loving himself for the dangers he had passed, perhaps—he recalled how ably he had dealt with the nearly eighteen-inch snowfall here in February, 1978, a few weeks after he first took office, describing it as "the worst storm in a hundred years." The fact is that there had been a number of worse snowstorms in the preceding century: many of his listeners could remember the one in December, 1947, that paralyzed the city—and then there was the Great Blizzard of 1888. The question of truth also came up last summer during his trip to Northern Ireland. He deeply angered many local Irish-Americans—in the past among his most ardent political supporters—when he said that the British troops there were not an occupying force but were on hand to keep the peace. At a press conference the next day, he asked in aggrieved tones, "Doesn't truth have relevancy any more?" A couple of days later, however, it was plain that the notoriously unreflective Mayor had been wrestling with the age-old question "What is truth?" and in this case had changed his mind about the answer. An occupying force, he now said, was exactly what the British *were* in Northern Ireland.

THE subject of truth and the virtue of telling it arises often these days in Koch's discussions of his announced

A question of truth, with more personal implications for Koch, arose in court just before Thanksgiving, when, for the first time during the City Hall

corruption scandals, he was called to testify against an indicted former member of his administration—Bess Myerson, his cultural-affairs commissioner until she resigned under fire in April, 1987. All over the city—and, indeed, the world—many people can recall the details of the case that Miss Myerson's lawyer, in his summing up, complained had been presented by the prosecution as "soap opera": how the former Miss America, the Mayor's longtime friend, had played his putative paramour during his first mayoral campaign, in 1977, the two of them moving about the city, publicly hugging and kissing and talking of a coming marriage, and thus successfully dispelling rumors that Koch was a homosexual, which might have been spread by his opponents on no stronger evidence than that he was a lifelong bachelor and lived in Greenwich Village; how in 1983 Miss Myerson's lover, Carl Capasso, a major city-sewer contractor, had been angry over the amount of temporary alimony awarded his estranged wife by an elderly Supreme Court judge, Hortense Gabel; and how Miss Myerson, as cultural-affairs commissioner, had put on the city payroll the judge's somewhat dotty and perennially jobless daughter, Sukhreet, allegedly causing the Judge to sharply reduce the support payments—the action which led to the federal extortion and bribery charges against Miss Myerson, Capasso, and the Judge. During the three hours Koch was on the stand, much of the questioning concerned a *Post* story in October, 1983, pointing out the Judge's apparent conflict of interest. The issue was whether Miss Myerson's possible maneuverings had been discussed by the Mayor with his assistant Herbert Rickman at that time. In a September, 1987, deposition for federal prosecutors, the Mayor had sworn that he had first discussed the matter with Rickman in June, 1987. On the stand, he said that in fact he had first discussed it a year earlier. Asked by Miss Myerson's lawyer whether his statements to the F.B.I.—made under oath—had been "false, incorrect, inaccurate, or misleading," the Mayor replied, "I am saying they were inaccurate." It was then pointed out that in a June, 1987, press conference he had mentioned having first talked with Rickman about the matter in October, 1983. Before the judge in the Myerson case, John

Keenan, went on the bench—with Koch's public endorsement—he had been a member of the Koch administration for five years. In 1979, the Mayor appointed him head of the city's Off-Track Betting Corporation, and in 1982 Koch named him as his criminal-justice coördinator. When the prosecutor offered Koch the transcript of the press conference in which the Mayor had mentioned having discussed the Myerson matter in 1983, and asked whether it refreshed his memory, Koch—some in the courtroom thought that his hands trembled slightly—said, "No." Fortunately, Judge Keenan broke in to tell the prosecutor, "You tried to refresh his recollection, and his recollection isn't refreshed." The prosecutor perforce moved on to another question. Also during Koch's court appearance, Keenan—for what were generally deemed to be entirely valid technical reasons—forbade the prosecution to question the Mayor on any further discussions of the hiring of Miss Gabel that he might have had with Miss Myerson. It was hardly a happy day for the Mayor, but it could have been much worse. As he left the courtroom, he encountered another federal judge, Kenneth Conboy, who was formerly his commissioner of investigations. Koch's question to Conboy was "When you tell the truth, how can you go wrong?"

The Mayor also dealt with the question of truth recently in a commentary on the problems of the city's new schools chancellor—and, indeed, thought so highly of his remarks that they resulted in a new sign's appearing on his City Hall desk. The chancellor, Richard Green, who is the first black to fill that position, took office last March after eight years as head of Minneapolis's public schools. In the last couple of months, Green, too, may have felt like asking when they were going to send in the locusts. Almost every day, it seems, there was a new distressing headline about gun-toting students,

and members of community school boards who were said to have gone on junkets with educational funds, to have stolen pianos, and to have handed out teachers' appointments and promotions on the basis of extorted financial and sexual favors. Most of the conditions that led to these horror stories about local schools were rampant long before Green arrived, but he is nevertheless faulted by some for not taking strong action on the charges and, in some cases, seeming not even to grasp their seriousness. One *Newsday* cartoon showed him dressed up as Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" and saying, "I don't think we're in Minnesota anymore, Toto." In mid-November, a Bronx school principal was arrested after undercover cops saw him buying crack. Green's response was to say that the man had "made a bad decision about crack," and to blame some of the problems on reporters who had written about the principal "without his permission"—something that apparently would not have been done in Minneapolis. Koch denounced Green's statements as "absolutely foolish." The next day, however, he told reporters that he had telephoned Green and, as he put it, "made nice-nice." The problem was, he said, that Green "comes from Minneapolis, which is different," and he went on, "They're nicer to one another there. Everyone walks on eggshells outside the city of New York, but in the city of New York the truth is still relevant." Every few months since he took office, the Mayor has put a new sign on his City Hall desk, in each case some wise saying that has impressed him as having significance for his role as mayor. ("The Buck Stops Here" has not been among them.) The sources have included poets, well-known philosophers, old hymns, the Scriptures. The source of the sign that appeared there in mid-November was a philosopher especially well known in this city. It reads, "The Truth Is Still Relevant."

Koch's sixty-fourth-birthday party, on December 12th, was held in a midtown-hotel ballroom and, in keeping with the Koch tradition, was attended by many hundreds of guests whose birthday gifts to him were substantial contributions—about half a million dollars was the net this time—to the treasury of his next campaign. The band in the Imperial Ballroom of



the Sheraton Centre played "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and other cheerful vintage Broadway show tunes, and, of course, "New York, New York." It did not play the number that a few of the dinner guests—none of them sitting at the Mayor's table—had suggested would be appropriate: the Beatles' song from "Sgt. Pepper" that includes the lines "Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?" Unlike New York's mayor, most other figures prominent in public life have wives or husbands and children and friends they can rely on to provide aid, comfort, and good company when they confront the infirmities of greater age or the prospect of retirement. The Mayor has few close personal friends, no children, and no wife—nobody, that is, who might say to reporters, as Nancy Reagan did before the President's December 8th press conference, "Be nice. It's his last one." Government office may not be the easiest profession to retire from, but most politicians have some interests outside politics which they regret not having had time to pursue during the years when they were surrounded by important constituents, daily crises, and the red lights of television cameras—interests with which, after a period of adjustment, they can occupy themselves more or less happily. Such an interest could be golf or tennis, following favorite sports teams, reading (light or serious), some hobby or other, keeping up with the arts, chopping wood, or just knocking around with old pals.

Leaving government office is, of course, a particularly uneasy exercise if the leave-taking is involuntary—a possibility that is being mentioned increasingly often in connection with New York's mayor. In the 1985 mayoral election, Koch took seventy-eight per cent of the vote. Although the election was also notable for having one of the lowest turnouts in the city's history, he can fairly claim that percentage as an impressive vote of approval, and it is little wonder that "seventy-eight per cent" is worked into the Mayor's remarks almost daily at City Hall, just as "forty-nine states" was understandably a favorite reference in the Reagan White House. However, Koch's approval rating in the polls began falling after the first municipal scandals broke, in 1986, and lately the numbers

have been dramatically low. According to a Gallup poll published in *Newsday* on the day before his birthday, he now has a thirty-seven per cent approval rating in the city he has been governing, and only twenty-one per cent of his fellow-New Yorkers think he should be reelected. Considering this bad news and the fact that he has had a mild stroke, there has been speculation that he might decide against running for a fourth term.

Koch has not admitted having wasted even a passing thought on this possibility, but some who have thought about it, such as reporters and a number of his own colleagues, have concluded that he may have no choice but to run: in private life, what would he do in his spare time? Jobs with important-sounding titles are a former New York mayor's for the asking. Even Jimmy Walker, who, in 1932, hastily resigned in the midst of the last major City Hall scandal, was eventually given a desk and a title as czar of a branch of the garment industry. As mayor, Koch has regularly put in what he describes fairly accurately as fourteen-hour days, much of them spent racketing around town from one scheduled event to another. Though many of these stops are little more than photo opportunities, the result is a very crowded life. In a post-City Hall world, even with a desk and a title, Koch would be bound to have an abundance of after-hours time on his hands, which cannot be an inviting prospect for him. Except for an occasional movie, the Mayor almost never attends events connected with the arts unless they are on his official schedule. Many people with whom he used to be friends—there are now quite a lot of these around town—say they can't recall seeing him curled up with a book. He doesn't participate in competitive sports, although he has had his picture taken on City Hall's steps suited up for a great variety of games and posing, in a fiercely purposeful manner, with almost any kind of athletic equipment one could mention, from a hockey stick to boxing gloves. Other sports-oriented scenes in which he has happily participated at City Hall are ceremonies honoring championship New York teams. In his script his staff often spells out phonetically the names—and pet names—of the players, whom he then often greets with affectionate



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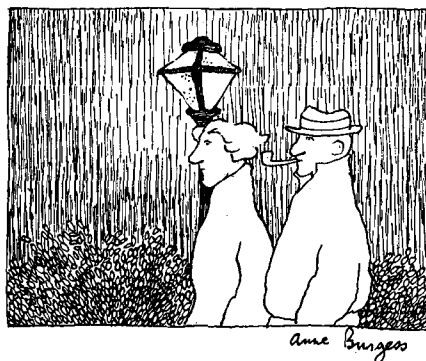
hugs. After a 1985 ceremony in which the Mayor honored the basketball team of St. John's University in Queens, which competed and lost in the N.C.A.A. semifinals, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, who it is widely assumed is getting ready to run against Koch this year, said to him, "I don't want to expose you, but let us hear you mention a few more names in basketball." Koch's comment to those around him was "Do you understand why he's rarely invited? You are generally supposed to be nice" when you "come to somebody's house"—the house being the seat of local government. After you've been at City Hall as long as Koch has, it's understandable if you begin to think of it as your house. In any case, it's clear that if Koch were thinking of leaving there at the end of this year he would not plan to fill up his afternoons and evenings cheering for his favorite teams at sporting events, although he has attended plenty of them as Mayor. Of course, he is not the first politician to have himself driven out to a stadium primarily because that's where the crowds—that is, the voters—are, but he may be more famous than other pols for his short stays at such events; a single inning at a critical baseball playoff or Series game, for example, is his usual limit. At a Mets playoff game at Shea Stadium last October, however, the fact that he was booed not only on his early departure but on his arrival raised the question of whether it had been a politically profitable excursion. (He had also been booed that day as he left the Columbus Day parade to go out to Shea. And he was roundly booed a week later when he appeared at a Queens rally for Michael Dukakis.) Last spring, Koch complained that City Hall reporters wrote news accounts of the booings he got, and told them that, in all fairness, they should also report his *not* being booed during a public event. He was quite serious; nowadays, however, it is so relatively rare for him not to face a hostile reaction when he moves out of the protected atmosphere of City Hall's Blue Room that it indeed comes close to being news when this doesn't happen. However, it hardly seems likely that he would consider "KOCH NOT BOOED" a helpful headline.

Of course, there was no booing from the paying guests at the Mayor's birthday party. The half-mil-

lion dollars raised from the six hundred guests was about three hundred thousand dollars less than the amount realized from the 1987 birthday dinner and a quarter of what was raised back in 1985. It was widely assumed that some of the shortfall reflected uncertainty about the workings of the city's new campaign law, which restricts the costs of a mayoral campaign, including the primary, to six million dollars. Last time out, in 1985, Koch spent seven million, despite having little opposition. For that matter, he has none so far this year, not one of his potential rivals having formally entered the race. By some accounts, the possible opponent who worries the Koch forces most is United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, although Giuliani would be running as a Republican in this heavily Democratic city. At the birthday party, there was no reason, of course, to mention the unwelcome birthday present given to the Mayor by the journalists Jack Newfield and Wayne Barrett: the publication a few days earlier of their book entitled "City for Sale: Ed Koch and the Betrayal of New York," which is a devastating study of the corruption scandals in the Koch administration. Also not mentioned was the *Post* cartoonist Bay Rigby's commemoration of the Mayor's birthday, which showed his round bald head hung as a Christmas-tree ornament. Beside it was a legend that said "On the 12th Day of Christmas New York City Gave to Meee..." and listed "gifts" that included "Crime Still Rising... More Homeless Dying... Corruption Flying, Donald Trump Maligning, Myerson Crying... Giuliani Deciding... Racism Exploding, Bridges Corroding... Half My Friends Residing in Jail or Resigning." The Mayor's generally upbeat speech dwelt on all that the city should be grateful to him for doing for it over the years, and, seeming almost

to assume his reelection, discussed the major priority for his fourth term, which he said would be education. To balance the cockiness, he also touched on a note that came close to verging on the poignancy of the unsung Beatles song: a reminder that for him the mayoralty is all there is. "Serving the city I love is more than a job," he said. "It's my life."

EACH year, about the time of his birthday fund-raiser, the Mayor entertains City Hall reporters at a Christmas party at Gracie Mansion. At this event in 1987, he mentioned the 1989 mayoral election and said that, fortunately, he had no doubt that he would win it, because "I have no intention of giving up this house." One can understand why it would not be easy to leave behind. The mansion, which the city provides for its chief executive to live in, is part of a gentleman's estate established in 1799. It is a handsome two-story, many-bedroomed building, painted white, with a widow's walk and, at the rear, a porch overlooking a broad lawn that slopes down to the East River. There was once a tree house there, which Mayor John Lindsay had built for his children, and which Mayor Abraham Beame's grandchildren also played in. A few days after Reagan's first inauguration, people passing by the White House heard a crashing, splintering sound as Amy Carter's tree house was knocked down and carried away. Sometime after Koch moved into Gracie Mansion, the tree house there was removed more quietly for what were described as security reasons. Koch lives in the mansion alone except for his security personnel and, occasionally, his chef. He also maintains for his use, if he should want to go there, the quarters he lived in before he became mayor: a rent-controlled three-room apartment with a terrace, just off Washington Square. The amplitude of the space available to Koch is frequently taken note of in the signs waved by demonstrators demanding more help for the city's homeless. A while back, a band of homeless people built a small encampment labelled "Kochville" in the street outside Gracie Mansion, but the police removed it as a fire hazard. During the week of the Mayor's fund-raiser this year, a series of rallies was held in the city protesting the lack of housing for the poor



and, for that matter, for those of moderate income. Several hundred people demonstrated at City Hall, some waving signs that protested tax abatements granted by the Koch administration to the rich, such as Donald Trump. One sign read "Why Does Koch Have Two Houses to Live In and My Kids Haven't Got Any?" Thirty people were arrested. No one was arrested at the rally attended by some ten thousand people on December 18th. It began at Columbus Circle and proceeded eastward along Fifty-seventh Street, the most gilded and sparkling part of the city, where shoppers laden with packages were moving about among the glowing Christmas lights. The temperature was below freezing; that morning the body of the sixth homeless person to die during the cold snap had been found on a street on the Lower East Side. Among the speakers at the rally were Bishop Paul Moore, of St. John the Divine, and the Reverend Jesse Jackson. The sponsors included several groups of advocates for those without shelter—the Coalition for the Homeless, for one—and also District Council 37, the largest city-employees union. Jackson said that there must be a national crusade for housing, much like the civil-rights struggle of the nineteen-sixties. Several speakers called the rally "the beginning of the mayoral campaign." However, Robert Hayes, the head of the Coalition for the Homeless, said, "It's not a campaign for an individual candidate . . . but for a decent city." Two men often identified as potential opponents of Koch were on hand for the rally: Charles J. Hynes, who was the successful prosecutor in the Howard Beach case, and Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins, who, if elected, would be the city's first black mayor. Their names had been among those mentioned at Koch's annual party for City Hall reporters a few days earlier. During dinner, the Mayor made light of his possible opposition. "How many of you think David Dinkins is really going to run?" he demanded of the reporters. "Raise your hands. Everybody who thinks Jay Goldin will really run, raise your hands." And so on, down the list. Few, if any, reporters raised their hands. After all, they were guests in the Mayor's house, and everyone in the room knew that he would not give it up without a very bitter fight indeed.

—ANDY LOGAN

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BOOKS

The Heartless Man

BERNARD SHAW, as he preferred to be called, was for so long a globally famous writer that it comes as a surprise to realize what a slow bloomer, in the world's gardens, he was. The third child and only son of an alcoholic Protestant gentleman, George Carr Shaw, and a dedicated amateur singer, Lucinda Elizabeth (Bessie) Gurly, he was born, in 1856, into genteel poverty and raised in a curious ménage à trois rounded out by one George John Vandeleur Lee, his mother's singing teacher, a musical pedagogue of some small fame in Dublin society, and possibly (some photographs strongly suggest) George Bernard's actual father. Sonny, as the boy was nicknamed, hated every school he attended, did poorly, and dropped out for good at the age of fifteen. The gawky, daydreaming youth then became an errand boy for a real-estate firm, rising to cashier and rent collector; in London, where he followed his mother and sisters and Vandeleur Lee at the age of twenty, he lived with his mother and sister Lucy, penned some music criticism under Lee's name, worked for the Edison Telephone Company until the company was disbanded, then spent his days in the British Museum reading Marx and writing novels no one would publish, became a vegetarian and a socialist, taught himself shorthand and foreign languages, applied unsuccessfully for a variety of lowly jobs, boxed, sang, suffered severe monthly headaches, wore broken boots and mended clothes, and felt himself, he wrote in his journal, "a complete outsider."

Only as he neared the age of thirty did Shaw, with the help of his new friend William Archer, find his niche as a journalistic critic—of music, of art, of novels, and finally, for Frank Harris's *Saturday Review*, of theatre. By the time he was forty-one, though he had come to sign himself as "G.B.S." and to cut something of a figure in London, the available evidence for his self-proclaimed genius consisted of four novels that had eventually been serialized in socialist magazines, a great many superior and spir-

ited columns in the back files of periodicals, a number of tracts and countless speeches for the Fabian Society, and a small and willful book on Ibsen. He did not seriously turn to playwriting until he was over thirty-five; his first drama, "Widowers' Houses," was begun as a collaboration with Archer, abandoned after two acts, completed by Shaw alone in 1892, and given two performances, at the first of which he was hissed. Five years later, he felt he had finished with the stage; of his eight plays, only one, "Arms and the Man," was anything other than a complete financial failure, and most had not even been produced. Sir Henry Irving reneged on an agreement to star in "The Man of Destiny," and "Candida," conceived as a West End vehicle for Janet Achurch, was given instead an inglorious one-performance run in Aberdeen. In 1896, Shaw had met Charlotte Payne-Townshend, a plump Irish heiress six months younger than he. She possessed, Beatrice Webb wrote, "masses of chocolate brown hair," and in "flowing white evening robes she approaches beauty." Shaw, after two decades of intensely but not exclusively verbal philandering, married her. At the same time, his first volume of drama and prefaces, "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," was published, and an American production of "The Devil's Disciple" proved a success and earned the playwright over six hundred pounds. By his wedding day—June 1, 1898—Shaw had solid ground under him at last, and there he is left standing by Michael Holroyd's scintillating and suspenseful biography,

"Bernard Shaw: Volume I, 1856-1898, The Search for Love" (Random House; \$24.95).

Mr. Holroyd's slightly pathetic subtitle derives from his premise that Shaw was unloved by his mother: "In her eyes he was an inferior little male animal tainted with all the potential weaknesses of her husband." Shaw himself, in his assorted autobiographical writings, is the primary source for this alleged maternal coolness: "She did not hate anybody, nor love anybody," and "We as children had to find

our way in a household where there was neither hate nor love." Even when her son was arguing Bessie Shaw's case, he managed to sketch a bleak picture: "Poverty, ostracism, disgust, three children, a house rented at £30 a year or thereabouts, a drunken husband obviously incapable of improving the situation . . . it says a great deal for my mother's humanity that she did not hate her children." The biographer fastens firmly onto this initial deprivation as the clue to Shaw's stubbornly buoyant character:

In a rare moment of emotion, G. B. S. wrote to Ellen Terry of his "devil of a childhood, Ellen, rich only in dreams, frightful & loveless in realities." But looking directly at such bleakness was too painful. Usually he put on the spectacles of paradox. This paradox became his "criticism of life," the technique by which he turned lack of love inside out and, by attracting from the world some of the attention he had been denied by his mother, conjured optimism out of deprivation.

If you like psychologizing biographers, you will like this and Mr. Holroyd's other neat, brisk tracings of Shaw's limitations and perversities to the primal deprivation. If you harbor reservations about the reduction of a personality—and such a fertile, captivating personality!—to diagrams of psychic wiring, you may find some of the analysis pat and even condescending: "In his relationships with women Shaw was seeking a second childhood in which he could receive all the attention and happiness he had been denied by his mother." "He recoiled from searching for happiness in others because their rejection of him carried behind it the annihilating force of his mother's initial rejection." Even a rejecting mother, however, needs avenging: "In so far as they embodied these social conditions, both men [Shaw's father and Vandeleur Lee] grievously disappointed his mother. So Society became the dragon against which the fabulous G.B.S., armoured with tracts and speeches, would lead his campaign of lifelong knight-errantry." "As a polemicist he is marvellously convincing, but since he is fleeing from uncertainties his writings are studded with many brilliant evasions, and eventually, as doubt was beaten back, some-

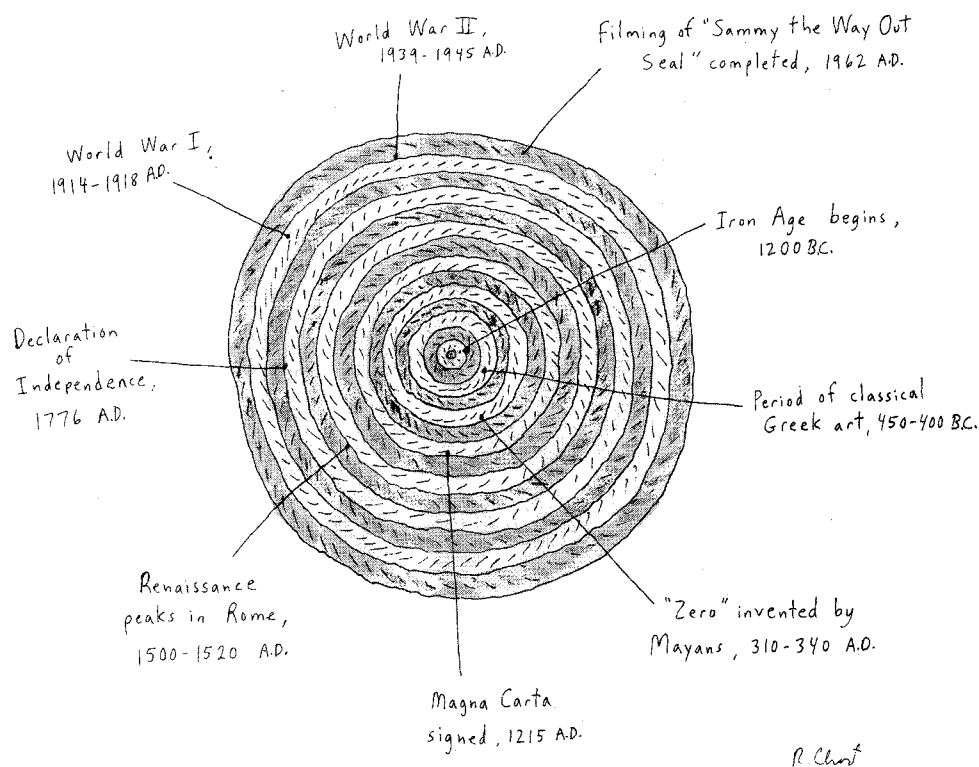


thing human in Shaw diminished."

From his very debut as a playwright, perceptive critics agreed there was something missing in the dazzling Shaw. William Archer in *The World* cited "Widowers' Houses" as an example of "what can be done in art by sheer brain-power." Max Beerbohm reviewed "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" witheringly: "Mr. Shaw is not, as the truly serious dramatist must be, one who loves to study and depict men and women for their own sake, with or without moral purpose. . . . Flesh and blood are quite invisible to Mr. Shaw. He thinks that because he cannot see them they do not exist, and that he is to be accepted as a realist." Even Shaw may have suspected something amiss within his imperturbable and magnanimous poise, his unstoppable energy and barrage of convictions. His title for his fifth novel, "An Unsocial Socialist," was originally "The Heartless Man." But should heartlessness be the biographer's leitmotif?

American reviewers have been rather churlish in the face of Mr. Holroyd's elegant feat—fifteen years in the making and not done yet—of research and synthesis. Just to have mastered the Shavian record, the copious oeuvre and the enormous posthumous harvest of letters and stray writings, warrants awed gratitude. But I have seen Mr. Holroyd faulted, in our American press, for not knowing enough about Irish class distinctions, English political movements, and the realities of the theatre, among other areas where his protean subject led him. Surely part of his achievement here, dealing with so heavily documented and quotably prolix a figure, is his compression; though not short, the book seems terse. Mr. Holroyd finds a few pages for everything, from a precise evocation of Shaw's youthful shabbiness to a comical account of his headlong adventures with bicycles. Such a marshalling of data demands briskness, and this reader sometimes longed for a less preemptory pace, and a stroll around the corner to investigate at leisure. My own nagging reservation concerning Mr. Holroyd's

THE WORLD'S OLDEST BRAIDED RUG



book is that he himself seems a bit too much in it, as a judgmental, sometimes tart, and rarely forgettable presence. The Shavian whirlwind has to compete with Holroydian breeziness. Shaw, writing to Frank Harris in 1930 about his relations with women, confided, "I was gallant in the old-fashioned Irish way, implying as a matter of course that I adored them; but there was nothing in it on my side." Mr. Holroyd appends the remark, "More probably there was nothing in it on theirs." Of Shaw's beard, which was grown partly to hide a scar, he writes, "Few people who had their attention arrested by this flagwaving at the head of the Shavian talking-machine would have known that Shaw was publicly concealing something." Holroyd is himself witty—he speaks of "Beatrice Webb's cephalous passion for Sidney"—but tends to get solemn over Shaw's little jokes, reminding us faithfully that the irony is a mask, a deceptive feint, as if the abrasive texture of flirtation in Shavian discourse, of potential contradiction and comic insincerity, needed to be ground smooth. In the development of his you-can't-fool-me psychological portrait, the biographer gives short shrift to the quotidian facts; our

strongest sense of how Shaw lived, what the streets and people looked like and what practical concerns occupied his days, comes from Shaw himself, in the epistles and prose quoted—quoted without, by a curious quirk of scholarly procedure, any source attributions. Mr. Holroyd explains in a bibliographical afterword, "To get round this difficulty [ongoing Shavian scholarship and publication] I have decided to print my sources separately after the publication of the third volume of my biography." So Shaw's voice hovers disembodied in this book, pronouncing out of the blue, and seems friendlier than the slightly chilly expository atmosphere. In 1936, already besieged by would-be biographers, the great man wrote one of them, St. John Ervine, "I am not really a good subject, because all the fun that is to be got out of me I have already extracted myself." As long as Shaw was alive, it was his amiable habit to improve biographies, such as those by Frank Harris and Hesketh Pearson, by writing large sections of them himself. From now on, alas, Shaw studies are on their own.

Mr. Holroyd makes good on his subtitle and tells us more about Shaw's relations with women than we thought

there was to know. That women interested Shaw no one could deny. The son of an independent woman, and a co-habitant with her until past the age of forty, he created a raft of plummy, feisty female stage roles and, from "Mrs. Warren's Profession" (1898) to "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" (1928), concerned himself with feminist issues. The dramatist in him awakened, as it were, when Nora slammed the door at the end of Ibsen's "Doll's House." In his young manhood, Shaw teased, adored, upbraided, and excited women. Mr. Holroyd formulates it in a joggle of metaphors: "Shaw took the body away from women and addressed their minds. His own mind was astonishingly fast, but emotionally he was lame. The result was that women found themselves continually out of step with him. When Shaw looked at a woman, he appeared to turn his back on her and raise a mirror. It was a disconcerting stare, positive, remote, and appearing so bold while actually in retreat." Though he was an arresting figure of a man, and a frequenter of bohemian circles where "liberated women" were not uncommon, G.B.S. kept his virginity until his twenty-ninth birthday, when the widow Jenny Patterson, his mother's friend and singing student, graciously relieved him of it. She was fifteen years older than he, and the journal entry in which he noted the signal event seems to peel his seductress delicately away from the figure of his mother: "So, on the corner of Montpellier St. Mother went on by herself, and I returned to the Square with JP, and stayed there until 3 o'clock on my 29th birthday which I celebrated by a new experience." "The Search for Love" does not quote the droller descriptive sentence Shaw wrote to Frank Harris in 1930: "I escaped seduction until I was 29, when an enterprising widow, one of my mother's pupils, appealed successfully to my curiosity." In a letter to Harris four days later he characterizes "the heroine of my first adventure" as "sexually insatiable." Shaw himself was not so easily sated, and noted many a three-o'clock return in his Pepys-like diary as his affair with Mrs. Patterson survived eight years of ups and downs. Forty years later, he reflected in tranquillity that "sexual experience seemed a natural appetite, and its satisfaction a completion of human experience necessary

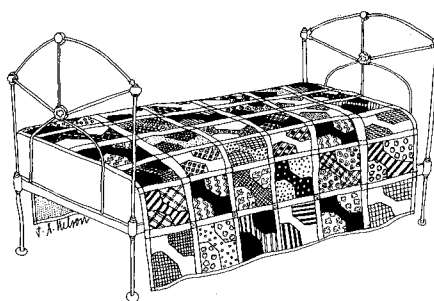
for fully qualified authorship." It is not said that the comfortably off widow wished to marry the young litterateur, but she was passionately possessive, and they broke up, finally, over the other named woman with whom he enjoyed humanizing sex, Florence Farr, a less than brilliant but insouciantly experienced actress married to an absent husband called Edward Emery. Shaw's diary of February 4, 1893, describes a scene he transcribed straight into "The Philanderer":

I went to FE; and JP burst in on us very late in the evening. There was a most shocking scene, JP being violent and using atrocious language. At last I sent FE out of the room, having to restrain JP by force from attacking her. . . . Did not get to bed until 4; and had but a disturbed night of it.

There were other conquests, too, Shaw boasted to Harris: "Some were prepared to buy friendship with pleasure, having made up their minds that men were made that way. Some were sexual geniuses, quite unbearable in any other capacity." But in this premarital period much of Shaw's sexual energy was sublimated in his chronic attachment of himself, in the manner of Vandeleur Lee, to a married couple, playing piano duets and games of innuendo with the wife, and in his quasi-professional attempts to seduce a gifted actress away from her manager-consort and into one of his plays. He adored Ellen Terry, and wrote "The Man of Destiny" for her and Henry Irving, and at the same time ruthlessly undermined Irving, in his public reviews and private letters: "Is H.I. blind, is he deaf? . . . Has he ever loved you for the millionth fraction of a moment?" Or is it simply that "he is without exception absolutely the stupidest man I ever met?" Similarly, he wooed Janet Achurch under the nose of her husband, the actor and theatrical manager Charles Charrington, presenting himself with a predatory Platonism: "Do you know who will buy for twopence a body for which I no longer have any use? I have made tolerable love with it

in my time; but now I have found nobler instruments—the imagination of a poet, the heart of a child, all discovered through the necessity—the not-to-be denied inmost necessity—of making my way to an innocent love for Janet." Even as his entanglements with Jenny Patterson and Florence Farr were coming to a boil, he deluged Janet Achurch with such stuff, trying to woo her away not only from the spendthrift Charrington, who had her on a steady diet of "A Doll's House," but from alcohol and drugs, on which she was also dependent. These curious courtships, aimed at an onstage consummation with an actress shaped up by Shaw and starring in a Shaw play, show G.B.S. at his most wearily meddlesome, a word-machine that just won't quit, and one that is trying to make words do everything. Irving's last communication with Shaw, Shaw recalled in writing to Ellen Terry's son, was "in his own not very literary style (like Queen Victoria's) a sincere little letter, the gist of which was 'For God's sake, let me alone!'" Mr. Holroyd adds in one of his saturnine asides, "How much more human this seemed than all those Shavian acrobatics."

And yet Shaw's inability to let the world alone, his wish to direct its every detail, from the distribution of wealth to the typeface and ink used in printed books, his endless hectoring and lecturing of actors, actresses, producers, professors, and politicians are aspects of his superhuman generosity and abundance of spirit. He was the last writer with a fused social and aesthetic program—the last artist in whom strong political views were more of a help than a hindrance. How noble, really, was his prodigious effort to make of the frivolous English stage an instrument of radical reform, and how invigorating his professed belief that the playwright's business, like the politician's, was "to strive incessantly with the public; to insist on earnest relations with it, and not merely voluptuous ones." How fortifying, in the teeth of all the discouragements Shaw suffered before 1898, must have been his sense that reality was on his side: "My comedy will not be unactable when the time comes for it to be acted. . . . I have the instinct of an artist; and the impracticable is loathsome to me. But not only has the comedy to be made, but the actors, the manager, the theatre, the audience." How beautiful this credo, in



which the young Shaw speaks as a disciple of William Morris:

Art should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action, and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice and intellectual superficiality or vulgarity. The worthy artist or craftsman is he who serves the physical and moral senses by feeding them with pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays and dramas which call the heightened senses and ennobled faculties into pleasurable activity. The great artist is he who goes a step beyond the demand, and, by supplying works of a higher beauty and a higher interest than have yet been perceived, succeeds after a brief struggle with its strangeness, in adding this fresh extension of sense to the heritage of the race.

BERNARD SHAW: COLLECTED LETTERS 1926-1950," the fourth, and final, massive volume of his letters, authoritatively edited by Dan H. Laurence (Viking; \$45), takes us to the other end of Shaw's long life. Between 1898 and 1926, the great work—"Caesar and Cleopatra," "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara," "Pygmalion," "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah," and "Saint Joan"—was done; the world's "brief struggle" with Shaw's strangeness gave way, if not to universal approbation, then to inescapable celebrity. Has any writer, ever, been more famous than Shaw in his last decades? In New Zealand in 1934, he confided to a correspondent, "My reception was overwhelming. The dockers cheered us as we came down the gangway; the Governor General entertained us; the cities invited us to civic receptions; the universities invited me to give one of their annual orations; the Maoris serenaded us with their native music, which turned out to be 'Just a song at twilight;' my broadcasts were carte blanche without a hint of censorship; in short, I escaped by the skin of my teeth from dying of my vogue." In India in 1933: "I have been hung with flowers in the temples and drenched with rosewater and dabbed with vermillion in the houses; and the ship is infested with pilgrims to my shrine." In Moscow in 1931, he was met by a brass band, a military guard of honor, and thousands of Russians shouting, "Hail Shaw;" he asked for, and received, an interview with Stalin. His dying, like Tolstoy's, was heavily attended by reporters, with Nancy Astor

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taking Sonya Tolstoy's role as chief mourner. Only Shaw's formidable reserves of crustiness prevented his nineteenth birthday from overwhelming him. "Dear Sister Laurentia," he wrote his favorite nun, "for the past week I have had over 100 congratulations a day. But for two strong men who have worked hard tearing them up for me I should never have been 90." To the two strong men, his instructions, reproduced in this volume in his shaky but ever legible handwriting, were simple: "Throw away all the birthday ones. They make me sick." He had spurned the Crown's offer of a knighthood when he was seventy, and, when sounded out about the Order of Merit at ninety, responded, "The nature of my calling is such that the Order of Merit in it cannot be determined within the span of a single human life. Either I shall be remembered as long as Aristophanes and rank with Shakespeare and Molière, or I shall be a forgotten clown before the end of the century."

The world, like women, found it difficult to keep in step with Shaw. He courted fame, creating in "G.B.S." a persona scarcely needing caricature, yet hid in the hamlet of Ayot St. Lawrence and avoided London literary society. To give himself relief from his mail and his admirers, he and Charlotte in the thirties took to long ocean voyages, from each of which he emerged with a new play or two. He seemed to enjoy celebrity up to the point where it kept him from working; he thrashed to maintain a certain space around himself. It could be a bracing experience to receive a letter from Shaw. Between 1926 and 1950, he advised various correspondents:

I think you ought to leave your head to the College of Surgeons to ascertain what wonderful impressionable substance it contains instead of brains.

What a tiresome idiot you are!... To the British Post Office the name G.B. Shaw means nothing. Bernard is the trade mark; and if you had been intelligent enough to use it (you really are an idiot) your letter would have reached me.

Tell the Committee with my compliments that they are sentimental idiots, and have grossly overstepped their function in this business.

You certainly are a jumping sillybilly.

Politically you have the brains of a grasshopper.

As illustrations to a story they must surely be the very worst on record from an artist of your calibre.

You are always readable; but you have no intellectual conscience.

To save you from being written off as the stupidest woman on earth I must give you a testimonial.

You really are a pack of duffers.

It is amazing how players of genius, like you, can be such hopeless idiots as they mostly are when they try their hands as playwrights.

Devotion to an old crock like me is sentimental folly.

He was gruff with himself, too: in the course of these letters he tells Mrs. Pat Campbell, "Of course we are a pair of mountebanks," assures Frank Harris, "I am really a detestable fellow," and instructs the prospective founder of a Shaw Society, "I am old, deaf, and dotty. In short, a Has Been." To the friends of his Dublin boyhood, his clownish self-characterizations go somewhat deeper. In the year of his death, he wrote Ada Tyrrell, a surviving childhood playmate: "I had rather be remembered by you as Sonny than as the ghastly old skeleton of a celebrity I now am." Twenty-two years earlier, in 1928, he had written this same old acquaintance an unusually thoughtful and melancholy account of himself:

My life has rushed through very quickly: I have seen very little of anyone who has not worked with me. Except with my wife I have no companionships: only occasional contacts, intense but brief. I spring to intimacy in a moment, and forget in half an hour... Those who see me now are those who shove and insist and will not take no for an answer, with, of course, the great people who must be seen because they have earned a right of entry everywhere.

And to Matthew Edward McNulty, a friend made at the Dublin Commercial School and the only sharer of his youthful ideas and dreams, Shaw wrote, the same year, "How are you? I

have come through the shadows and am enjoying a hardy and unscrupulous old age in insufferable celebrity."

Seventy years in England did not shake Shaw's Irishness; his voice falls into a deeper resonance when addressed to these Irish survivors from his boyhood. When he decided to marry, it was to an Irishwoman. The relentless mischief and provocativeness of his public persona can be understood, in part, as a colonial's hostility toward the oppressing power. British hypocrisy, snobbishness, inefficiency, and illogicality never ceased to animate his pen; twitting the English was his favorite sport. He would not get into step with them. No sooner did they, after his seventieth birthday, decide to accept him as an avuncular old genius with cranky views on vivisection and spelling than he announced himself an admirer of Mussolini and Stalin. As late as 1942, with German bombs falling around Ayot St. Lawrence, he was finding good things to say about Hitler. To Nancy Astor he wrote:

I have been reading Hitler's *Mein Kampf* really attentively instead of dipping into it. He is the greatest living Tory, and a wonderful preacher of everything that is right and best in Toryism. Your Party should capture him and keep him as a teacher and leader whilst checkmating his phobias. On the need for religion, on the sham democracy of votes for everybody, on unemployment and casual labor, he is superb.

Shaw shared with the Fascist and Communist dictators a deep contempt for parliamentary democracy, which he saw as a mere bumbling front for the rapacious workings of capitalism. As a young man educating himself in the British Museum, he was caught up in the same Marxist radicalism as Jack London, on the other side of the English-speaking world. But his political education had begun in his exposure to the Dublin slums, where, Mr. Holroyd's biography tells us, his nurse would take him along while she visited her friends, and even, possibly, prostituted herself to soldiers. His experience of the actual poor, from which his family's precarious gentility held him at no great distance, was a genuine inspiration among his many facile inspirations. In 1932, he lectured Margaret Haig Thomas, Viscountess Rhondda of Llanwern:

Are you sure you haven't a family habit of classing "poor devils with only ten thousand a year" as the poor? The submerged



nine tenths dont all consider themselves poor. Most of them hate the poor. The real poor hate the poor. *I* hate the poor. That I prefer them, on the whole, to the rich, doesn't affect the case in the least.

"Oppression, starvation, compulsory prostitution and all the villainies of capitalism" were more than rhetorical concepts to Shaw; to Harold Laski he wrote, apropos of William Morris's social conscience, "No theories could get over the simple fact that the rich lived by robbing the poor and got nothing by it but ugly unhappy lives."

The heartless man came out of Dublin with two real passions: a love of music and a hatred of poverty. The second emotion steels his realpolitik in some brutal assertions: "The danger is that Capitalism, instead of crashing, may peter out without ever producing a revolutionary situation. We may get no further than a succession of Kerenskys or Macdonalds trying to make omelettes without breaking eggs." This was written in 1932, when millions felt desperate about capitalism, and totalitarianism had not yet given the world a real taste of its omelettes. But till the end of his days Shaw, though never a card-carrying Party member, called himself a Communist, and in the nineteen-forties, after the Moscow show trials, the non-aggression pact with Hitler, the campaign against the kulaks, the assassination of Trotsky, the Siberian gulags, and the enslavement of the once-progressive Soviet arts had all become history, Shaw could boast of the "Russo-Fabian state" and write to Alfred Douglas, "Why do you recommend me to go to Russia? I've been there. It is a paradise: no ladies and gentlemen there." Of Stalin he claimed, "When I met him in 1931 I knew that I was face to face with the ablest statesman in Europe; and the personal impression he made on me did not change my opinion. I still rank Stalin first, Roosevelt second, and the rest nowhere." And at the age of ninety-two he troubled to chastise the *London Times*: "A most discourteous practice is beginning to call the chief Russian statesman Mister Stalin. This is inexcusable. He is Marshal Dzhughashvili or Generalissimo Vissarionovich; but under no circumstances should the soubriquet which he has made famous be mentioned or written with a prefix, as if he were a small shopkeeper."

The Man of Destiny, the philosophical Caesar creating and controlling a

government like a work of art—these were the Shavian ideal, rather than an inglorious scramble of contending petty interests. It was the style, after all, in which he had launched and managed his imperial career. To Gabriel Pascal, negotiating for a Shavian film in Hollywood, he wrote, "No American feels safe until he has at least five other Americans raking off him, most of them contributing nothing except their entirely undesirable company. They get so settled in that way of doing business that they do not understand how a European with a cast iron monopoly under his own hat can play his game singlehanded." That Stalin appeared to exert such a cast-iron monopoly argued for him, as Mussolini's success in Italy argued for him against liberal and Socialist "atrocities mongering" that would preclude "common sense and common civility in dealing with a foreign statesman who had achieved a dictatorship in a great modern state without a single advantage, social, official, or academic, to assist him." As both political observer and playwright, Shaw loathed the impracticable, and to the "Libertarian Impossibilists" posed the question of "why both the workers and the Liberals were so hopelessly incompetent that Italy gave Mussolini carte blanche to extirpate them." In 1927, he was sternly writing Friedrich Adler, "We must get the Socialist movement out of its old democratic grooves. . . . We, as Socialists, have nothing to do with liberty. Our message, like Mussolini's, is one of discipline, of service, of ruthless refusal to acknowledge any natural right of competence." In a lesser matter, discussing his cherished project of a phonetic alphabet with I. J. Pitman, whose grandfather had invented the system of shorthand Shaw employed, he revealingly wrote, "There is one exception to my statement that there would be no squabble about details. There would be if the alphabet were thrown open to discussion. A few master spirits must decide it and get it designed by an artist both for print and handwriting. . . . It must be presented to the mob of spelling cranks as a fait accompli, as the Pitman alphabet was."

For all his political speaking, writing, and—in his six years as an elected municipal vestryman in the London district of St. Pancras—participation, Shaw's model of govern-

mental procedure was artistic: the autocratic decisions of a "master spirit" with a monopoly over his own creation. While the hope of a political revolution eased his pain at what he perceived as a cruelly mismanaged world, it was art, in almost all its shapes, that had actually comforted his formative Dublin years. In 1948, he remembered in an advisory letter to Margaret Wheeler:

I never wanted to be a writer. I wanted to be a painter. I wanted to be a musician. But I couldn't draw. I couldn't compose. If anyone had taught me I could have been a mediocre artist or painter or actor or singer or pianist. But nobody taught me; and I was a born writer. You must use the talent you have, not the talent you have only a taste for.

His taste was for music, and throughout these letters, even when the weariness of old age is shortening his replies, the subject of music excites him to bursts of fondness and specificity: recalling how a singer he heard in the eighteen-seventies weighed "19 stone at the least I should say" and how she damaged her voice "by attempting Donizetti's *Favorita*, and forcing her chest voice up to [he draws the note];" and how his uncle played the ophicleide; and how only "celibate male singers after years of practise together can do [Palestrina's] polyphony justice;" and how as a boy he learned music theory by studying the texts of Day, Ouseley, and Stainer. He writes in his most respectful, least chaffing tone to the contemporary composer Edward Elgar, and takes the motto of his old age from Verdi's *Iago*—"La morte è nulla" ("Death is nothing"). In writing for the stage, he was "only reviving the old operatic declamatory technique," Shaw wrote the actor O. B. Clarence. "There is nothing I like better than composing arias, cavatinas, and grand finales for good actors. My technique I had learnt, not in the cup and saucer school, with its 'reserved force' which was so welcome to actors who had no force to reserve, but from Salvini and Ristori, and from Barry Sullivan, last of stage supermen." After travelling to Peking, he advised Elgar, "The Chinese will reveal to you the whole secret of opera, which is, not to set a libretto to music, but to stimulate actors to act and declaim." The extraordinary loquacity of Shavian characters is a convention, like the impromptu melodiousness of operatic



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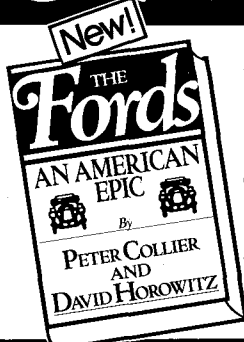
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performers, which gives voice to the inner being: "What makes my plays unlike others is that my characters say what they feel and would not say in real life." In his letters and prefaces Shaw always stressed the "essentially aesthetic" nature of his education, and his professional dependence upon inspiration rather than conscious thought: "As I write plays as they come to me, by inspiration and not by conscious logic, I am as likely as anyone else to be mistaken about their morals." To Virginia Woolf (perhaps the only one of the many correspondents in this volume who could give Shaw back language as fluent, arch, and winning as his own) Shaw wrote, "As a matter of fact I am an artist to my finger tips." William Butler Yeats, after attending the first night of "Arms and the Man," famously dreamed "a nightmare that I was haunted by a sewing-machine, that clicked and shone, but the incredible thing was that the machine smiled, smiled perpetually." But G.B.S. came out of the same fin de siècle as Yeats and Wilde, and was in his fashion an acolyte of art as devoted as they; Shaw describes himself and William Morris as "both Aestheticists." His aestheticism subsumed his ethics and never failed to supply him with innocent enthusiasm and courage. His gaiety and naïveté, in the perpetuation of airy stage spectacles and handsomely, idiosyncratically printed books, distinguish him from a contemporary like Wells, whose work, but for the early fiction, has faded with the timeliness of his opinions and expertise. Shaw's musicality—and an Irish element, a loser's wryness and self-mockery—subverts his own opinions even as he announces them, leaving us with irreducible images of human vitality.

Although the fourth volume of his collected letters can be comfortably read only when propped up on one's chest in bed, and one's eyes sometimes weary of assimilating Dan H. Laurence's tirelessly informative editorial headnote to almost every missive, Shaw's company is invigorating to the end. We are moved through this accumulation by the certainty that every letter will be, in some fashion, honest, confrontational, and amusing—the sheer impudent efficiency of the prose is exhilarating. Shaw's prose, however amply supplied in this multitude of casual, hasty paragraphs, rarely feels padded or hedged;

its enlivening and elusive essence is caught in his typically loyal praise of another writer and old friend, Frank Harris: "His power of assertion and readability will carry the day with posterity if posterity ever troubles itself about any of us." "Power of assertion" is what brims in Shaw's transparent-seeming prose, with its fearlessness of flat statement and its instinctive swift recourse to the concrete. The power is so great as to overflow into recklessness, tumbling about with comic effect. His tonic purity of assertiveness can be sampled at virtual random:

Lady Cockerell keeps her good looks magically. Many many years ago she went to bed; found it comfortable; and has lain there in a sort of glory ever since. I have never pretended to believe that there is or ever was anything the matter with her.

So I began with a prejudice against him [Henry Irving] through the disappointment of a strong fancy for him.

As a Socialist it is my business to state social problems and to solve them. I have done this in tracts, treatises, essays and prefaces. You keep asking why I do not keep repeating these propositions and principles Euclidically in my plays. You might as well ask me why I don't wear my gloves on my feet or eat jam with a spade.

As the raiders are highly scientific, and fly blindly by their instruments, they begin every night by bombarding us in the firm conviction that they are making direct hits on Churchill's hat.

The phrase "Churchill's hat" may have been current in wartime Britain, or Shaw may have invented it; in either case, it arises from a source in the language that only living slang or a born writer can easily tap. Shaw still "plays," though his estate has been most enriched by what he stoutly resisted when he was alive—a musical version of "Pygmalion." Even if all the plays come to seem too declamatory and farcical for the contemporary stage, and all his brusque propaganda for a saner world sinks into the dust of discarded tracts, he will linger as a master spirit, an illuminating spirit whose heart, these private communications from his old age indicate, was in the right place. —JOHN UPDIKE

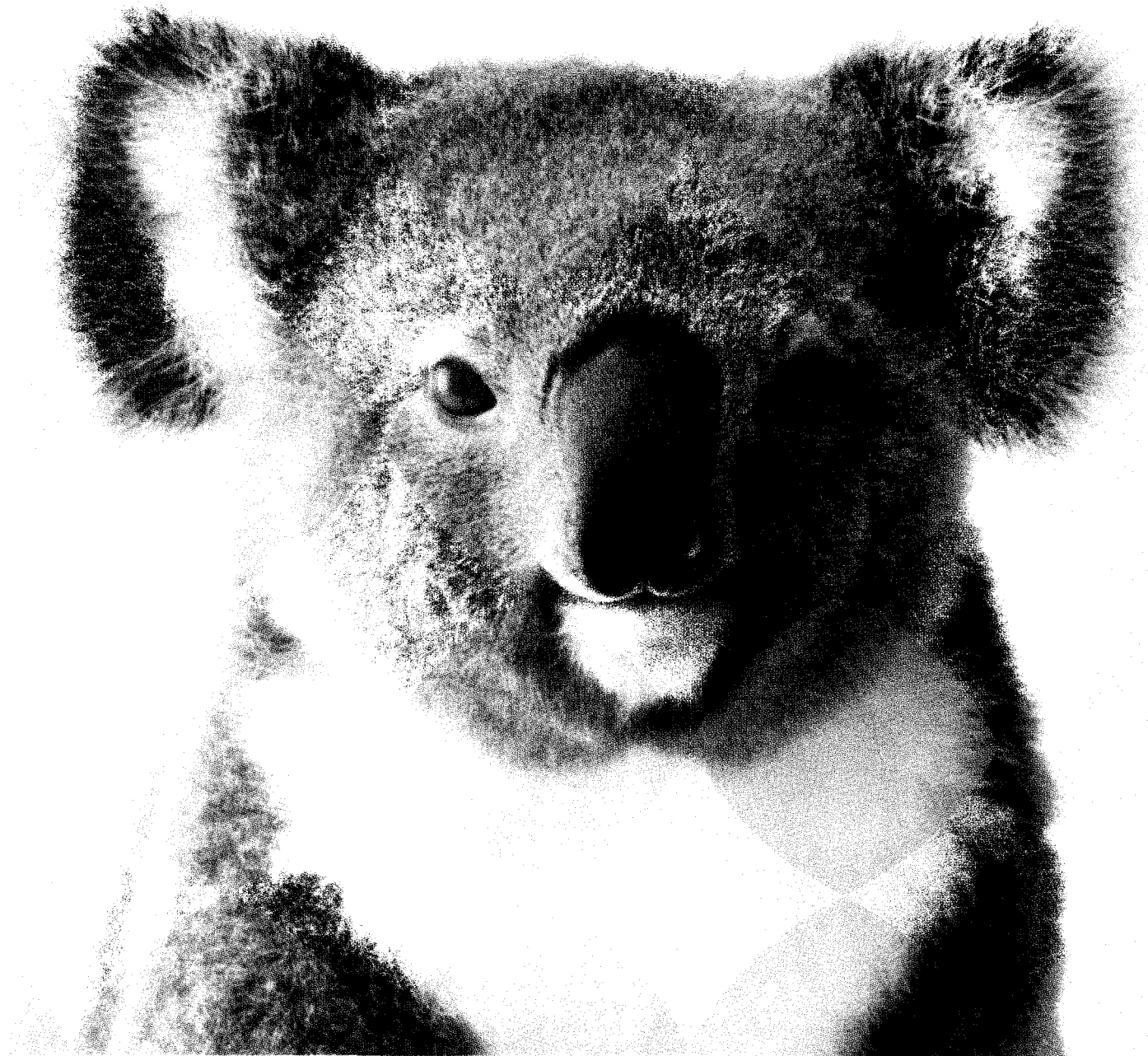
LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer]

A former Tacoma pastor testified yesterday that his three-month affair with a female parishioner began shortly after he asked her to put ketchup on his cheese sandwich.

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